# CARICATURE

## THE WIT & HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG & STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTS

SPECIAL EDITION

# CARICATURE

*(THIRTEENTH EDITION.)*

## WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG AND STORY

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"Please, mister, will you give my sister a ride? She 's got the automobeel bug bad."

## For Luck!

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue!

### The Bride

FOR "something old," the veil of lace
Which hid her mother's bridal face.
For "something new," the long-trained dress—
A dream of satin loveliness!
Her "something borrowed" was the gay
Silk scarf that tied her shower bouquet.
But when they searched for "something blue,"
She cried, "I think my eyes will do!"

### The Bridegroom

For "something old," the bridegroom chap
His pipe hid 'neath a pocket flap.
For "something new" to grace the day,
His coat of black and trousers gray.
His "something borrowed" chanced to be
The money for the preacher's fee.
Nor lacked he yet for "something blue,"
In thoughts of bills soon falling due!

—*Lida Keck Wiggins.*

## Advice

Go to the aunt, thou new wife—consider her pies and be wise!

## Suggested for the Bride's Bouquet

| | By |
|---|---|
| The bridegroom, | Love-in-a-mist. |
| Her father, | Thrift. |
| Her mother, | Marigold. |
| Her brother, | Bachelors' buttons. |
| Her little sister, | Catch fly. |
| Marjorie Daw, | Bed straw. |
| Her coiffeuse, | Ladies' tresses. |
| Her lady's maid, | Ladies' slippers. |
| The English butler, | London pride. |
| Her elderly rival, | Henbane. |
| Her schoolmates, | Wild thyme. |
| A trifler, | Cockscomb. |
| An old admirer, | Forget-me-not. |
| A flatterer, | Venus's looking glass. |
| Previous aspirant, | Balm. |
| A favorite cousin, | Rue. |
| A rejected suitor, | Love-lies-bleeding. |
| Her duenna, | Snapdragon. |
| A cynic, | Loose-strife. |
| The bride herself, | Maize.—*Geo. B. Morewood.* |

## Her Marriage Vow

*Her dearest friend*—Do you really obey Charley?

*Mrs. Newlywed*—Certainly. He tells me to please myself, and I always do.

## Bridal Tourists

THE BRIDE looked on the mountains,
The river's golden strand;
Italian garden fountains
Were tinkling near at hand.
She spake with cooing kindness:
"How fair these vistas are!"
The bridegroom, in his blindness,
Bowed down beneath the car.

From thence did he deliver
Some words about a chain—
Such words as made her shiver
With an astonished pain.
Then to the balmy breezes
She hummed these lines, and smiled:
"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is riled."—*Frederick Moxon.*

## A Pertinent Question

"Well, I see Skeezicks married that heiress, after all," said Binks.

"Yes," said Slithers. "Wonder where they went for their moneymoon?"

## ?

A bride remains a bride by hook or crook!
But what's a bride without her picture took?

## O, Tempora, O, Mores!

IN THE evolution of things, when man becomes the housekeeper, he probably will:

Discharge the cook because she cannot make sweetbreads for tea.

THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH

Fry dahlia bulbs for sweet potatoes.

Cook rice in the corn popper.

Let the furnace fire go out four times a week.

Forget the tap and waste all the soft water.

Split kindling wood—for the first time in his life.

Spoil the shape of the baby's mouth with a pacifier.

Kick because his wife stopped to see a man and is ten minutes late to dinner.

Cry when he is abused for not making apple dumplings like his father made.

Go home to mother when wife, the brute! says the soup is burned—and it isn't, so there!

But let us hope that he will be glad to come back to his own vine and fig tree when his anger has subsided, for somebody has to beat the beefsteak and can cherries, while mother hustles for money with which to buy baby shoes.

—*Rose Williams*

## Anomalous

"Marriage is odd; you add one to one and make one!"

"How singular!"

## In the Bride's Kitchen

A NEW cook is known by her potato peelings.

If the garbage man told all he knew,
I'd pity some brides! Wouldn't you?
What's a cookbook without a mother?

All brides' cooking is flavored with ambrosia. Let only gods and young husbands partake!

Jill sweetened the potatoes,
And put salt in the tea;
But Jack was kind and very blind,
And not a word said he!

## Shifting the Responsibility

*Miss Rocksey*—Oh, papa, why do you wish me to marry the kind of man who can get money out of the other fellow?

*Old Rocksey*—Because, dear, then he won't be trying to get it out of me.

---

A bride and her delusions are soon parted.

## The Little Rift within the Lute

THERE was a little bride,
And she wore a little veil,
Above a little countenance,
A little wan and pale;
While the minister was reading
The wedding service sweet,
She winced, as if she really couldn't
Stand upon her feet.
The little bride was happy—
A love match 'twas, all right;
But, oh! her little wedding shoes
Were awful small and tight!

—*Margaret G. Hays.*

## The Crucial Point

*Bride's mother*—Were you nervous during the ceremony?

*Bride*—Well, I lost my self-possession when papa gave me away to Charley!

## Repenting at Leisure

*Shimmerpate*—I understand Beanbrough fell in love with his wife at first sight.

*Hemmandhaw*—Yes; and now he is sorry he didn't take a second look.

A FRIGID RECEPTION

Percy Spenderbilt brings home his new chorus girl wife.

Back to Nature, showing Why Reggie Took to Farm Life.

## The Point of View

"I'm glad I have no young June bride,"
Thought bachelor Smith with glee;
"For look how my friend Jones is tied,
While I am loose and free."

"Poor old Jim Smith went by to-day,"
Said Jones to his young wife.
"To live in his lone bachelor way
Must be an awful life!"—*George B. Staff.*

## The Bride's Salad

"Look, darling! What's that in the salad?" said he,
His astonishment freely expressing.
"Why, of all things!—a button!" she gasped. "Oh, I see!
Of course, it's a part of the dressing."

---

Orange blossoms are appropriate for a bride, but not a saffron groom.

## Where the Bachelor Wins

Of all life's disappointments,
None holds such keen regret
As when, in reaching for a peach,
A lemon's what you get!

## The Trouble

The trouble with the average man is that he seldom increases his average.

"F R E A K S"

## What Every Bride Should Know

*By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY*

TOO OFTEN the tie that binds is a slip knot.

Clothes sometimes help to make a match. They frequently break one.

When a girl has the nightmare and falls out of bed, she gets up sheepishly and crawls back in again. When a woman falls out of a marital folding bed, the bed closes up.

The bonds of matrimony are coming to be regarded as a speculative investment. However, if gilt-edged, they sell readily.

Be consistent. When a henpecked man's wife allows him to do something he wishes, he has a horrible suspicion that she no longer loves him.

Intensive farming should be confined to your land—a husband can easily be overworked.

When your husband grows restless and, in effect, advertises for an affinity, try being a different woman for a while. You may be able to land the job yourself.

A couple may truly be called well matched when the world cannot tell which got stung the worse.

If married women didn't tell tales out of school, the maid would never suspect that the marital bed was not a bed of roses.

The woman who marries for a living frequently has to be divorced to get it.

Rearing half a dozen children is a trifling task beside that of remodeling a husband so you can live with him.

Being jilted is a big disappointment to a girl. Being married is a series of little disappointments.

The lovelight which a woman sees shining in her husband's eyes is often nothing but the reflection of her own.

The best husband is not the richest one, but the one with the most liberal disposition.

Don't try to make your husband jealous —you might fail.

How to treat a husband is a perplexing problem. Give him loving care always, and he will come to accept it as a matter of course. If your devotion is spasmodic, he will suspect you of harboring ulterior motives. About all you can do is to change partners often enough to keep them interested and appreciative.

When matrimony palls, marry a traveling man.

## The Duplicates

THE first contains two growing plants;
The second holds her pickles;
The third, her letters; fourth, perchance,
Odd pencils, dimes and nickels;
The fifth, potatoes yet unpeeled;
The sixth contains some chowder;
Within the seventh lie, concealed,
Some cold cream and some powder.
"Why, what receptacles are these,"
You ask, "with use so varied?"
Just cut-glass dishes, if you please,
For she was lately married.

—*Grace McKinney*

## The Happy Bride

"Has your daughter's second marriage turned out happily, Dobby?" queried Hawkins.

"Why—yes, in a way," said Dobbs. "Mabel sees now how happy she was with her first husband."

## The Cheat

'Tis said that life is but a game of cards.
If this be true, then Cupid has the knack
Of catching all his victims off their guards
And dealing from the bottom of the pack.

ENTERED APPRENTICE

FELLOWCRAFT

MASTER

THREE DEGREES OF COURTSHIP

## A Change of Sentiment

TWO OR three grains of rice clinging to the lace on her hat were in themselves proof of the fact that she and the spruce young man by her side in the parlor car constituted a bridal couple. But she affected a great desire to conceal what was a palpable fact when she said,

"Now, Ted, we don't want to advertise the fact that we have just been married, do we, dear? I have always said that when I was a bride on my bridal tour no one should know from my actions that such was the case. So let's act like old married folks to fool people."

JUST A LINE TO TELL THAT NELLY IS HOME AGAIN.

"All right," said the bridegroom. "Let's begin by changing seats, so that I can get out of this hot sunshine and you sit here. Or I'll tell you what—I'll take the pillow and curl up on the other seat in our section and go to sleep for three or four hours, and you can look out of the window. Come to think of it, I guess I'll go out into the smoking-room and take off my coat and be comfortable, and sit and smoke and spin yarns with the other men for three or four hours, until we get to Chicago, while you"——

"Ted, you are just horrid! You sit right where you are and keep on holding my hand, if you *will* insist on making us both ridiculous!"

—*M. W.*

## To Arcadie!

The pompous ceremonial o'er,
My bride and I walk to the door.

The organ thunders Mendelssohn.
We heed it not, for now, alone,

We twain at last away shall fare—
Sans preacher, kinsfolk, friends and care!

"Where to?" the chauffeur calls to me.
I, reckless, answer, "Arcadie!"

## A Woman of Experience

*He*—If I am detained downtown late to-night, don't wait up for me.

*She*—I sha'n't; I shall come down for you!

---

The widow's wiles will usually win out against the maiden's smiles.

## The Main Attraction

**A**ll the people wait to spy her

**J**ourney slow along the aisle.
**U**p in front the D. D. "tier"
**N**ow is waiting, with a smile.
**E**very detail's set to grace her.

**B**y the gods! she's wondrous fair!
**R**oses' glory can't efface her,
**I**n the eyes of watchers there.
**D**on't you think that you can place her?
**E**ver see her anywhere?—*Charles C. Jones*

## The Main Thing

*Ted*—Cheer up, old man! Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder.

*Ned*—What's worrying me is that I'm not just sure that it's having the same effect on the girl.

## A Nice Distinction

*Lawyer*—Do you mean to tell me the plaintiff was drunk!

*Witness*—Well, no; but you couldn't call him ostentatiously sober.

## Her Sire's Consent

"Yes, though it grieves me," he began,
"I cannot pay her bills, young man.
This lifts the load, to some extent.
Take her—you have my full consent."

## The Old Bachelor

As honeymooners now appear
He hies him to his den,
The while he drops a silent tear
To think what might have been.

A BEECHNUT

## The Unknown Quantity

"I'LL BET she will"—began the rash youth.

"Don't!" interrupted his older and wiser companion. "Don't bet that she will ever do *anything*. You can never tell what a woman will do."

"But," protested the young man, "I was going to bet that she would do the unexpected."

"Don't!" repeated the elder earnestly. "Even that is no safe bet."

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*He* (on the honeymoon)—Will you love me forever?

*Modern wife*—No; but I'll make it a year, with the privilege of renewal.

THE WIDOW RECEIVES A PROPOSAL

THE JUNE BRIDE—OFF FOR THE HONEYMOON

# The First Chapter of a Summer Romance

THEY were sitting in twilight, after a late-begun game of tennis, which had been abandoned at six-all, this summer couple.

They had exhausted the topics affected by a young man and a summer girl before they are really well acquainted with each other. When a sentimental comradeship in such cases is fully established, there is no fishing for subjects.

In the exertion of the game her abundant hair, so black that it had a sheen, had defied pins, and she was now apologetically bringing it to symmetry. Her face, innocent of complexion artifices, glowed with health and was eloquent of the joy of life. He was a big, blond, brawny fellow—so large, in fact, that while disposing himself to ease he seemed clumsy. At tennis, however, he had shown the grace and agility that training and condition alone make possible.

"Did you ever fix on any ancient character you would like to have been?" she asked.

"I don't quite get you," he replied.

"Perhaps the idea has never occurred to you. It has to me. I should have loved to be Scheherezade!"

"And who was Scheherezade?"

"Why, don't you know? Surely you have read 'The Arabian Nights'!"

"I remember something of the sort in our literary course at college, but I was captain of our baseball team, half-back and all that. One can't do everything at college, don't you know!"

"Well, Scheherezade married Schahriars, the sultan who suspected his first wife of being fond of a younger chap and cut her head off."

"Oh, yes! It comes to me now. And she kept her own head"——

"By telling him stories he got so interested in that he forgot his resolution to marry a girl every night and kill her in the morning."

"But, if I remember, he beheaded a lot of them before this nervy girl came on the scene."

"Indeed he did—so many that Scheherezade out of me patriotism undertook to stop his game. Every night for ev so long this sultan took a pretty girl for his wife and kill her in the morning."

"Of course the bounder had to pick the pretty ones, eh?"

"What man in his place wouldn't?"

There was a moment of silence.

"Just the same, I'd have loved to be Scheherezade."

"Why?"

"Oh, becaus It must have bee so exciting! Ju think of it! Ever night she had t end one fascinatin story and begin an other, leaving e just where it wa most interesting, t keep the sulta from putting her t death. She did thi for a thousand an one nights."

"Nearly thre years. Some job eh? It must hav got on her nerves.

I'll bet in th daytime, when th sultan was out o sight, she took i out on the servants I can see her in im agination now, ra zooing one of he Ethiopian hand maids for some lit tle thing like usin her curling iron o dressing herself u in her mistress's best gown to enter tain the policeman on that beat."

"But I don't believe a young woman so clever as Scheherezade was could have been guilty of petty tyranny with servants. She was superior to her time. What a suffragette she would have made!"

"'I CAN SEE HER IN IMAGINATION NOW, RAZOOING ONE OF HER ETHIOPIAN HANDMAIDS.'"

"She would have won the sultan's vote apparently. She'd have got mine if I had been around. So you would like to have been this charming sultana, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I should have liked to have been the sultan."

"What! To marry and kill all those beautiful young women? Ugh! I'm amazed at you!" And she drew a bit away from him.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking exactly of that."

"Well, what were you thinking of, then?"

"Why, if I'd have been the sultan, and you had been Scheherezade, don't you know"——

—J. A. Waldron.

OWNED, BUT NOT CONTROLLED

*Miserable wretch*—An' t' think I own th' brute, b—body an' soul!

# A Tragedy Averted

*By ARTHUR HANCOCK*

PETER BINGLEY—"Bing," for short—came downstairs feeling grouchy and looking very much the same. He is a traveling salesman, and the night before he had been out very late with a number of his drummer friends, with the result that he had drank not wisely, but too many gin fizzes.

"Mrs. Bingley," he said, looking sharply at his wife, "are there any headache pills in the house?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Bingley, trying to suppress the smile which the question evoked. "Does your head ache, Peter?"

"Yes, it does!" growled Bingley. "And, Mrs. Bingley," he continued firmly, "I am late this morning. I leave town on the nine-forty-five train for Boston. Important business! Very important! Now, what you have got to do is to hurry up and help me to get ready."

"But, Peter," said his wife, "you haven't had any breakfast!"

"Breakfast! I don't want any breakfast. See here—where is my collar button?"

"It's in your shirt, Peter," replied his wife, and this time she laughed lightly.

"Is it?" snapped Bingley. "It's a fat lot to laugh at, isn't it? But it is just like a woman. The least thing seems to please 'em!"

"I proved that to you some years ago, dear."

"How was that?" asked Bingley, holding his head between his hands.

"Why, when I married you," laughed his wife, as she left the room.

Bingley said nothing, but he could not just understand how to take his wife's remark. At last, after much fussing and growling, he was ready, and, gingerly kissing his wife good-by, he picked up his grip and left the house, to be gone, as he supposed, about ten days.

Five blocks away from home he met a messenger boy, who knew him, and, putting out his hand, said, "A message for you, Mr. Bingley."

Bingley opened the telegram and read:

"Peter Bingley—Change in orders at Boston. Will need you for a few days. Will wire when ready. "Sellem & Soakem."

Bingley was greatly pleased at the news. His elation caused him to give the lad a quarter as he dis-

A SMALL BOY'S IDEA OF A PHILANTHROPIST

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ANGLER

MAID IN GERMANY

missed him. His first impulse was to return home; but just then his appetite called softly for a cocktail, and, of course, it would not do to disappoint his appetite in that direction. So he continued on his way downtown, and soon his appetite was satisfied. He drank one, then one more. As he was leaving the place, he met a friend.

"Hello, Bing, old man! Leaving town?"

"No," said Bingley. "I left home a while ago, expecting to go to Boston, but got a wire on the way down town that I was not wanted for a few days."

"That suits you all right, eh?"

"Yes; I'm not kicking."

"Well, come on; let's take something."

"Thanks, Charlie; but I have just had a couple."

"Oh, come on! What's a couple? Let's take one on the good news."

So Bingley, for the sake of good friendship, accepted the invitation.

Eleven o'clock still found Bingley and his friend "taking one" on the good news. Bingley's headache had gone, also his grouchy feeling.

"Charlie," said Bingley, "my wife thinks I am out of town. I'm going to ring her up and have a little fun with her."

Acting upon his idea, Bingley went up to the telephone.

"Hello! Central? give me twenty-three."

"Hello!" came a gruff, masculine voice to Bingley's ear.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bingley. "It's a man!"

He wondered if Central had given him the wrong number, so he asked,

"Hello! Is this number twenty-three?"

"What's that?"

"I say, is this number twenty-three?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"Well, is this Peter Bingley's residence?"

"You guessed it that time."

"Ah! And who are you?" inquired Bingley.

"That, sir, is none of your darn business!"

"It ain't, eh?" said Bingley, warming up. "Well, what are you doing there?"

"That's none of your business, either!"

"What's that?" fairly shouted Bingley.

"I said it was none of your business. Is that clear enough?"

"See here! Do you know whom you are talking to? Do you know who I am?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Why in thunder don't you say what you want to or shut up! If it is Bingley you want to talk to, he is out of town."

"Oh, is he? I didn't know that," and Bingley smiled. "Well, can I speak to Mrs. Bingley?"

"No, you can't."

"Why can't I?" demanded Bingley sharply.

"Because she is not here."

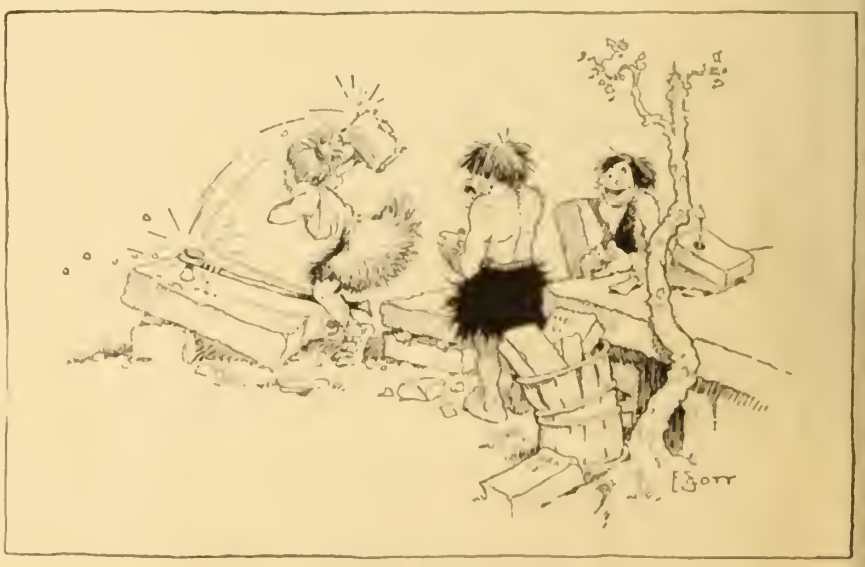
"Where is she?"

"See here! It's none of your business where she is!"

"Why, you impudent lobster, if I was there I'd thrash you!"

"Go on, you misshapen gorilla! You couldn't lick a postage stamp!" and Bingley heard the receiver hung up with a bang.

Into Bingley's semi-befuddled brain flashed the thought that Mrs. Bingley was not true to him, that he was sure that she



IN THE STONE AGE

"She 's a wonder. Th' fastest stenographer I ever had. Writes from four to five words a day."

ntertained other men when he was away from home. He etted this idea until it loomed up before him like a shocking truth; and the more he thought about it, the madder he grew.

Feeling as though he could fight a whole army, he opened his grip and took out a revolver and placed it in his pocket.

"There, Mrs. Bingley," he said, "I'll settle with you as soon as I get home!"

He left the place at once and started for home, growing madder as he went.

"Why, Peter," cried his wife, as Bingley entered the house, "what is the matter? I thought you miles away by this time."

Bingley rubbed his hands together and glared at his wife.

"Ah, I suppose you did, Mrs. Bingley! But I am not miles way. I'm right here. I'm here to avenge the wrongs you ave done to a kind and loving husband! But I'll settle with our charmer first, and then you."

Bingley pulled the revolver out of his pocket.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Peter!" cried his wife, in excitement. "Are you mad? Vhat ails you? Put that gun away and tell me what the ouble is."

"Where is he? Where is he?"

"Where is who, Peter?"

"The man."

"What man? Come, dear, calm yourself! I'll get dinner or you right away. You are excited about something. Tell e what it is."

"Mrs. Bingley, I want no more of your cooking. I have iscovered your deceitfulness. You thought I was out of town nd you could entertain other men while I was away. But, ark you, Mrs. Bingley, you can't act that way with me! I'll ave revenge! Ah, revenge shall be mine!"

"Peter, what in the world is the matter with you? It is atrageous for you to even suggest that I entertain other men hen you are away. I've always been a dutiful and loving ife to you, Peter, and I can't understand why you should go n like this."

"Isn't there a man here?" he asked rather sharply.

"None but yourself, Peter."

"Are you speaking the truth?"

"I swear it."

"Well, there was one here a short time ago. Can you deny that?"

"How do you know?"

"Because, when I telephoned, a man answered me. He even had the nerve to call me a misshapen gorilla!" said Bingley, with a grin.

Mrs. Bingley broke out laughing.

"I understand it all now," she said. "Yes, I will admit there has been another man here. He came soon after you left this morning. He is a man whom I knew long before I did you, Peter. We have always loved each other"——

"What!" cried Bingley; but his wife continued,

"Yes, we have always loved each other, and when he came this morning I did entertain him as best I could. Then I left him in care of the house while I stepped in to see Mrs. Jones, who is sick. When I came back, he laughed and said some fool had been talking to him over the 'phone. It was father!"

Bingley's anger was swept clean away. He laid down the revolver and took out some bills.

"My dear," he said sheepishly, "here is twenty-five dollars. You need a new hat or something. Take it for yourself."

"Oh, Peter, I"——

"That's all right, dear; but I wouldn't mention this little affair to any one."

And Mrs. Bingley didn't.

COMPLIMENTARY

Willie, this is the third time I have spoken to you."
Yes, 'm, keep it up. I love the sound of your voice."

PICTURE OF A SPRING-FEVER GERM

Daintily she has tripped along
Thro' all the sunlit ages;
Thro' scripture, picture, toast and song,
Thro' myriad printed pages;
Yet ever takes men by surprise,
And makes them doubt their very eyes.

## Serials

Silas Haycock was standing in front of a modern skyscraper. "Land sakes!" he snickered. "Thar's some of them continued stories I've heeard so much erbout."

## A Revised Version

Lives of yeggmen yet remind us
We can use the cops in rhyme,
And, departing, leave behind us
Thumbprints in the books of crime.

CITING A CASE

*Mom*—There, there, Bobby! big men never cry
*Bobby*—Well, p-pop did last night when you made him peel the onions.

# For Sweet Girl Graduates

### Some Commencement Suggestions

A HANDSOME gown, suitable for a young girl to wear while delivering her commencement address on the subject of The Influence of Bernard Shaw upon the Philosophy of the Ancient Fijis, can be made of Dutch blue mousseline de soie, combined with chiffon and an inexpensive taffeta in delicate pinks, shirred down the back and caught up with curtain cord into chic little nesselrode rosettes at the corners.

In choosing your gown for the delivery of your valedictory address, be careful to hold it strictly in keeping with the prevailing feeling of the moment, which is one of sadness rather than of joy. A flamingo-red panne-velvet surtout, with navy-blue lapels and iridescent glass buttons, with little brass bands running about the hobble, hardly suggests the solemnity of the moment, and should, therefore, be rigorously avoided.

Should it so happen that the subject matter of your oration has to do with The Abolitionist Movement from the Beginning to Buchanan, the most appropriate material for your costume on the commencement stage will be a soft brown peau de chine, the skirt accordion pleated, stitched flat at the upper part, but gradually flaring at the base, covered with a diaphanous chocolate chiffon, caught up into lambrequin draping with slender, gunmetal chains, the whole trimmed with a black satin border not less than two inches in width.

If, through some misunderstanding with your shoemaker, your commencement day shoes come home too late for your little brother to break in, and they, therefore, give forth a most annoying squeak every time you step in one direction or another, the embarrassment of the situation may be overcome by your making a private arrangement with the leader of the orchestra to play a fortissimo Sousa March while you walk forward to greet your audience, preparatory to addressing them on The Sartorial Barbarities of the Chinese Empire.

As a rule, young graduates wearing floral decorations on their gowns while delivering their commencement addresses are somewhat careless as to the fitness of their selections. Of course, all flowers are apt to be becoming; but an additional effectiveness can be secured by observing a nicety of relation between the flowers worn and the subject of the address to be delivered. We venture, therefore, to suggest the following combinations of flower and subject, which may not come amiss to a young girl too busy with the making of her gown to think of anything else:

| | |
|---|---|
| Should We Continue To Urge Reciprocity with Canada? | Tube roses |
| Aaron Burr, Democrat or Imperialist? | Chestnut leaves |
| Is Tammany Hall a Chronic or a Sporadic Disorder? | Tiger lilies |
| The Mission of Woman | Marigold |
| The Net Result of Puritanism | Pie plant |
| Poets of the Period and Their Poetry | Sweet peas |
| Woman's Sphere | Cosmos |
| On Certain Journalistic Tendencies | Dandelions |
| The Ruling Spirit of the Age | Goldenrod |
| The Progressive Movement | Green violets |
| What of the Future? | Bachelor buttons |
| The Modern Girl | Daisies |

## The Modern Girl

With penciled eyebrows, carmined lips,
Powder and rouge upon her face,
With waist line nowhere near the hips,
And hobble skirt to "set the pace"—
This is the modern girl, whose "making"
Comes 'neath the head of "nature fal
ing"! —*Clarence M. Lindsay.*

## The Pith of Experience

Funny how the dear old gentleman wl just has to pat a child on the head u erringly picks out the one with the prett mother.

Beauty used to be skin deep. No they are adding a layer of kalsomine.

Almost any boob could grasp an oppo tunity if a set of printed directions we with it.

1613

1913

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF PROGRESS

THE KISS—WAS IT A DREAM?

# Mrs. Dubbson's Retort

MRS. DUBBSON sat quietly darning Dubbson's socks, while her lord and master orated vociferously.

"You mean well, Sarah," said he, "but that's the best that can be said about your infernal habit of butting in on everything under the canopy, whether it is any of your business or not. Just take one week's record as a sample. Here on Monday you go up to Mrs. Jimpson and tell her your heart is set on owning that lot of Jimpson's, up on the corner of G Street and Buena Vista Avenue, and you ask her for old friendship's sake to use her influence with Jimpson to let us have it at a neighborly figure; and what happens? She tells Jimpson, of course, and immediately the price goes up fifteen per cent., while, if you had only kept quiet, I could have landed the lot for twenty per cent. less, with a ten per cent. commission for selling it. I was making Jimpson believe I could sell it for him, and he was willing to pay me well for doing it, when in comes Mrs. Buttinski, gives the whole blooming business away by telling who the purchaser was, and the whole deal comes down with a crash. You put your foot in it up to the top of your rubber boots!"

Mrs. Dubbson wisely refrained from answering, but darned on in smiling silence, whereupon Dubbson began again.

"Then, on Tuesday, at the Bildad reception," he went on, "you get old Hawkins, the cashier of the Seventeenth National, off in the corner and tell him that if my account is overdrawn at the bank the next day, you hope he'll overlook it, because one or two of my little speculations have not panned out as well as I had expected, and that the overdraft will be made good in a week, anyhow. Now, of course, you meant well, but it put Hawkins onto the fact that my overdraft was intentional and not an inadvertence, and he came down on me like a pile of bricks, refused to honor the check, and has notified me that my note for four hundred dollars, due on the first, cannot be renewed on any basis whatsoever. There you put your other foot in it, as high as my neck! And so it has gone all through the week. You told seven women in confidence on Wednesday that I am the author of the Fiat Justitia letters in the *Gazoo*, and, instead of being the next mayor of Noodleville, I couldn't get even a nomination for dog catcher. You've been at it persistently and consistently for the Lord knows how long, until I have come to believe that, if you were a centipede, you could find something to put every separate and distinct foot into, with your hands tied behind your back."

"Well, John," said the lady amiably, "I am afraid you are right, dear—but how could I be otherwise, living with you all these years as I have done? I guess you keep me as busy putting your foot in things as I do you."

"Me?" demanded Dubbson. "Me? I? What have I put my foot in, I'd like to know?"

"This!" said Mrs. Dubbson, holding up a much battered sock. "You've put your foot in that so often that for me life has become just one darned thing after another!"

Whereupon Dubbson, realizing the futility of argument with a woman with a gift of humor, put both feet into his galoshes and fled to the club, while Mrs. Dubbson, with a pleasant smile, retired to bed and read herself to sleep over the last annual report of the Helping Hand Society.

—*Horace Dodd Gattit.*

## No Time Wasted

*Imogene*—We weren't in the hall two minutesbefore he kissed me.

*Doris*—Yum! Was it an event?

*Imogene*—My dear, he's an efficiency expert!

# Sundown Soliloquies

BY REGLAH HASKELL

The Benedict

GOOD heavens, Ella! Keep those children away for a while, can't you? I've kissed the whole bunch a hundred times. I don't want to see their silly truck. Dotty's made me a penwiper, and she'll be dreadfully disappointed if I don't look at it? Oh, well—come here, Dotty! Kids are such nuisances! There—the penwiper's fine! Run along now and don't bother me any more. And tell Bob I'll slaughter him if he uses his new roller skates in the hall and raises a hubbub.

Gee! but I'm fagged out! Yes, Ella, if you could by iron self-control manage to stop jabbering, cease grinning in that idiotic way, and go out of the room and leave me in peace a minute or two, I'd be thankful! Well, she's gone—to blubber a bit, I'll bet! Funny how a wife's feelings are always getting hurt over nothing! Wish the whole female sex would brace up and chuck their emotions overboard! No earthly use except to make them troublesome.

Jiminy! what a life a benedict leads! All day long at the office, grinding away, noise on all sides—typewriters clicking—telephones ringing—clerks gabbing—clients grumbling—interruptions galore—all for the sake of a few sordid dollars to keep the blamed old race going! Then it's home again and more bedlam! I'd like to wring the neck of the simpleton who made home synonymous with peace! Must have been a blessed bachelor. Didn't know what gabbers females are and how nerve-racking kids can be. Well, I'm alone now. It's like an oasis of silence in a desert of sound. Sunset time is the hour to commune with one's soul.

Soul! Fine soul I've got! Must have shrunk to a pebble! Once upon a time I used to feel things at this hour. Yep, I liked to gape at a sunset and enjoy its beauty. Might as well hang a pork pie in the azure now as a sunset, as far as I'm concerned. I'd rather see one, especially if it dropped into my yard, to fill some hungry mouth! Once I read poetry. The butcher's bill's my sonnet now; the laundry list's my lyric. That's what a chap gets, loading himself up with a family. Dunno what's going to become of us, anyway! I don't seem to do any financial aeroplaning. Just scud along the earth and keep out of ditches. Those kids are like bottomless pits. You keep ramming the food in, and they're yawning like caverns for more! And there's Ella—can't tell me her silence means content! But she's brooding over my failure to hand out diamonds and chiffon! And as for me—who likes to go around in a suit with a hardwood finish, shining like varnish?

Oh, the bachelors are the lucky boys! There's Jimson, now. He goes home to a quiet spot, where he doesn't hear a discordant sound. There are hushed voices, deferential faces, noiseless movements.

NOT SOLD

*Stranger*—Do you keep canned salmon?
*Fresh clerk*—No, sir; we sell it.
*Stranger*—Not always, my friend. You can just keep that dozen cans I was going to buy. Good day.

He slips into an easy chair and for a blessed hour devotes himself to the arts—poetry, music, literature. He dreams over the sunset. Pleasant memories come to him. Carefree, he plans new pleasures. Fancies lure him and imagination flies with him over land and sea. Rent, grub, clothes—these are my fine arts! Gee! but matrimony makes a fellow coarse and sordid! I can see all my better instincts, my higher hopes, my nobler self dying by inches. Plain, practical, prosaic thoughts and emotions have killed off all the delicate, elusive, inspirational ideas that are the best part of a man's nature. If I were only free, if I were only alone, I might woo back what I have lost through long hours of blessed silence. There would be no kids peeping through the keyhole to see what I'm doing; no woman hovering anxiously in the background, waiting to summon me to a dinner I don't want, a talkfest I can't endure. There—I knew it—time's up! Drag the slave back to his chains—the convict to his cell! Imprison his spirit! It is not permitted the mated one to soar. Dinner, did you say? Blast dinner! Yes, yes, I'm coming, I say!

(*One hour later*) Well, Ella, that was good grub you handed out to-night! You've got a pretty gown on, too! Well, a fellow's in luck to have a wife like you, pretty and sensible and capable. Bob is growing fast. He's some boy, too. And Dotty—well, what would daddy do without the cutest little girl in town? Put the kids to bed and let's have one of our good evenings. I'll read while you sew. Gee! but it's a fine thing to have a home!

---

A blind pool is one in which you cannot see your way out of losing.

HEP

*Big boy*—I thought both of your grandmothers died last year?
*Little boy*—Yes, sir; but you see grandfather got married again.

# An Aristocratic Game

IT WAS the day before the match for the Gurlingham Trophy, which this time had brought from the British Isles a polo team known as The Tigers to contest with the Fieldbrook team on the Hilldale Meadow.

International Polo had wiped out all antagonism between the two countries as to all subjects, for first an American team would win, and then it would be turnabout, the Gurlingham Trophy changing hands and location at every match.

This day before the great match Miss Evangeline Hardacre, daughter of an American millionaire climbing to the heights of social success, sat on the piazza of the Hilldale clubhouse explaining polo to Miss Hebe Newcombe, the ingenuous daughter of a well-provided westerner who had just located in New York and was spending money in ways to delight Hebe and her mother.

A woman somewhat mannishly and less carefully attired than the Misses Hardacre and Newcombe stood leaning against a post with her back to them watching the players on the field as Major de Wing, an American player who had been violently exercising on a pony, sat down in his regalia to talk with the pair. The girls had been whispering wittily and acridly to each other between times in criticism of the unknown woman's dress and general deportment.

"Isn't this a very aristocratic game, major?" asked Miss Newcombe.

"Why, of course it is!" said Miss Hardacre.

"Well, perhaps," replied the major. "Not many persons are able to play it, if that is what you mean."

"Because not many persons are as strong, as agile, and all that, as you are, for instance?" remarked Miss Newcombe with a winning smile.

"One reason. Another is that a man must have an estate with his own polo ground, you know, and a lot of ponies."

"How many ponies does one require? I hear these English players brought over a shipload," ventured Miss Newcombe.

"Oh, not a shipload!" said Miss Hardacre decidedly.

"Well," said the major, "I've got fifty ponies, and am looking for more."

"Oh! Oh! See that pony!" exclaimed Miss Newcombe. One of the lively animals on the field seemed to be standing on its head. Then it seemed to turn a somersault. Its rider scored a goal. "Why! it seems to me the ponies are really the ones that play the game!"

"Well, we couldn't play it without the ponies, you know," replied the major, a bit crestfallen at the viewpoint.

"Still," said Miss Newcombe, "I think I'd rather see a cracking game of baseball. Wouldn't you, Evangeline?"

"Baseball!" shuddered Miss Hardacre, "why, my *dear!* What a notion! Baseball is mere vulgarity and mobbishness."

"Baseball isn't polo, by many a pony," said the major. "Still, I don't mind looking at a baseball game myself." And he glanced at Miss Newcombe, confident he had said something that pleased her.

"Who is that frumpy-looking woman, major?" asked Miss Hardacre, indicating the stranger who had stood with her back to them, and who had walked leisurely away as they talked. "I thought they were a bit particular about persons here."

"You mean the woman with the helmet hat and the Norfolk coat?"

"Yes. See! Why, she's talking to that English player who has just dismounted!"

"Why—er—that," said the major, a bit embarrassed, "is the Duchess of Lindermere. I believe she is one of the patrons of the game in England."

—*J. A. Waldron.*

BETWEEN FRIENDS

*Cynthia*—Dear me! I 'm growing old. Just think! twenty-one to-day.
*Muriel*—Oh, don't bother. You 'll be younger next year

## A Ballade of June-time

*By KATE MASTERSON*

WE SING you to the March of Lohengrin,
Jewel of months, rarest and fairest June;
We bring you wreaths to wrap your beauty in.
Deep in the orchard old Pan pipes a tune,
While flower bells faintly chime the year's high noon,
And Love among the blossoms lies adream.
Muse, let us also loll and loon!
Oh, Brides and Roses—Strawberries and Cream!

'Tis song-time—swimming-time, when lads begin
Scurrying streamward from the wood unhewn—
Barefooted satyrs, freckled as to skin,
But joyous as young goats, to woe immune,
Whistling and answering the forest croon,
Mocking the blue jay and the cathird's scream.
Come on—the water's fine! Oh, boyhood's boon!
Oh, Brides and Roses—Strawberries and Cream!

Butterfly Fates, be kind and softly spin
Love's silken threads into that old cocoon,
The Future! May these divers deftly win
Life's prizes; send them swiftly, sure and soon.
Lead them to Arcady, where lovers spoon
Now and forever in that lambent beam,
Where orange buds bloom 'neath the honeymoon!
Oh, Brides and Roses—Strawberries and Cream!

Hail to the bride—with Wagner's lilting rune!
Hail to the June-time! Hail the all-supreme
That sends this treasury of gifts triune!
Oh, Brides and Roses—Strawberries and Cream!

## The Modern Way

"Sakes alive!" ejaculated the Stork, upon meeting the little God of Love crying bitterly. "What is the matter, Dan?"

"The m-mum-matter," sobbed Cupid, "is that Cupidity is making twice as many matches as I am! Uh-wah! hah! ha-a-a-ah!"

## His Opinion

"IT SEEMS to me," ventured skimpy little Mr. Hennypeck, "that Professor Peekhead's article, advising men to be very careful in their choice of wives, lacks—er—well, verisimilitude, or—ah!—some such word. As far as I have ever known, the man had no more to do with choosing his wife than he has with getting his photograph taken—he just keeps still, looks as pleasant as he can, and accepts whatever is given him."

## A Compromise

Jack Spratt could eat no fats,
His wife could eat no lears;
Now, if they both could vote, perhaps
They'd compromise on beans!

## Conclusive Evidence

*Crawford*—How do you know our daughter and her young man haven't made up their quarrel yet?

*Mrs. Crawford*—Because the gas has been turned up high all the evening.

## Surprised

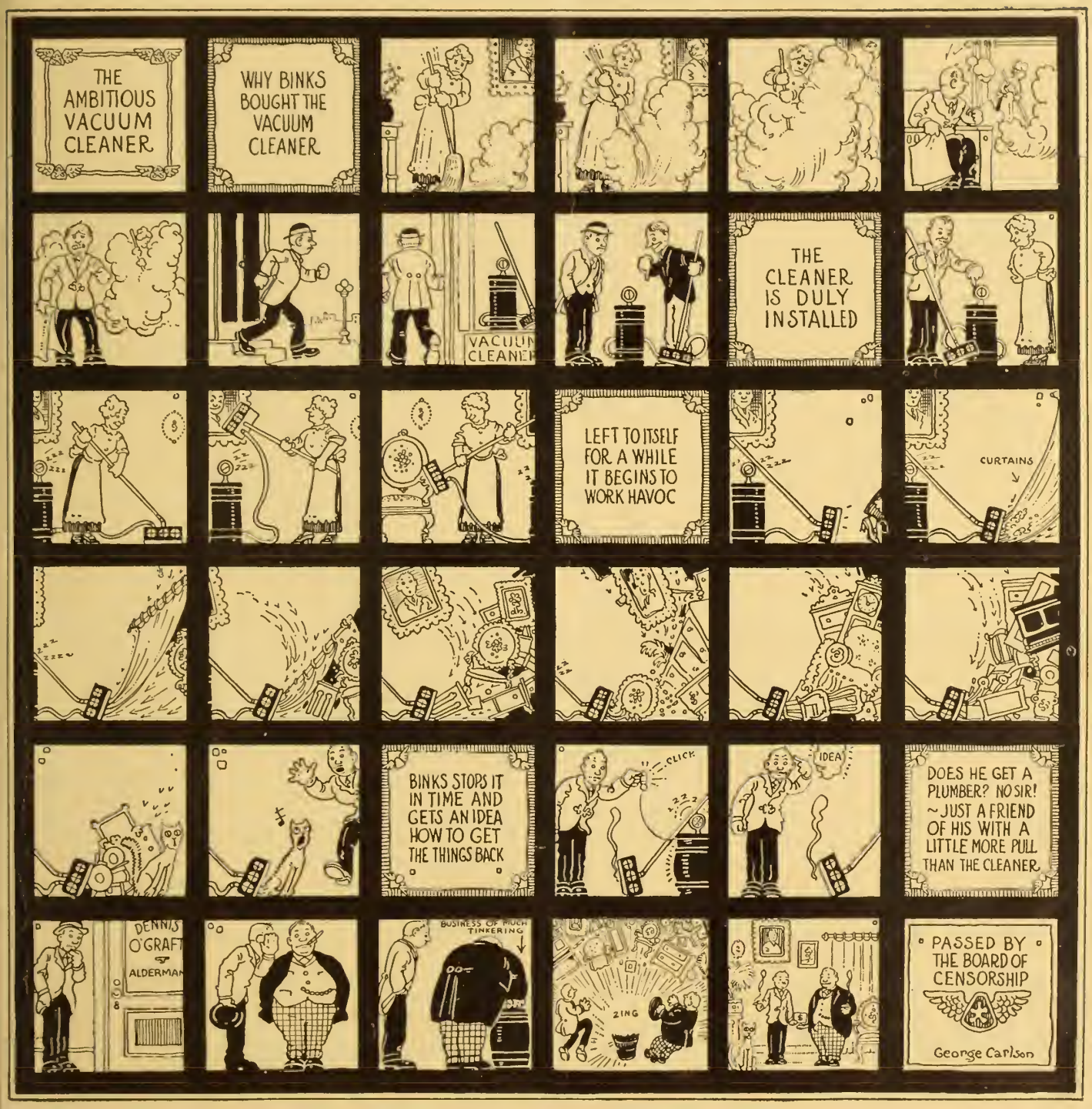
*Robins*—Joque found a surprise awaiting him when he got home last night.

*Dyer*—What was it?

*Robins*—His wife was asleep.

AFTER A REPRIMAND

"Oh, grandma! I wish you could have seen the funny way your chin went up and down while you were talking!"




The Ambitious Vacuum Cleaner; or, One Good Pull Deserves Another.

## Pretty Near

IT WAS Sunday afternoon, and Mabel's little sister, Ruth, aged four, was eated beside Mabel on the sofa. Present-y the little girl asked of Mabel's fiance: 'Aren't *I* your tweetheart, Mr. Bumper?"

"Well," answered Mr. Bumper, with a ond glance at Mabel, "you're the next hing to it!"

## The Measure of Cheerfulness

IT'S easy enough to look cheerful
When her roses wash off in the rain,
But the girl who's worth while
Is the one who can smile
When her tube skirt succumbs to the strain.

---

Worrying over things that never happen is an easy way to grow dyspeptic.

## A Music Lesson

"WE must buy that house from Brown as cheaply as possible," said the old real-estate dealer to his young agent, "for Brown is a very clever fellow."

"Oh, we can get it for a song," replied the optimistic young agent.

"Then you will have to sing in the key of Be Sharp," snapped the old dealer.

THOSE COSTUME DANCES

The man who attends in evening clothes because, he says, he "looks like a fool in costume."

## The Prudent Farmer to His Love

COME, live with me and be my love,
And I'll buy thee a new cook stove;
Then, summer, autumn, winter, spring,
You'll hear your own tea kettle sing.
I'll buy thee, too, a chair that rocks,
Where you may sit and darn my socks;
And as your needle fills each hole,
A deep content shall fill your soul
That it is you who sit there rocking,
And no one else may darn my stocking.

A mattress made of shucks and hay
Shall rest you at the close of day;
A clock with loud alarm shall warn
Your sleepy head when night is gone.
I'll buy thee, too, a muslin gown,
To wear some Sundays into town.
I'll give you damaged corn to feed
The chickens, and if you succeed
Well with the eggs and fowls and milk,
I'll give you somewhat toward a silk.
If all these promised joys can move,
Come, live with me and be my love.

—*M. M. Ln.*

## Explained

DOWN in the Red River valley section of Louisiana there is a planter, a veteran of the Civil War, who is noted for his profane vocabulary.

Not long since, he married, and everything sailed along nicely for a few days. But the captain was called out early one morning by a negro tenant, who wanted to see him on business. As soon as the captain saw the darky, he began to curse him.

His young wife, hearing the violent language, stuck her head out of the window and asked, "Is that you, dear?"

Before the captain could answer, the darky said apologetically, "No, ma'am; dat's Cap'n Johnson."

## Very Hard Cash

An Englishman should never be afraid of thugs, as the more money he has in his possession the more pounds he can give.

## Land

THE JAPS cry, "Sell us land, or fight!
We'll land an army on your strand!"
God wot! A million New York gents
Will fight to sell 'em land!
Throw in a grand piano, too,
And let 'em hear a band.
Play choice selections, on the spot,
And give 'em the glad hand,
And trolley tickets, there and back,
If all they want is sand!—*C. M. Wm.*

## Second Nature

*Crawford*—New York is dancing mad!

*Crabshaw*—No wonder. Whenever we ride in a public conveyance, we are told to "Step lively."

## A Hard Loser

"What ever became of that woman who was married on a bet?"

"She is now giving her time to a crusade against gambling."

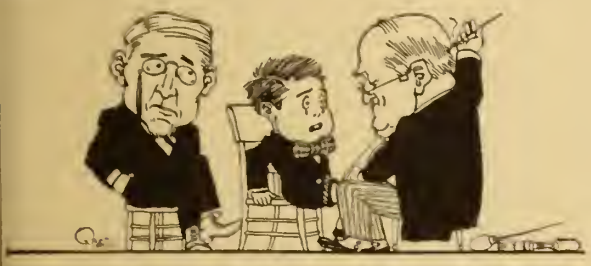
# WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

## Structural Ironwork

A PROFESSOR in the Harvard Medical School has discovered a way of riveting wounds and cuts instead of sewing them up. This doctor recommends the ordinary shoe rivet for wounds and says that his method is much better than sewing up with silk.

Some way or other this method doesn't sound very alluring to us. The old method of sewing with a needle was about all we could stand, let alone having any anvil work done on us. We remember our old family doctor at home; he must have been thinking along this very line. One time we were paring an apple, when the knife slipped, and father had to take us to the old family cobbler. He was a genial-looking man, with a vest pocket full of thermometers; but his air of geniality was only a lure. He really liked to take you to pieces and see if he could put you back together again without a couple of wheels being left over.



"OUR MIND WAS FASTENED ON THE DRILLS AND AWLS."

He tied a rope above and below the cut and got out his kit of tools. You wouldn't think he was a doctor by looking at his tools. You'd think that, if it wasn't for his weight, he was a burglar. He laid all the implements out methodically in a row, rolled up his sleeve as if he was going to repair a five-day boat, and told us not to think about what he was doing. It might have been easy for him to think about the great reception given to the Prince of Wales when he visited America in 1860, but our mind was fastened on the drills and awls.

Then he sat down, with a fat knee on each side of our leg, and threaded a needle that looked as if he had got it at a bargain from a tent maker. He tried to introduce the point into our skin, but the needle hadn't been so much of a bargain as he had thought. He had to get behind it and urge it with both hands. The needle tarried reluctantly, but at last it burrowed in, and back and forth he worked the shuttle, sticking out his tongue to show that it wasn't any easy job. Nobody had to tell us that. We could not help thinking what a great field was ahead of him in office-building work where he could use a steam hammer.

He worked steadily on, talking lightly to our father, telling him that such an operation was extremely dangerous and that he had seen many and many a boy get blood poisoning from wounds lots smaller, stopping only now and then to get a glass of water or to tell a customer to have a seat in the outer office for a few minutes. His small talk ran to quick deaths and blood poisonings.

At last he tied a double knot, heaved a sigh of regret, as if to say that once he got started he liked to go on mending all afternoon, and asked us what we were going to be when we grew up. We told him that we intended to specialize in derrick building or some other refined occupation where we didn't have to use a needle. He said that we had acted like a gentleman, and we wished we could say the same about him.

Our old family physician was a splendid doctor as long as he could give pills, but he was never intended for light work like copper riveting. If he had stuck to his early calling of steam dredging, he would have made his fortune. His mistake was in trying to handle anything as light as a needle.

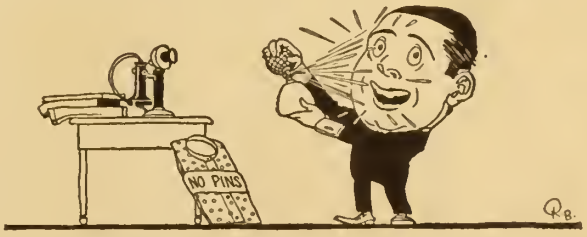
Goodness knows, this dredge system of sewing was hard enough on the individual who carried the threads, let alone having a doctor anxious to rivet. It may be just the thing for cuts, may be as soothing as morning wind off white clover; but we want none of it. We would be afraid that the doctor who employed it had to give up his card in the Structural Iron Workers' Union on account of rheumatism and still had to support a large family.

## The Latest Panacea

DR. SAUBERMANN, a German scientist, delivered a lecture in Berlin the other day, showing that radium can restore the hardened arteries of old people and make them young again.

We would like to see some of this radium. Every few weeks it pops up in the papers with some new ability. It can cure rheumatism, hang pictures, make the bed and go shopping Saturday afternoons. It doesn't make any difference what is wrong with you, according to the dispatches; if you will get a little radium and shake well before taking, it will cure you or tune the piano. If this new theory works out all right (as most of them don't), as soon as we get crow's-feet or a crick where the doctor puts his thumb, we can go down to the drug store, order some radium and an atomizer, and the next day we will have to poke our friends with our umbrella to make them recognize us.

We are willing to let our arteries continue to harden and old age continue to creep on, if radium will do some other things we meet up with every day. If radium will keep the laundryman from pinning our shirts up and hiding the heads, and somebody at our hotel from eating up all the French bread, and give us better telephone connection when we call up Somebody on Seventeenth Street, it will bring a better shade of bloom back into our cheeks than if we had made the application direct on the arteries. If it will keep the soap out of our eyes, our collars from spreading apart at the top, and the band from stopping playing two blocks before it gets to us, we will risk the artery business. It's the little things in life that harden the arteries.




"IF THIS NEW THEORY WORKS OUT ALL RIGHT."

## Commercial Shortcake

THE SHORTCAKE that is such a fake
We see again displayed—
The kind that mother did not make,
And grandma never made.
The kind unknown to boyhood's dream,
Whose praise no bard ere sang,
With gelatine-bestiffened cream
And white-of-egg meringue.
Across its top six berries red,
Placed neatly in a row,
Are resting calmly on a bed
Of sponge cake, dry, below.
It surely is a work of art,
This dish of sweetened foam,
But never will the traveler's heart
Cry out, "That's just like home!"

—Grace M. Kimitry

SUB-DUDE

## A. D. 1925

"Why did she withdraw after receiving the nomination?"

"They told her, if elected, she would become a member of the Common Council, and you know how particular she is."

## Warning

"Strange, the murder of that Cubist artist!"

"Yes. What was the cause of it?"

"He painted the portrait of an intellectual person and made him look like a blockhead."

## An Impenetrable Mystery

"ONE mystery that I am unable to fathom," ruminatingly remarked Stanley Livingston Mutshaw, the amateur philosopher, "is why a man with flinty eyes, a dyed mustache and an apocryphal diamond on the bosom of his fire-alarm shirt invariably addresses me as 'Friend,' or a person sufficiently ill-favored for his face to drive an ant-eater off from its nest in the middle of a cold night persists in saluting me as 'Brother,' and a red-nosed, malodorous wretch will go out of his wabbling way to hail me as 'Pal,' when clean, honorable business men, of the sort from whom anybody might be proud to borrow fifty dollars, claim no special intimacy with me, but content themselves with addressing me as 'Mr. Mutshaw.' What is the matter with me, anyhow?"

## Reverie of a Bachelor

One sweetly solemn thought
I bless, with soul serene.
I'm safe from leap-year accidents
Until Nineteen Sixteen!

## Egg View Note

Ambrose Crosslots says: "If a feller could back up a statement as easy as he could a balky horse, folks would b'lieve more stuff."

## One Thing Lacking

"Can you tell me how to secure a husband, Mrs. Worldlywise?"

"Why, you've got a husband, my dear!"

"True; but I haven't got him secured."

## Youthful Philosophy

*Five-year-old*—Ma says "a place for everything and everything in its place," but she keeps her hair on the bureau!

---

A man who frequently falls off the water-wagon is apt to get soused.

POOR OLD FATHER

*Geraldine*—Mother, I think I 'll slip on my rain coat and run over to the postoffice for the mail.

*Mother*—Why, my dear, it isn't fit for a dog to be out. Let your father go.

## L'Envoi of the Cubists

WHEN the last Impression is posted and the tubes are twisted and pinched,
When the youngest Cubist is throttled and the oldest Futurist lynched,
We shall rest, and, gee! we shall need it —come off for a minute or two,
Till the masters of all this rubbish shall set us agog anew.

Then those that were Cubists shall worry; they shall sit on a picket fence
And paint with a vacuum cleaner on the sides of canvas tents.
They shall have real models to draw from —a nude in a crazy quilt,
Or a maudlin, rhomboid Scotchman, descending the stairs in his kilt.

And only Picasso shall praise them, and only Matisse shall blame;
And no one shall care for censure, and no one shall care for shame.
But each in his own straitjacket and each in his separate cell
Shall slather the paint as he sees it, for the glory of Art that won't jell.

—Carolyn Wells.

THE SLITS THAT MADE LEG-WALKER FAMOUS

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR
If they had played baseball in Nero's day.

# The Good Old Ways

*By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY*

"MY DEAR," said Mr. Youngby, putting aside his pipe and motioning her to come and sit on his lap, "I have been converted. I am ready at last to have you stand beside me, my equal—no more, no less."

"Oh, John, I'm so glad!" She wound her arm around his neck and laid her soft cheek against his. "I knew you would see the light some day."

"The first time I saw you," he mused reminiscently, "I wondered if you could be mortal! Your radiant beauty, sweetness and purity seemed almost divine."

Her warm, red lips covered his mouth for an instant.

"When you promised to marry me," he said softly, "I felt that, with you to inspire me, I should be a cleaner, stronger, more efficient man. And I have been."

A tender squeeze indicated that she was listening raptly.

"Even marriage seemed not to bring you down to my level. To this day I have continued to look up to you as a finer, sweeter, higher being than myself. Silly, wasn't it?" he said dryly.

Mrs. Youngby sat up precipitately.

"After we were married, I worked overtime that you might keep a maid and hire your sewing. I couldn't bear to have these"—he took her white, dimpled hand and touched its pink satin palm—"become calloused and grimed by housework. And it wasn't fair to you," he said self-accusingly.

"Wh-what do you mean?" she asked.

"All the time," he replied, "you were just a faulty human being and wanted to be treated as such. Well, strong and capable, you wished to help earn the living, or, at least, to contribute in household duties your half toward the copartnership which we had formed."

Mrs. Youngby gasped, but said nothing.

"I have consistently acted as if you were too weak and silly to be a real helpmate to me, or even to take care of yourself. When we went out together, I knelt at your feet and put your rubbers on. I carried the umbrella or sunshade over you. I helped you across the slick places and carried you over the muddy ones. If there was only one vacant seat in the car, *I* hung to a strap every time, not half the time. Oh, I can see now that I was constantly humiliating, shaming you."

Her paralyzed tongue still refused to work.

"During the panic, when every day for weeks I expected to lose my position, I selfishly refused to let you share my sleepless nights and anxious days, as it was your right and privilege to do."

"Why — John" — she quavered, then choked and stopped.

"Don't cry," said Youngby, but without a trace of the usual tenderness in his tones. "That is all past now. I'll quit petting, coddling and making a weakling of you. Hereafter we'll just be chums, equal in every way. You may knock about for yourself and be as sturdy and independent as you please. If you prefer to keep the maid and work downtown, I'll help you get a position, and"——

"Oh, John," she sobbed, burying her face in his waistcoat, "I don't want to be your equal!" She hugged him convulsively. "I want to be your sweetheart, your angel! Put me back upon my pedestal, and I'll stay there forever and ever!"

## Some Examples of Carelessness

DROPPING an acquaintance.
Cracking a joke.
Breaking the current of one's thoughts.
Treading on other people's toes.
Tripping upstairs.
Tearing along.
Letting fall a hint.
Allowing a secret to escape.
Letting a suggestion slip out.
Losing a chance.
Failing to catch a sentence.
Missing the point.
Falling over ourselves.
Stumbling over an apology.
Running against a stone wall.
Kicking up a dust.
Slopping over.
Making a blot on the record.
Forgetting old friends.
Getting caught in the tide of adversity.

—*Geo. B. Merrewood.*

HER FUTURE

*Fond father*—I wonder if she'll be president some day?

## A Marine View

APPROPRIATE colors for an artist to use in painting a storm at sea would be for the waves rose and the winds blew.

## Open Season for Cupid

THE summer girl is planning now
Her subtle summer arts,
And Cupid's working overtime
At sharpening his darts.

And by and by, at each resort,
According to her plan,
There'll be a Johnnie slain each day,
Mistaken for a man.

## Practice

"How did you develop such a wonderful batting eye?" asked the major-league magnate admiringly.

"Acting as health commissioner of Piwattomie, Kan.," replied the recruit modestly. "I got so that I could swat a fly every time."

---

"How did he raise the wind?"

"Well, he had a fine air to start with, so he just blustered a bit and blew about his prospects."

## An Open Letter

Guyascutus Lodge, Maine, June 12th, 1913.

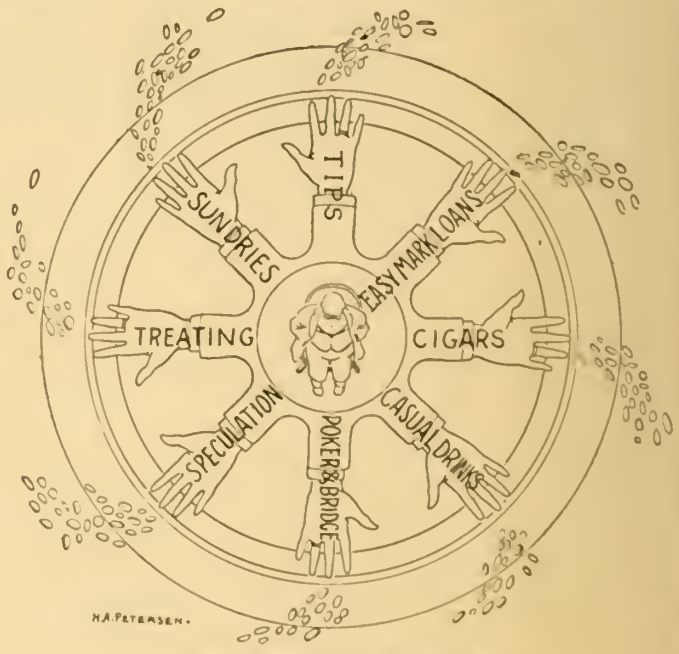
My dear Mr. Editor—In a recent issue of JUDGE I find this admirable little sketch, by Mr. Petersen:

HUBBY'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

Admirably drawn; but, in the interests of truth, is not the accompanying diagram a leetle bit closer to the facts of life as we are trying to live it in these extravagant days?

It occurs to me that, in the unlikely event of your publishing this letter, some of your readers will quietly scoff and say, "Oh, that's merely the rave of some woman who finds that the cap fits!" To meet this criticism, I inclose herewith an affidavit, duly sworn to before a notary public, that I am, and have been since my twenty-first birthday, a man and a hubby.

Very truly yours,
Wilkins Micawber McGillicuddy.




MR. MCGILLICUDDY'S DIAGRAM

[AFFIDAVIT]

Binks County, State of Maine.

Wilkins Micawber McGillicuddy, a resident and taxpayer of Binks County, personally known to me, solemnly swears that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, he is a male human being, and has been so since birth; and deponent further swears that, since the thirteenth day of November, 1901, he has been what is unpopularly known in some quarters as a husband, having upon that date entered into the holy bonds of padlock with Marietta Maginnis Hopkins, of Slathersville, Pennsylvania, to all of which I, the undersigned notary public in said Binks County, State of Maine, do add my own sworn testimony as to the truth of the deposition as above of the said Wilkins Micawber McGillicuddy. (Signed)

Witness my hand and seal this twelfth day of June, 1913. } Hiram Johnson Pikestaff, Notary Public.

My commission expires February 30th, 1941. [SEAL]

# For the Consolation Cup

"YOU KNOW what I want, Jenks?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've bet a tidy sum on her to show. That's the best she must do. Understand?"

"I guess I know my biz, boss, after our talk last night."

"Yes. You know your business. It's riding horses. Riding to order. You know the game. That other matter you broached is impossible. You ought to see it. Understand?"

"You put it strong enough last night to put a dummy wise, sir. I'm no dummy."

"Good! You'll go a long way on horses, my boy. I don't want any partnership in this business. Your crazy idea would amount to a partnership. You can ride yourself into ownership of a stable in time. Be satisfied."

"But I can't ride long if I follow your orders."

"You are entered to ride in this race and you'll follow my orders, or I'll"——

"Oh, I know my biz, boss."

"What's the matter, pop?"

John Bamford, owner of the b. m. Olga, entered for the Consolation Cup, a five-furlong race for horses that had not yet won at this meeting, with Jenks as jockey, turned to see his daughter Julie looking intently at Jenks, who paid no attention to her as the stable boy led Olga toward the chute for the start.

"There's nothing the matter, Julie. I was giving Jenks his orders. Come." And Bamford and his daughter walked toward the grand stand.

"But there is something the matter, pop!"

"I was telling Jenks what I want. That mare has speed, but I want to keep her under cover and make a killing at the next meeting. She is to run this race just to show."

"But suppose she wins?"

"If I know Jenks, when I tell him to just let that mare show, Jenks knows his business, doesn't he?"

"But, father"——

"There are no buts in this case. Besides, Jenks is too ambitious. What do you suppose he asked me last night?"

Julie turned white. She knew more about the track, stables, horses and jockeys than Bamford did. "What did Jenks ask you?"

"Why, the fool thinks he can marry you—the daughter of a man with millions!"

"You didn't always have so much money, pop."

Bamford turned to look at her. "Are you a fool, too?"

The bell rang. "They're off!" was the cry. The race was on, and Bamford was alive to it. Jenks had no immediate interest for him except as a jockey.

The sport of kings sometimes embarrasses even monarchs who have entries. Invariably it plays the deuce with the hoi polloi. It is easier to back favorites than to pick winners. Yet, with all its hard lessons and chicanery, the race track gives place now and then to sentiment. Jockeys have married into such learned profession as that of the stage, and they have been known to entertain the nobility of both sexes abroad.

"The fool is leading!" said Bamford to Julie, under his breath, as cries went up from stand and field, "Olga wins!"

Three of the five furlongs had been run, and Olga was in the lead. A short race is hot, and the jockeys on the five horses speeding for the Consolation Cup were all plying whips.

Jenks was ahead, but he was being pressed hard. Spurs flecked the foam on Olga's flanks with blood.

"Bugler wins!" was the cry now, as a powerful black gelding lapped Olga and seemed to be gaining with every leap. The stand was in a roar, and down the chutes near the finish a yelling mob ran.

Jenks whipped harder and spurred deeper. Bamford grasped Julie's arm and dragged her down the aisle in his excitement. He was blocked by a mad crowd as he sought to gain the field in front of the stand.

"Olga! Olga!" was the cry, as the mare swept past, half a length in the lead.

Fifty to one had been the odds against Olga to win.

As Bamford, raging inwardly, forced his way to meet Jenks on his return stableward, Julie kept at his side.

"I'll pay him for this!" growled Bamford, careful to hide his anger. "And you, Julie—you seem glad he won!"

"Jenks obeyed orders, pop."

"Whose orders?"

"Mine."

"To win?"

"Yes. If he had obeyed yours, it would have come out. You know what might have happened. He's an honest jockey. Besides, Jenks and I can now do as we please."

"Jenks and you!"

"Yes. He had money on, and I win a hundred thousand."

—J. A. Waldron

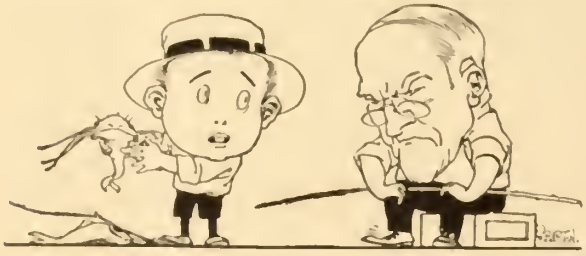
# WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

## Sugar and Sawdust, and then Some

SCIENCE has discovered a way of converting sawdust into sugar. This comes as agreeable news to us.

Our father was a firm believer in sawdust. He would engage a large, strong man to haul three cords of wood into our backyard and throw it off the wagon; then he would send this large, strong man away and tell us to take the crosscut saw and sever each of the sticks into three pieces. Then he would go on about his business, and we would hope that the matter had passed out of his mind. A little bit of sawing wood would go a long way with us. We could take one look at the saw hanging in the woodshed and have enough sawing to last us until the following season. Once, after we thought the matter had passed out of father's mind, we took our fishpole and repaired to the creek, where we spent a few pleasant and profitable hours.



"CALLING HIS ATTENTION TO THE MUDCAT"

When we returned, we found father sitting on the back porch, and we noticed a long, hickory sprout beside him. He was looking in the direction of the unsawed wood, and we surmised at once that there was some connection between the hickory sprout and the unsawed wood. Coming up, we spoke a pleasant word to him, calling his attention to the mudcat we had caught and to what long whiskers it had. Father did not gaze with the rapt attention at the long whiskers we had just called to his attention that we hoped he would display. Instead, he arose and fixed a hand firmly in the collar of our shirt. This seemed strange to us, as, when we had our back turned toward him, we were in no position to continue the conversation about the mudcat. However, it soon developed that he had no interest whatever in the mudcat. We stood with our back to father for several minutes, thinking first about one thing, then another, but mostly about how hale and hearty he was for a man of his age. When he removed his hand from our collar and we turned to face him, there was perspiration on his brow. We did not say anything about it, however. We felt sure that it would soon occur to him to remove it.

After father had gone into the house to rest, we repaired to the woodyard and began piling up potential sugar. It was a welcome change from what had been attracting our attention for the last few minutes. Creating sawdust was much sweeter to us than conversing with father about a mudcat that had neglected its toilet for the greater part of the season. We knew then that the sawdust was sweet, but we didn't know at the time that it contained sugar.

## How To Act before a Cow

PLAINFIELD, N. J., is going to teach the art of milking cows in the course at the public school.

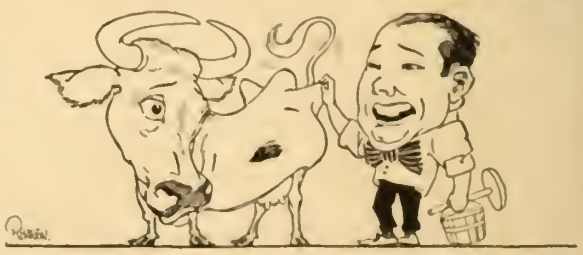
This page thinks this is a good move. We remember once we went to visit some country cousins who could afford a cow of their own. We thought we would do them a good turn by hurrying out and milking for them and come in to them bearing a pail of frothy richness. With a bucket under one arm and a one-legged stool under the other, we approached the cow on the subject. She was contentedly going over the herbs she had gathered in her wanderings during the afternoon, with a sweet look of peace and contentment.

We felt an instant liking for her and rested our hand lovingly on her broad hips. Then we made other social advances by patting her glossy stomach. However, one thing was wrong; we had come up on the left side of the patient cow, when she was accustomed to familiarity only on her dexter side. We stroked one of her most rearward ribs a moment, to show her that we meant no harm, then squatted down on the one-legged stool.

The patient creature turned an eager face to see if we had any regard for the bounds of conventionality, and a look of hurt surprise came into her large eyes. Still we thought nothing of the matter and put our knees under her abdomen and our head in her flank and reached for the milk. We planted an ear tight against her robust flank and closed our fingers on the source of supply. With that, the look of surprise in her eyes gave way to a sterner look. We looked back into her eyes and smiled confidingly, to assure her that all was well. From the short time we had known her, we liked her very much. We felt that in time we would become fast friends.

But for some reason or other she did not reciprocate. She was accustomed to entertaining on her right side. Suspicion smoldered in her eyes. We felt something move inside her flanks, like muscles knotting, and the next thing we remember is lying in the spare room of our cousin's house and hearing an old gentleman with a black medical bag and side whiskers snap his hunter case, after taking his fingers off our wrist, and say something about eggnog six times a day.

We earnestly entreat the professor of the Plainfield school to put the cow in the curriculum, but to be sure not to let any of his students approach her on the side where she isn't expecting company. It is best to let the creature have her own way in such a matter. With your ear in a cow's flank, you are in no position to argue.



"THE PATIENT CREATURE TURNED AN EAGER FACE"

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Strange how a vacation usually creates a vacuum in one's pocket-book.

Industrial Series: Clearing up some mysteries about cheese and eggs.

### Answered

"NOW, children," said the Sunday-school teacher to the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me what an epistle is?"

"I can," answered a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An epistle is the wife of an apostle."

### Food for Reflection

*Robby*—I think I like you better than any of the other fellows that come to see sister.

*Percy*—I'm pleased to hear it, Robby. Why do you like me the best?

*Robby*—Because sis always lets me stay around and hear what you say.

### Defining His Intellect

"IS BLITHERS a smart chap?"

"Well, he's the kind of fellow that would plant a piece of dogwood and expect to raise a litter of puppies."

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That silver lining does not look so bright if your mining stock drops to 23.

MUSIC'S GOLDEN TONGUE

# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Suffragette Snapshots

*By IDA HUSTED HARPER*

VERY pleasant to learn that the President's daughter Jessie won "her" fight in the Delaware Legislature for a ten-hour workday for women! How many hours has it been legal to work them in that little borough, whose legislative body has just overwhelmingly defeated a bill for woman suffrage and voted against the direct election of United States Senators?

During inauguration week in Washington, Indian Chief Lockeji took all the squaws in his band to the anti-suffrage headquarters and had them put their X mark in the register. The male Indians, having had the ballot forced on them by the government, are determined to save their consorts a similar fate.

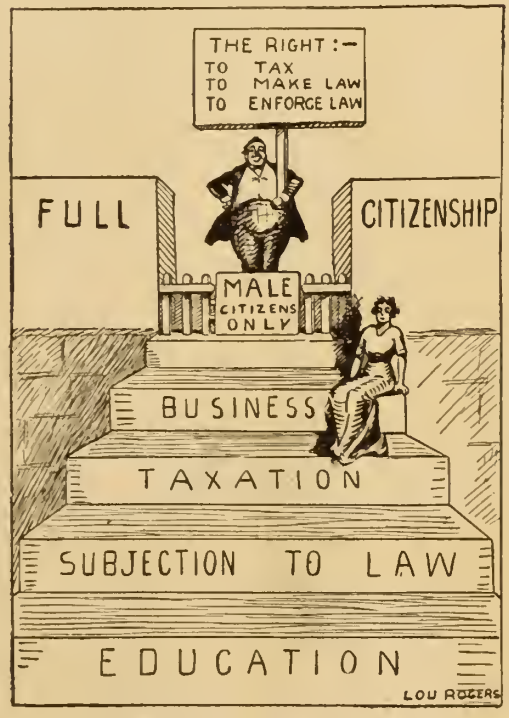
The North Carolina Legislature voted down a woman-suffrage bill, but it removed women from the position of chattels by giving them control over their earnings and the right to sue for damages in case of personal injuries. One step at a time. First admit that women have souls; then teach them the alphabet; the rest follows.

The high cost of living is said to be largely due to the modern woman's pernicious habit of buying food in small quantities. Yes; when she goes to market she should send to her modern flat a barrel of flour, half a barrel of sugar, a firkin of butter, several bushels of potatoes, turnips and onions, a sack of coffee, and canned goods of all kinds by the dozen. This may create some complications with the dumbwaiter and dispossess the family to make room for the food, but the experiment is worth making.

They managed things better at that second suffrage parade in Washington. To be sure, there were only 530 in line; but there was an escort of a policeman to every one and two-thirds woman, and it was as much as a man's life was worth to step off the curb. The women felt just like an inaugural procession.

A candidate for mayor in a Colorado town hears of a woman who can't leave her baby to go to the polls, rushes to her house and holds it, while she hies to the ballot box; doesn't drop it or damage it in any way, and is elected by one vote! Question forever settled as to who will care for baby when mother goes to vote. The candidates, who have been kissing babies all these years, to get the mothers' indirect influence.

New York papers are making a good deal of fun of the men chosen as judges of the suffrage hat-trimming contest. Why shouldn't they be, when men milliners are a conspicuous feature in that city? The only funny thing about it was that they served without pay.




EVERY STEP BUT THE LAST ONE

When a few progressive women of Persia appeared on the streets without veils, their husbands and fathers were allowed to drive them back with the lash of the whip. In more civilized countries it is the lash of the tongue. The harem and the veil for woman! Woman's place is at home!

Dr. Talcott Williams, head of the new School of Journalism in Columbia University, complains because the women students won't specialize on the Woman's Page. "This important part of a newspaper has great possibilities," he says, "but seldom are they fulfilled." True, alas! too true; but these girl students understand that any work they might do along this line in the future would have to conform to a masculine editor's ideas, and there is nothing he really knows so little about as what women want to find on the Woman's Page.

Deputy Joseph Reinach, of the French chamber, would give the suffrage to women as the only solution of the temperance question; and former Premier Clemenceau would deny it, because they would use it to restore the Catholic Church to power. Does it ever occur to men to consider this subject from the point of abstract justice and equity?

"When we realize the wealth of unthanked tenderness that women forever shower over the aching places of the world, it will be time enough to accord their sex the vote," chirps the Manchester *Courier*; and *Votes for Women*, quoting it, heads the quotation: "Woman as a Poultice!"

Julia Marlowe telegraphed wishes for success to the Michigan women. When Maude Adams wants to express contempt, she says, "You talk like an anti-suffragist!" Practically all of the leading actresses in this country and Great Britain are for the suffrage. They speak from the standpoint of working women who know the world.

The English suffragettes seem to be mixed on their spelling and are showing their indignation against the males by attacking the mails.

Those councilmen in Hunnewell, Kan., who got smart with Mayor Ella Wilson and defied her authority, have been ousted from office by the Supreme Court and assessed costs of $400 each. Space forbids a transcript of their remarks.

# WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

### In Doubt?

"Du hast also Deinem Bräutigam erklärt, dasz Du nichts mitbekommst?"
"Gewiss!"
"Was hat er denn dazu gesagt?"
"Er hat geschworen, dasz ihm das gleichgültig ist."
"Und wie verhält er sich seitdem?"
"Ich weiss nicht—er ist nimmer gekommen."

"Then you have explained to your fiance that you will bring no dowry?"

"Certainly."

"What did he say to that?"

"He swore that it was a matter of indifference to him."

"And how has he conducted himself since then?"

"I don't know. He has never come back."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

### The Age of Luxury

What we are coming to—Employing a performing dog to amuse your dog.—*Punch* (London).

### The Professor Unbends

"Das Vergnügen am Tanze finden wir auch bei den unkultiviertesten Völkern. Ich selbst riskiere manchkmal auch noch recht gern ein Tänzchen!"

"We find that even the worst uncivilized races take pleasure in dancing—I myself at times still gladly take a little turn!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

### The Heavy Attack

"Wenn sie nun so klein wär' wie ich, und ich so grost wie sie, und wenn statt Sonnenschein Regen wär' und sie statt dem grossen Hut keinen Schirm hätt', dann wusst' ich gleich, wie ich sie anreden sollt'!"

"If she only were as small as I am, and I as tall as she is, and if, instead of sunshine, it were raining, and she had no umbrella instead of her large hat, then I would soon know how to address her."—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

### Disconcerting

*Model*—It's a horrid shame! You know as well as I do that my figure isn't so sinfully distorted as that!

*Impressionist*—Ah, my child, when will you understand that it is your soul that I paint, and not your figure?—*Bystander* (London).

### Logical

"Hein! quand je vous disais que c'etait un regime mervelleux? Vous n'etes plus le meme homme, maintenant!"

"Vous serez bien almable d'envoyer votre note a l'autre."

"Well, didn't I tell you that we had here a marvelous treatment? You are not the same man any more!"

"Then be kind enough to send your bill to the other."—*Le Rire* (Paris).

AMIABILITY

*Matron* (insisting upon the unfashionableness of equestrianism)—I think a woman looks a fright on a horse. I long ago gave it up for motoring.
*The Svelte One*—But I'm still slender enough to look well on horseback, you know.

# POP

*By JANE VIVIAN*

MILDRED BURNHAM drove her own car—for a few miles—aided by an infant sister, aged six. The infant was composed of a very short blue dress, bare brown legs, sandals and a large black bow tied on the top of her head.

Mildred looked exactly like the infant, grown up.

Their father was a banker and their mother a most charming woman. The parents left their home in care of a housekeeper and started for Panama. The elder daughter waited until they were without the three-mile limit; then, followed by the infant, she went to the garage.

"I would like my car, please." Mildred had a determined look in her eyes, which the man whom she addressed noted. He turned the matter over to the superintendent.

"Miss Burnham, your car is laid up."

"Wot laid it up?" queried the infant.

"Your father. He discharged the chauffeur before he left and had the car dismantled."

"Well, mantle it up, please. Sister and I are going to use it."

The man looked at "sister."

"Yes, I am going to learn to run it this afternoon."

"Oh, very well. I will send a chauffeur with you."

"No, thank you. I prefer to learn by myself." Miss Burnham's manner showed plainly that, as far as she was concerned, the incident was closed. But it wasn't, because the superintendent had an active mind. He went behind the scenes.

"Put about a pint of gasoline in that car and roll it out."

Presently a seven-passenger touring car, manned with a pint of gas, appeared. The Misses Burnham got in, the older with much confidence, the younger with much delight. They went through the doors some way without removing either of them and turned the corner without turtling. Fortunately the road was long and straight. Thanks to the forethought of the superintendent, the gas gave out before the road did, and the car stopped.

Dwight Ellis was driving his car, coming from the opposite direction. When he saw the young ladies stalled by the roadside, he alighted and walked up to them.

"What can I do for you?" he asked cheerfully.

"I'm sure I don't know. Do you?" replied the older girl.

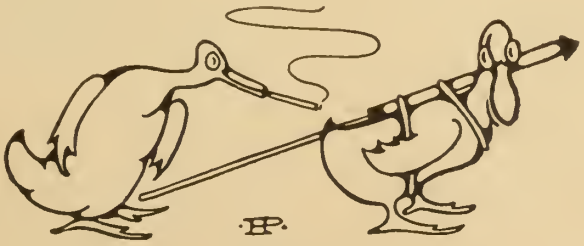
"I rather think you have no gas. If this child will get out, I will see."

"Hold out your arms like pop does, an' I'll jump."

He obeyed, and she fulfilled her part of the contract with such force that he nearly lost his balance. "A pretty burden," he thought, as the child slipped from his grasp.

"That isn't the way pop catches me. He don't wabble!"

"Pardon me!" he said. "My awkwardness was due to over-anxiety. Next time I will make a left-handed running catch of you that will get my picture on the sporting page!"



AMBITION

"Just touch her off, old man. I'll show some of those other birds that they have nothing on me when it comes to flying."

I SHOULD SMILE

*Chlorinda*—How can you dream of marrying a man who writes such stupid love letters?
*Marigold*—But just think, dear—he can write the most beautiful checks, and that's the main thing after one is married.

"That's where they always put pop's picture."

"Why, Doris, father never had his picture in the paper!"

The child looked at Mr. Ellis defiantly.

"Well, anyway, he's going to!"

"Because of your loyalty and your eyelashes, my child, much will be forgiven you!" said the man, to whom the infant already appealed.

"Pop says my lashes are long enough to braid." She closed one eye for a sample and looked at him meditatively out of the other, but he turned his attention from beauty to gasoline.

"It is just as I suspected. You haven't an atom of gas."

"No? Well, just turn a few of those buttons down there, then perhaps the thing will go."

"There's something the matter with the clock," piped the infant. "That won't go, either. I guess if that would go, the car would go, too."

Dwight Ellis began to feel as though life were worth living. "What you two know about motor cars could be typewritten on a postage stamp. Evidently the pleasure of getting you to the village is forced upon me."

"But we don't know you," said the older girl.

"That's my misfortune. Yours is lack of gas. Seriously, now, how were you proposing to get home?"

"Why, I was going to run the car in, as soon as I got it turned around."

"Shades of Pierce, Peerless and Packard! As soon as you got it turned around! How were you going to do that, may I ask?"

"I don't know—exactly. Some of those things underneath are what father turns it with."

"Excuse me," he said, "but does your father conduct his operas with or without a score?"

"Pop isn't a conductor! He keeps a bank!" said the infant, with great disdain.

"Oh, I thought he was a musician. He runs his car like one!"

"Did you mean is pop a trolley-car conductor? 'Cause he ain't."

"'Ain't,'" thought the man. "I wonder who in her family says 'ain't'!"

The man sat down on the ground, and the child sat down beside him. She leaned toward him in the most confiding manner. "Sister said she could bluff it through, but she can't, can she?"

The ingratiating sweetness of the infant effaced the memory of the almost fatal "ain't," and, with a manner as confiding as her own, he whispered that he did not think she could.

The elder sister was entirely unmoved by the stress of the automobile storm. "You crank up for me, please, and I will go."

"Crank up for you! Fair stranger, were you ever in an auto before?"

"Yes, thousands of times; but I never paid any attention to running it, though I picked up a little by listening to what father said when he was working under the car."

"If your father used the standard gauge language for under-car service, what you picked up won't be of material use to you!"

"Mother said his language wasn't fit to use anywhere—except under a car!"

"I'd like to meet your father! Perhaps I can, if you will allow me to take you home. We can tie your sister onto my suit-case rack"——

"I don't want to be tied onto your suit-case rack. I want to ride in front, where I can push the hands of the clock round and round with my toes."

The man looked at the clock on the stalled car and saw that considerable damage had been done to its face by this young person's feet.

"I was going to say, a long time ago," said the elder sister, "that father isn't to blame because I know nothing about the technique of a car. I was always on the back seat"——

BREAKING UP THE GAME

"Confound you! The bases were full, with slugger Mike at the bat, and you had to go and wake me up!"

INDEPENDENCE-DAY PARADE

By the Red Snappers, Whitebait, Bluefish, and others.

"Yes, sir, sister was always on the back seat with me an' a boy. Sometimes she was on the back seat with me an' two boys. Mother always rode in front and read that blue book that tells the wrong way to go, pop says."

The infant's bow on top of her head blew in the wind and he tried to pull her dress down over her knees.

"Cold, ain't it?"

The man looked thoughtfully at the child. She was as beautiful as a deeply tinted wild rose.

"Cold, ain't it?" she repeated, returning his glance with one of the most friendly regard.

"Child, *dear* child, would it hurt you any to say *isn't* it?"

"Mother says ain't."

"No, she does not, Doris! Mother never said 'ain't' in her whole life!"

The man breathed sighs of relief. Just why he should be so affected by the possibly defective grammar system of a family whose name he did not know, and none of whom he had ever met prior to a half hour ago, he could not then tell. As an expression of gratitude, he took a coat from his own car and put it around the child.

"Thank you ever so much! Why, this coat is just like father's! He lost his. Somebody stole it!"

"My brilliant young friend, you have gotten me sized up too small. I admit having been before the Pujo Committee, but it wasn't for stealing coats! I wouldn't have stolen your father's coat, anyway. I'd surely have stolen *you* instead!"

"Why don't you steal sister?"

The man looked at "sister" and wondered how soon he *could* steal her. Sister was not at all embarrassed. She was too busy wondering what she ought to do. Dwight Ellis surmised the trend of her thoughts. "I think I had better tow you home, after all. I'll go and get my big car. You will have to wait here for me, because you can't get away! By the way, why did you take this awful road? It is the worst one in the State!"

"I didn't take it. The car took it."

"And if the car had preferred the other road, I'd never have met you!" He looked into the eyes of the girl—looked just an instant too long. Then he jumped into his own car, whirled it around and was off. Soon after he left, a chauffeur from the garage appeared. Without making much talk, he attached a leader to the stalled car, said he had been instructed to find the Misses Burnham—if possible—and bring them back to the garage without a moment's delay.

When Mr. Ellis returned, there was nothing to be seen but his coat hanging on a tree and the heavy tracks of a double turn.

"I wonder!" he said. "I wonder!"

* * * * * *

Several weeks later Dwight Ellis went into the bank on

Willow Street and saw a splendid-looking man talking with a girl of great beauty. Near them was a child, with bare, brown legs, wearing a large black bow and a short pink dress.

"Why, Dwight Ellis, how'd you? These are my daughters. I believe you have never met them."

"Oh, pop, that's the man who stole your coat!"

"The younger one appears to have met *me*, anyway!" said Mr. Ellis, laughing, his heart lighter than it had been in weeks.

"She told me she'd found the man who stole my coat, but said he was 'awful nice.' So I never dreamed it was you, you old thoroughbred!"

* * * * * *

At the wedding, not long after, Doris was the flower girl. It is embarrassing to record that, though rehearsed for hours, she did not behave particularly well on her march to the altar, preferring to hop, skip and jump rather than walk, and to throw the flowers at her friends who were ribboned off rather than strew them in the straight and narrow path that led to the man who stole her father's coat.

The papers described the affair as an original wooing and wedding, and for once the papers were right.

CUNNING—WHAT?

*Sheba*—The ocean is very treacherous, isn't it?
*Hero*—Yes, indeed. And this time of year is er—especially full of er—craft.

## The Lover's Oracle

| | *Echo* |
|---|---|
| "Ere I begin, pray, Echo, bid me welcome." | "Welcome." |
| "Wilt thou reply, let me ask what I will?" | "I will." |
| "Pray tell me, then, what makes me cry 'Alack'?" | "A lack." |
| "A lack? Of what? That helps me not, alas!" | "A lass." |
| "A lass, indeed! Her name? Come, Echo, answer!" | "Ann, sir!" |
| "What—Nan? Absurd! You're out of practice sure!" | "'Tis sure." |
| "Where do I suffer, then, if I'm a lover?" | "All over." |
| "What will relieve this, my so sad complaint?" | "Complaint." |
| "Don't most men flee the source of such confusion?" | "Few shun." |
| "What would you do if I should disbelieve you?" | "Leave you." |
| "Stay just a moment, Echo. I'd know more!" | "No more." |
| "One parting word, I'll be beholden ever!" | "Never!" |
| "Oh, Echo, please don't leave me woebegone!" | "Begone!" |
| "Why hide so, Echo? What's there to imbosk at?" | "Bo, scat!" |

—*Geo. B. Merewood.*

HOME, SWEET HOME—WHAT HAPPENED AT A "DOUBLE-HEADER" ON THE FOURTH

## Grievously Afflicted

A crying shame.
A weeping willow.
A howling swell.
A sad dog.
A sorry jade.
A mourning cloak.
A sighing breeze.
A groaning branch.
A moaning tide.
A sobbing wind.
A bellowing bull.
A woeful mistake.
An unhappy chance.
A dismal failure.
A miserble fiasco.
A wretched meal.
A gloomy prospect.
A troubled pool.
A harrowed field.
A tortured meaning.

---

The fizzing soda fountain will be more in evidence than the whizzing rocket.

# HE WHO RUNS MAY READ

## The Day We Celebrate

THIS is the day we celebrate—
Look out, son! You will shock
Aunt Kate!

"There's something doing everywhere"—
Bang! "Gee! That was
an awful scare!

"That boy of ours can
make more noise"—
Bang! bang! — "than
fourteen common boys!

"He has enough explosives to
estroy a battleship or two.

Gee whiz! I wish he hadn't got
old of that old tin coffee pot!

He puts a cannon cracker in,
nd then it makes an awful din!

I shouldn't care, did I not know
hat ere long he'll be his own foe.

There! Just as I expected, he
olds up a mangled hand to me!

I guess peace must be hard to get—
seems the war's not ended yet!"

*-Charles H. Meiers.*

## The Future Butterfly

*Mrs. Gadsby*—How are you spending your vacation?

*Mrs. Grubb*—Sewing for Madam Modeest.

*Mrs. Gadsby*—Oh, my dear!

*Mrs. Grubb*—I had to have the money. I'm sending my husband abroad this year.

YOUR SPECIAL VACATION NOTICE

PLEASE REMEMBER when you go on your vacation, that the Post Office Department will not forward your JUDGE from your residence to your new vacation address, unless you notify the postmaster, at your place of residence, that you desire to have your papers sent temporarily to your new address and leave the postage with him so that he can forward your publications.

If your vacation should be for A MONTH OR MORE advise us of your old and new address and we will forward your papers directly from this office, and it will be unnecessary to advise your postmaster, but bear in mind that it takes from ten days to two weeks for us to make a change of address so that it will be necessary during that time to have the postmaster look after your papers.

Be particular to send us your old as well as your new address. By carefully complying with these requests you will save yourself a lot of trouble and insure the prompt and regular delivery of the publications for which you have subscribed. LESLIE-JUDGE CO., 225 Fifth Ave., New York

## The Mortgage

SI JENKINS bought a house and lot,
On easy terms, one day;
A little down in cash was all
He was required to pay.
The smiling agent gladly took
A mortgage for the rest.
"It's fine," said Si, "in real estate
Your savings to invest!"

He saved and slaved from year to year
The interest to meet;
He hadn't clothes upon his back,
Nor shoes upon his feet.
And when an earthquake came at last,
And, like a hungry bear,
Just gobbled up the house and lot,
The mortgage still was there!

*—Minna Irving.*

## Pellets of Pessimism

Philanthropy is the most effective form of advertising.

The innocent bystander soon loses his innocence or ceases to bystand.

If you treat a woman well, she will immediately suspect you of treating some other woman better.

---

The quiet fifth of July is greatly appreciated after the noisy fourth.

1776 THE TYRANTS 1913

## If a Lad Love

IF A LAD love and a lass never care,
Now tell me, come tell me, what shall a lad do?
Sit down with his trouble and dine off despair,
While other lads sit with their sweethearts and woo?
No, no! Let me tell you, that never would do!
No, never would do!

There's only one thing I can think on to do—
Only one thing, and I'd do it, I swear!
Although, it is true, 'tis old as 'tis new—
Just kiss her and kiss her, however she flare,
And take ye no care whatever she swear,
Whatever she swear, sir, or do.

For women be women, and care not a hair
For the man who don't dare, however he woo;
And they who would win 'em, foul weather or fair,
Must fly them, not follow, and they will pursue:
And that is the way, let me tell you, to woo!
The way, sir, to woo!—*Madison Cawein.*

## He Got His

*Grouch*—There goes a man who robbed me of a large fortune.

*Gink*—He robbed you of a fortune, and still he is enjoying his liberty!

*Grouch*—Not by a darned sight! He married the rich widow I was after.

## Taken Out Too Soon

*Mrs. Newlywed*—These hen's eggs seem very small this morning.

*Farmer*—Can't help it, lady.

*Mrs. Newlywed*—Well, let my next ones stay in the nests a little longer.

## Would Can the Peaches

JONES was showing his wife and her friend, Mrs. Brown, around the new offices. He left them in the waiting-room for a few minutes, while he answered a telephone call, and the conversation between the two women drifted to household matters.

"And have you put up much fruit this year, Mrs. Jones?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Not very much so far," answered Mrs. Jones; "but," as her gaze wandered across the room, where several pretty stenographers were working, "I intend to can a few peaches very soon."

## The Bright Side

"It is said that more than one person has been killed by kissing."

"Yes; but isn't it great stuff if you live through it?"

## The Happy Man

*He*—They say Sally Simpson is married—at last.

*She*—Who's the happy man?

*He*—Her father, of course.

IN UTAH

*Client*—Judge, what is the penalty for bigamy?

*Judge*—Plural mothers-in-law.

## The Waning of the Moon

HIS LINEN is immaculate;
His nails are neatly manicured.
Her powdered nose no freckle shows,
Her hair has lately been coiffured.
They sit in a secluded nook,
And surreptitiously they spoon;
And we who see them smile, because
We know they're on their honeymoon.

Upon the bosom of his shirt
A stain of egg is evident;
Round him and his apparel clings
A very strong tobacco scent.
She, in a state of negligee,
Toys carelessly with knife and spoon.
Alas! She can't or won't avert
The waning of the honeymoon.

*Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil.*

## In Washington

*Eastern applicant*—They talk about public office bein' a public trust——

*Western office-seeker*—And then they hang the "No Trust" sign all over this town.

## A Real Sleeper

*Attorney for the defendant*—Isn't your husband subject to insomnia?

*Prosecuting wife*—Insomnia? Well, I guess not! That man couldn't be kept awake if his pajamas were lined with mustard plasters!

## Summer Nights

Little tender squeezes,
Now and then a kiss,
Fill a summer evening
Brimming full of bliss.

## Lead and Follow

*Affable city hostess*—You do not seem to be having a good time. Don't you like our social leaders?

*Uncle Eben*—You bet I do! It's your durned unsocial followers that I don't like.

# Explained

"IT'S AMAZING!" exclaimed the Countess de Cinqfranc regarding the Count with a look in which fondness fought with distrust.

The Count de Cinqfranc, who claimed descent from Hugh Capet, yet whose beauty suggested that his line had before gone to plebeian sources, had married some millions of dollars gathered at great pains by the father of the Countess, a citizen of the United States, incidentally conferring a title.

"What is amazing, ma chere?" languidly asked the Count, as he settled gracefully against a divan in the magnificent apartment they were occupying temporarily in a Paris hotel. Nonchalantly and gracefully he put flame to a cigarette.

"Your deceits," she replied, struggling to keep her composure.

"Ah, mignon, you wrong me!"

"Oh, no, I don't," replied the Countess. "You haven't used that last million francs as you said you were going to."

The Count's ancestral castle, near Avignon, he had explained, was being put in order for them, and one bundle of money after another had been handed to him for this purpose. The father of the Countess had expressed a desire to see the castle while passing through Paris with her mother for Egypt. He had taken the Count on credit, if one may put aside unexceptionable proofs of nobility. But the father had been able only to see a photograph of the castle, a picture which showed an ancient pile which no enterprising American unconnected with the French nobility by marriage would look at twice unless he desired to exploit a stone quarry.

"You have been away two weeks," said the Countess. "You said you were going to the castle to look after the work. A day after you left I took the journey at a venture. You have not been at the castle. Moreover, nothing whatever has been done toward rebuilding it."

"I will explain."

"You can't explain."

"I cannot, if you will not permit me, ma chere."

"Don't ever call me your dear again!" she exclaimed.

"And am I not *your* dear?" he asked, with a charming smile. "You told me at first that you would have married me had I been of the canaille."

She burst into tears.

"You loved me for myself," he added.

"As others do, no doubt," she sobbed.

The reply pleased him, but he did not show that. "Have I not almost become an American—for you?" he asked. "Did I not promise you always to wear American clothes and to learn English? I like the clothes, and have won some distinction in them even in Paris. They call me 'Jules the Yankee' here because of them. English I found more difficult; but have I not mastered it?"

"You love me no more," she sighed, still sobbing. "As for your clothes, you have carte blanche with the best Fifth Avenue tailor, who sends you as the seasons and fashions dictate ten, twenty, or more suits at a time."

"Voila! It was thirty the last time. Yet if I were you and you were in my place, ma chere, the best in Paris should be yours. Now what do you mean by accusations and tears? I admit I have not yet repaired the castle. That will come later."

"You love the Countess de Marchand!"

"I? Impossible!"

"I have it in this letter she wrote you before you went to Monte Carlo with her—where you have been with her these two weeks!" And new tears came as she handed him a letter. He scanned it hurriedly.

"But, mon cher ami, you do not read French with native skill. It is a language subject to much misconstruction. And it is our habit to pass compliments that mean nothing. Where did you get this?"

"I found it in a pocket of one of your coats."

"Ah," thought the Count to himself, "this is one of the penalties of superabundant attire." Then to her,

"But it is not etiquette to rifle pockets."

"I have proof that you are in love with her, and that you went with her to Monte Carlo."

"What proof?"

"During her absence I engaged her fille de chambre, who has told me all."

"So? She is a pretty girl, and you do well to keep her. But she has not told you all. I feigned love for the Countess de Marchand with a purpose. The Countess informed me that she had a system by which one might break the bank at Monte Carlo. We went there for that purpose. We quarreled and I shall never see her again."

"You quarreled? About what?"

"Because, mon cher ami, she caused me to lose the million francs you gave me."

—*J. A. Waldron.*

## The Up-to-the-minute Debutante

"WHERE are you going, darling?" The quaver in Mrs. Flaxman's voice betrayed the courage needed for the repetition of her question.

An enormous black disk, from the outer rim of which projected a solitary and murderously spiky feather, revolved slowly on the threshold and partially disclosed the features of Miss Flaxman.

"Excuse me," quavered the mother, conscious of the debutante's intolerance of questioning. "I know I shouldn't be curious. I want to remind you that the photographer will be here at noon."

"If I'm not here, tell him to wait; and tell Lucie to lay out ten of my simplest and most expensive frocks," returned Miss Flaxman, with unusual leniency. "I don't mind telling you—this once—that I'm going to Mrs. Ransome, to arrange the trouble between her husband and herself. He made himself so ridiculous over me last night I determined to put an end to it. It seems she is actually thinking of Reno! Of course that wouldn't do for me in my first season. Next year will be time enough for that sort of thing." Miss Flaxman paused, hauled languidly upon a silken cord, and drew a flimsy handkerchief from the miscellaneous interior of her recaptured bag. Mrs. Flaxman mutely admired her condescension and sagacity.

"I shall tell Mrs. Ransome," continued the debutante, snapping the gold bag clasp and playing out the silk cord, "that all she has to do now is to whistle. After last night, her husband's ears are pricked for the home voice."

"What would the world do without debutantes?" sighed the mother. "So cool—so level headed—so practical! You make me feel my ignorance and emotionalism."

Miss Flaxman smiled encouragingly. "No, no—not that. You are not quite adjusted to modern conditions—that's all. But you are so sensible about advice.

It's quite easy to help you. By the way, please have the dinner hour fixed for eight precisely. The night I dined home last month it was announced at a quarter before. And send that brown dress back to Grox. She shouldn't have sold it to you. I told her you couldn't wear that shade, no matter how much you wanted to." Sensitively desirous to avoid the disappointment in her mother's face, Miss Flaxman turned to the door. "By the way," she volunteered over her shoulder, with a pretty and unusual expansiveness, "I'm going to marry Billy Watkins. I'd like you and father to meet him some time."

—Ag. Cammack.

REFLECTING

"What gets my goat is that I took this trip for my health!"

## The Earth Was Suffering

NOT long ago, when her father purchased a country place in Virginia, a little Washington girl was afforded her first experience of things rural.

She rose very early and her eye was immediately caught by the sparkle of the dew on the grass.

"Why, daddy," she observed, "it's hotter than I thought! See the graws all covered with perspiration!"

## The Pup

The Glorious Fourth will soon be here,
So I must "hit the trail";
For, if I don't, some "gink" will tie
Firecrackers to my tail.

## Its Meaning

"Papa," asked little Lester Livermore, he of the prying mind, "what does 'nominal' mean?"

"'In name only; not real,' my son. For instance, the average 'The Hon.' is nominally honorable."

## Fashion at the Shore

"There's no limit to women's ideas of fashion."

"What's jarring you now?"

"Oh, I saw a girl on the beach to-day, and I'm a goat if she didn't have the skirt of her bathing suit slashed!"

## A Base Hit

"You talk about men!" exclaimed the suffragette. "What has man ever done for woman?"

"He invented the ballot box," came timidly from the rear of the hall.

## The Latest Matrimony

"And their marriage was such a love match! They even had moving pictures made of their wedding!"

"And now she has gone to Reno they say, to acquire a residence?"

"Yes; a six months' interval to change the films."

# WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

## Fortune Telling

AN IOWA man is complaining to the court because he went to a clairvoyant to have his fortune told, and she charged him $10 and told him nothing that he did not know. Personally we think the Iowa man got off easy enough.

One time we went to a clairvoyant to have her lift the curtain of the future for us, and, after doing this, she lifted our watch and was yearning for our tie pin, when we gently but firmly pushed her hand away. It hurt the poor girl through and through, and involuntary tears sprang into her large, innocent eyes as she dropped her hand in the direction of our pocketbook. She said that when she went into a trance she did not know what happened on this earth, and sometimes her hand strayed away unknown to her, and that it grieved her deeply if she woke up five minutes later and found a strange watch or purse in her hand, but for us to have no fear and to trust her like a sister.

Then she tried unsuccessfully to go into a trance, and at last she said she couldn't go into the spirit world unless she had something material to hold in her hand, and asked us to put our pocketbook

"AND ASKED US TO PUT OUR POCKETBOOK IN HER PALM"

in her palm while she went behind the curtain of the future and looked around to find what belonged to us. She darkened the windows and we placed the purse in the desired place. Then she went behind the curtains and found that two great-uncles were soon going to pass to the great beyond and leave all their worldly goods to us. We asked her to describe these two charming relatives, as at the moment we did not recall having any great uncles at all. She said that one of them had side whiskers and the other a kindly face, and for us not to sign any papers on Friday.

We swung the conversation around to the great-uncles again and asked if she couldn't crowd up a bit closer and get a better view of them, as we were strangely interested; but the two uncles seemed to have passed out of her mind. With her bosom rising and falling with emotion, she begged us to beware of a tall, dark man, and, above all, not to walk under a ladder. We told her that for her sake we would look askance at any tall, dark man who approached us in any capacity whatever, and that we would have nothing to do with any ladder, no difference what its standing was.

Then she arose, to signify that the interview was at an end. Knowing the humiliation that a sensitive person like her must feel when we called her attention to the fact that she still had our material in her hand, we thought we would lead up to it by mentioning remuneration and feel of the pocket which our purse had once called home. But she said that she had taken a fancy to us and for us to go on our way and think no more about it. We called her attention to the fact that she had taken something besides a fancy, and that we couldn't keep our minds off the subject. Her great, expressive eyes filled with tears as she asked if we doubted her. Then she pushed us out onto the street, asking us not to forget her after our two great-uncles passed to the spirit world and affluence and worldly wealth were ours. We told her that she would often be in our minds and said adieu. After we were out of the lady's hearing, we said other things.

We don't know whether the two gentlemen she alluded to have gone to their reward or not, but, if they have, they have been singularly negligent in living up to what their acquaintances were expecting of them. We know how disappointed the fortune teller must be and how her great, expressive eyes must fill with tears every time she recalls their disappointing conduct.

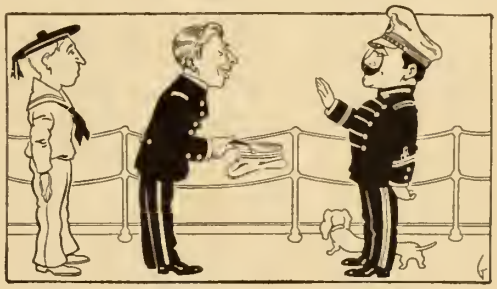
The Iowa man should be thankful that it cost him only $10 to hear from his lost relatives.

---

The "fishwalk" is the latest dance rage in Washington. We haven't seen it, but we trust there is nothing in it to carp about.

## An Ambitious Emperor

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany is demanding of his people a yacht costing two and one-half million dollars. We do not think he should have such an expensive craft, for, when he comes over to this country and the editor of this page entertains him, he will have to get along with a boat costing far less. The



"WE WILL TRY TO MAKE UP BY BRIGHT CONVERSATION"

difference between his yacht and ours will be apparent to him at once. It makes no difference how preoccupied he may be, he will at once discern that the two boats are not identical. The difference will be in favor of his craft. We will try to make up for the lack of some late inventions on yachts not yet installed on ours by bright and charming conversation. If he is the right kind of a man, he will not care if our vessel hasn't all the improvements to be found on his. In entertaining a friend, it is the spirit that counts.

## Random Notions

THE directors of the high school at Dover, N. J., want somebody to teach the girls how to box. We don't know what the position pays, but our application goes forward to-morrow.

---

Springfield, Mo., has a bachelor who had to join the police force to keep the girls from kissing him. We have been in Springfield, Mo., and we have met the Springfield girls, and for the life of us we can't understand why this unkissed bachelor took that step.

Come to think of it, that would be a nice place to take our vacation.

---

We don't know whether we are a relative of the Duke of Croy or not. We think it's his place to say so first. If he is really a relative, he is the only duke that we are related to that we know of. We haven't looked into the baron line yet.

Scent by Parcel Post; or, Why It Doesn't Pay To Interfere with Uncle Sam's Mail.

## What Is Worse

"OH, DEAR," pouted the pretty girl in irritation, as the trolley car came to a standstill, "what is worse than waiting on a switch?"

"Trying to pass on the same rail, madam," responded a gentleman beside her.

## What Happened

"You know what happened to the man who said, 'I can't'?"

"Sure; he got 'canned.'"

---

While in all of the large cities fireworks have been prohibited firewater is still permitted to be on the job.

## Curious

PRETTY bride, in his canoe,
Ere you paddle off with him,
Listen—I would question you:
Did you ever learn to swim?

---

Most of Love's classes are taught at night school.

# The MODERN WOMAN

## Suffragette Snapshots

*By IDA HUSTED HARPER*

THE anti-suffragists take pleasure in trying to frighten women by saying hat, if they get the franchise, wives will ose the sacred right of dower. They have lready been so fortunate as to lose it in ver half the States, without any regard o the suffrage, and in every instance the ew statute has made much more liberal rovision for them. Where is he logic in a statement that, f women can help elect lawakers and make laws, their egal position will be worse han it is now?

The anti-suffragists have a aluable recruit in Abdul Haid, ex-Sultan of Turkey. Now hat he is out of a job, if only e could speak English he ight come over here and take hat side in debates. It is ractically impossible to get an merican man to do it.

It used to be the custom for Legislature to pass a suffrage ill, discover a misplaced coma, and declare its action null nd void. That of New Jersey, owever, finding it had used or" instead of "and," calmly ot together and passed the corected bill. It looks as if the me has come when woman uffrage can't be downed by a rammatical error.

Two women have been admitted to practice law in Cairo, gypt, but the Russian Duma and the eorgia Legislature, U. S. A., still refuse his privilege. The members can't help , because they are made that way.

From every university in the country omes the report, usual at this season, of he very large proportion of women who arry off the honors. And yet it is a atter of recent memory that the chief rgument against admitting women to e higher education was their incapacity r it. Now this is the argument emoyed against allowing them to parcipate in government. And when the opportunity comes, they will prove its fallacy just as they have done in the colleges.

In order to prove that the women of New York State do not want the ballot, the Anti-Suffrage Association is making a post-card canvass—it will require only two million and a half of postals—and when the results are tabulated they will be furnished to the voters, many of whom will then proceed to vote exactly as the party bosses tell them to.

THE LIBERTY BELLE

It was bad enough for Secretary of the Interior Lane to appoint a woman receiver of the land office at Leadville, Colo., without adding insult to injury by saying, "It is an established fact that money can be handled more safely by women than by men." Haven't men been very careful from the beginning of time to see that women didn't have a chance to establish that fact?

The "antis" will not accept men in their association, and then accuse the suffragists of sex antagonism when they have always welcomed men with open arms. (This is a figure of speech.)

The women of Great Britain are making a lot of fuss because, now that the members of the House of Commons have voted themselves salaries, the women, through their taxes have to help pay them. American women have been doing this for more than a hundred years, and about four times as large salaries as are paid over there. In addition, they help pay the salaries of members of the Legislatures in forty-eight States, whom they have not been allowed to help select, and are specifically taxed without being represented.

An Eastern judge writes of the thrills he experienced on visiting the big court house in Seattle and finding in every court about as many women as men sitting on the juries. What astonished him most of all was the calm way in which this innovation was accepted — no earthquake, no excitement, nothing turned upside down. When he had recovered his equilibrium, he was told that women were quite as well fitted for jury service as men, paid much stricter attention to the evidence, elevated court procedure, and made gentlemen out of witnesses and even out of lawyers! Then he went home wondering how people could so long have been frightened by scarecrows.

While men of prominence in London are proposing that the suffragettes should be severely "birched," the park commissioner of New York invites the suffragists to Central Park, to plant a number of beautiful birches, and dedicates them to the cause. And then Englishmen wonder why there is no militant movement in this country!

Fourth, go to the most expensive places and dress seven times a day, or seventy times seven, if the others do. You don't have a chance at home to mix it up with the rich and fashionable, and why shouldn't you do it when you get a chance? You can't stay as long and you will be deader broke when it is over than if you were sane about it, but nobody wants to be sane twelve months in a year. Summer is the silly season, anyhow, so be as silly as you can. The swagger people who are under the same hotel roof with you are onto you, all right, and it amuses them. They have other amusements, but you don't pay for them, which saves you a lot.

There are a few hundred other things you may do when you are off for your summer splurge, but they need not be mentioned here. If you follow the advice above given, they will come your way soon enough. It is a demonstrated fact that what one person doesn't know about spending the summer properly another one does, and they are sure to get together and talk until everything gets out. By that time summer is over and the golden dream looks like a nightmare for the next nine or ten or eleven months.

THE SOCIAL STANDARD

ITS GOOD POINT

*Second-hand dealer* (to Farmer Green, to whom he had sold a car)—Well, how do you like your car by this time?

*Farmer Green*—Wa-al, it ain't much on looks, and it ain't much on speed; but, by gum! it kin make more noise than any other car in the county! Everybody will know I've got it.

## Delia Bathing

SHE WEARS, to keep her tresses from the wave,
A cap and netting;
With dainty shoes upon her feet, to save
Those feet from wetting.

In skirt and bodice of a creamy serge
She meets the surges;
Or, standing hesitant upon the verge,
One foot she merges.

In playful mood she dallies with the tide,
Splashing it neatly.
(If she went further in, you see, 'twould hide
Her dress completely.)

—*Arthur L. Salmon.*

## A True Cavalier

"Flamson is the very essence of courtesy."

"He is?"

"Yes; at the Hemmandhaw's ball the other night, he even referred to the wall flowers as mural decorations."

## And Thus It Goes

In Kokomo they laugh in glee
About the name of Kankakee.
And Kankakeeites pass the buck
By poking fun at Keokuk.

## He Wondered

"I often wonder," obfuscatedly mused skimpy little Mr. Hennypeck, "why any woman's husband is ever called her lord and master?"

## He Explained

THE GIRL was willing, but the baseball player was diffident. She had to resort to strategy.

"Jim," she said, "there are several points of the game that I wish you would explain."

"Where shall I begin?" he asked, delighted.

"I should like to—er' —she hesitated, blushing—"know more about the 'squeeze play.'"

## According to Shape

The girl who's inclined to be slim,
To the mountains secluded will go it;
While the one with the beautiful limb,
By the sea will continue to show it.

ON THE HIGH C'S

"Willie, you have been a very bad boy, and as a punishment I'm going to make you stay right here in this room while your mother is practising her singing lesson."

AFTER A SUMMER'S FLIRTATIONS

## Of a Kindly Nature

"How should you define eugenics?"

"Oh, it's good nature systematized, or the science of being well bred."

*Flubdub*—What do you consider the most delicate form of flattery?

*Cynicus*—Telling a married man he doesn't look it.

## An Alphabet of Midsummer

**A**utomobiles affording air.
**B**athers bedecking beaches.
**C**ool casinos crowded.
**D**rinks disappearing dizzily.
**E**venings exquisitely enchanting.
**F**ans fluttering flirtatiously.
**G**irls glittering gorgeously.
**H**ammocks harboring humans.
**I**ce inviting intimacy.
**J**uleps joyously juggled.
**K**ool konditions kontrived.
**L**anterns lighting lawns.
**M**atrons manipulating matrimony.
**N**egligees necessarily numerous.
**O**penwork occasionally observed.
**P**arks pleasantly populated.
**Q**uill-drivers quaffing quenchers.
**R**oof-gardens re-echoing ragtime.
**S**easides swarming with swimmers.
**T**ourists traveling by thousands.
**U**rban utilities utilized.
**V**acationists vacillating variously.
**W**idows winking winsomely.
**'X**cursions 'xciting 'xpectations.
**Y**ankees yearning for yachts.
**Z**anies zigzagging zealously.

—*Harvey Peake.*

## The Foolish Man

A MAN and a woman were walking along a country road on their way to call on a neighbor. Presently they heard a honk back of them and quickly stepped aside to let an automobile pass. As they were getting the dust out of their throats and clothing, the woman spoke.

"Henry," she said, "why don't you ride in a thing like that instead of walking as you do?"

"Because, Mary," he replied, with no sign of shame, "I haven't money enough to pay the cost of it."

"Why haven't you the money, Henry?" she persisted.

"Because, Mary, I have not been able to get it since I married you."

If there were any insinuation in that, she ignored it.

"Well, why didn't you get it before you married me?" she asked.

"Because, Mary, there were reasons."

"Could you have got it?"

"I am quite sure that I could have done so."

"Then, in heaven's name, Henry, why didn't you?"

"Because, Mary, I preferred you, as poor as we both were, to a millionaire lady who wanted me in spite of my poverty."

She stopped dusting herself and looked at him.

"Henry," she said severely, "I knew you were foolish about me, but I didn't think you were that foolish!" And she kissed him, dust and all, right there in the public highway.

He angered her, there's no dispute;
She thought he was a boob.
He asked her if her bathing suit,
This year, would be a tube.

PLAINT OF THE PESSIMISTIC TOURIST

"My usual luck! Wet days I get wet towns, dry days "dry" towns."

## Nothing To Fear

"YOU UNDERSTAND that I cannot allow any cooking or laundry work in my rooms," said the landlady to the applicant who had just engaged a ten-by-twelve back room at three dollars a week.

"Oh, certainly, to be sure! I never try to do any cooking or laundry work in my room, for I take my meals out and send my things to the laundry. Of course I may now and then wash out a few handkerchiefs in my room, or possibly a pair of stockings or a strip of lace or ribbon or something of that kind; but as for really doing any washing, I wouldn't think of such a thing. When it comes to cooking, I have a little one-burner oil stove that I might now and then use to make a little tea or boil an egg or make an omelet when it was bad weather or I didn't feel quite like going out. Then I have a very nice chafing dish, in which I now and then get myself up a little luncheon or even a little dinner, for one can do so many things with a chafing dish when one knows how. A friend of mine has a dinner menu, every course of which can be prepared with a chafing dish. Just for the jollity of it, I might want to ask a friend or two in to dine with me some evening and give them a chafing-dish menu. Or I might want to get my luncheon in my room on a hot day to save going out in the heat; but as for really doing any washing or cooking in my room, you need give yourself no concern on that account. I wonder if I could have a couple of shelves put in the closet, for dishes and an iron or two and things of that sort. Such things come handy, even when one is taking one's meals out, you know."

—*Mar Merryman.*

## X

THE difference 'twixt a maid
and wife's extensive—
A maid is pensive, and a wife
ex-pensive!
A maid conceals her thorns beneath the roses;
That is, she poses, while a wife
ex-poses.
Then wedlock much increases
her alertness—
A maid shows pertness, and a
wife ex-pertness.
Again, one often finds a maiden acting;
A wife, some claim, is often
found ex-acting.
Thus X, the unknown quantity,
perplexes
The man who fain would
study what "the sex" is!

—*Geo. B. Maxwood.*

PAPA'S COMMENT

*Son*—Father, Sally has promised at last to marry me.

*Father*—Well, you needn't come to me for sympathy. I told you that you'd get into trouble if you didn't keep away from that girl.

## Dangerous

"What a glorious moon!" cried Gracie Gush. "Do you not love such nights as this?"

"I do not," replied Mr. Bachelder bitterly. "It was just such a night as this that got me into a breach-of-promise suit."

## Bits of Wisdom

Fortune is to desire as fuel to fire, for it both feeds it and perishes by it.

Seeker for Happiness, go as a pilgrim and find these: A child who is not curious, a man who is not greedy, and a woman who is not vain. When thou shalt find these, thou wilt find Happiness in their company.

DOMESTICITY

*She*—You don't speak to me as affectionately as you used to. Don't you love me any more?

*He*—There you go again! Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read my paper!

## His Penance

HE loved to dive, and he loved to swim,
And he loved in the tide to play;
Then what in the world was the matter with him
That he sat on the sands all day?

He sat by a girl whose bathing suit,
Whose cap and whose shoes were dry;
And she would have thought him a perfect brute
If he hadn't—so *that* was why!

—*M. S. Bridges.*

## His Kind

*Mr. Undersize*—I wish I could have known you in my salad days.

*Miss Pert*—I don't. I never cared for shrimp salad.

## Well Qualified

"Did you hear that that poor fellow who lost both his legs in an automobile accident intends to go into politics?"

"No. How can he, without a leg to stand on?"

"Oh, he expects to go on the stump!"

POLITENESS EFFECTIVE

*Mamma*—Why do you persist in walking on the grass plot on this side? You never walk on the other side.

*Muriel*—But, mamma, on the other side the sign says "Please!"

A WEDDING A LA TANGO

## Apostrophe to a Fly

OH, FLY! oh, pesky fly, with eye full keen,
Thou art enough to cause one suicide,
As thou doth every means to thwart thee quite deride
And laughest at the swatter and the screen.
Oh, fly, bowed down with cholera and the pip,
Thy buzz does bring distraction to our ears
And to our eyes the brine and salty tears.
s there no way to get thee on the hip
And do thee and thy progeny up brown?
Oh, fly! thou curse of weather that is hot,
n vain we sputter, fume and chase and swat!

## Bad and Worse

*Mack*—I have three daughters on my ıands.

*Wyld*—That's nothing. I have three ons-in-law on mine.

## Ah, Me!

The water wagon has been completely .bandoned in Brooklyn. Three of them, vhich cost $650 each, were sold under the ıammer for $67.73 each. Still, it is a ;ood town to live in.

## Critical

*He*—Why does an actor, to portray eep emotion, clutch at his head, and an ctress at her heart?

*She*—Each feels it most in the weakest oint.

## Pride

*Jones*—What a puff ball Burlson's got to be since he bought that farm up-State! Why, every day the grinning nut comes to the office wearing a raw potato for a watch charm.

*Smith*—Yes; he explained about that potato to me. It was his share of last year's crop.

## Numerically Speaking

"Did he kiss you good-by?" I asked her.
She nodded her pretty head.
"How singular!" I was sarcastic.
"No; plural," was all that she said.

## A Free Translation

"Say, pop, what's a 'raconteur'?"
"French for a bore."

THE OASIS

Bang! bang! He let go both barrels, but the bird was just out of range

## Cubistically Speaking

HE CLASPED her slender cubiform
In his rectangular embrace;
He gazed on her rhomboidal charm
With passionate, prismatic face.

He stroked her rectilinear locks;
Then, with a sound like prying strips
From off a trapezoidal box,
He kissed her squarely on the lips.

—*Frederick Moxon.*

## Interested

*Husband* (at police station)—They say you have caught the fellow who robbed our house night before last.

*Sergeant*—Yes. Do you want to see him?

*Husband*—Sure! I'd like to talk to him. I want to know how he got in without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for the last twenty years.

## Wrong Kind

*Mrs. Benham*—You said that, after we were married, life would be one grand, sweet song.

*Benham*—But I didn't refer to chin music.

## A Feminine Perquisite

*Crawford*—So you're going away to the country? Have you your trunk packed yet?

*Crabshaw*—No; my wife saved me the trouble. She filled it with all her own things.

## Felicitations

"Come on; take a ride!" the motorist cried,
To his best girl, Nancy Lee.
Ten miles from town the old thing broke down—
"Come on; take a *walk!*" quoth she —*E. J. Walsh.*

## Homemade

Little Catharine had heard a great deal said about homemade things. One day, when her mother asked her how she would like a little brother or sister, she replied, "It would be all right if it was homemade."

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Hope's paper is good only when indorsed by Ability and Labor.

## The Way It Goes

WHEN Bobby went swinging along up the street,
He was good to behold, from his hat to his feet;
And many a maiden he happened to meet
Half turned to look after the youth going by,
And the bolder ones strove for a glance from his eye.
But he kept to his way, looking natty and trim,
Unconscious that any were looking at him.

When Freddy went tripping along through the crowd,
He looked well enough, though his garments were loud;
But he fancied his smile would make any girl proud,
So he ogled the girls as he strutted along,
And was certain there wasn't a girl in the throng
Who wasn't dead crazy about him in sooth,
Though very few troubled to glance at the youth.

—*Walter G. Doty.*

## And He Did

*Waiter*—Here is your soft-boiled egg, sir. Is there anything else I can do for you?

*Patron*—Yes; beat it.

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There is a reason even for the kick of a mule.

RAILROAD TERM—LONG AND SHORT HAUL

# CAUGHT

HE COULD negotiate the briny like a merman. When the surf was high he was in his glory. When the sea was rolling lazily he would stretch himself on the sands and dream—unless there was a pretty girl in sight. Matrons had no charm for him, although he had been known to rescue two or three ignorant of the brutality of breakers that had given them more than a taste of salt water. And he was always polite enough to answer their questions about the weather. Spinsters of uncertain years and certain lacks to the eye he would flee on sight, even if he had to break his own notable record as a submarine swimmer.

But a pretty girl. Ah! he loved to look at one. He loved better to talk to one. He loved best to teach one to swim. Yet he was not original in this. Other like men who do not love to see, talk to and teach pretty girls to swim in due course of time become hermits. Hermits do not figure appreciably in the male census.

Many a pretty girl had this chap seen, talked to, and taught. And it was his purpose to keep it up as long as pretty girls happened to this shore, on which he almost figured as a monopolist.

One day he spied a new pretty girl in a bathing suit that never had been wet. Apparently she did not intend that it should be wet. Its dry charm was sufficient, and served every coquettish purpose, on a figure as to the exact proportions of which no man with good eyes need have guessed. She wore on her head a silk cap that emphasized the charm of vagrant locks. Her mouth would have

served as a conclusive exhibit in any controversy as to the lack of logic in the theory that kissing is not hygienic. Nature had started to make her nose retrousse and been called to some less pleasing task, with the result that it could not have been improved if Nature had returned to the job. On her arms she wore bracelets that emphasized their round perfection.

The chap looked at her one day, spoke to her the next day, and was teaching her to swim the third day. She went into the surf as though she had forgotten the original plan of her costume, her bracelets jingling, and her eyes wide with a wonder that the sea did not wholly inspire.

Something always happens to everybody. Other pretty girls followed her to the shore, but the chap never looked at them; and if they did not know how to swim, that was their misfortune.

When he had taught her to swim, they went off together in some haste, and the matrons and the spinsters alongshore declared they had gone to get married.

—*J. A. Waldron.*

## A Function

"I TELL ye, the new doctor that's just moved to Torpidville is an upty-date feller!" declared honest Farmer Hornbeak, upon his return from the near-by village. "You know, whenever a new establishment starts up, it is customary for 'em to hold sort of a grand open-in' and distribute soovyneers. Well, this doctor, he held a reception in his new office this afternoon, and gave everybody that attended a dose o' pills."

MR. AND MRS. WEEKS AND A FORTNIGHT

## Couldn't Come Up

*Isabel*—Why didn't Nokash come down to the church euchre party last night?

*Isidor*—He was unable to come up with the price of a ticket.

## No Chance for Him

*New clerk* (finding only office boy in the private office)—Is this where that pretty stenographer does the billing?

*Office boy*—Yep. An' de boss de cooing. Skiddoo!

HORATIO'S REPLY NOT RECORDED

"Horatio, dear, aren't you glad I fitted this room up as your study?"

## Lamentation

"DOWN to the beach I cannot go!"
The maiden said, and heaved a sigh.
"No, I can't go this year, and so
I'll swelter here, no doubt, and die!"

My heart went out to her. I said,
"What puts despair into your speech?
Perhaps your hopes are not all dead.
Why can't you go down to the beach?"

"Because," the maiden sobbed, "I hear
A fellow I had on the string
Last season's coming back this year,
And he'd make me dig up his ring!"

—*Howard C. Kegley.*

## Where It Began

*Adam*—Honestly, now, my dear, I never loved another woman!

## Educated

*Madge*—You say you have a friend who objects to the hobble skirt. Is she modest?

*Marjorie*—No; fat.

## Seaside Musings

"These waves," she mused, "that beat and roar—
How like to life here on the shore!"
"Yes, quite alike," he sadly spoke;
"Coming full swing, departing—broke."

EVOLUTION OF A RACCOON

# A Watch To Waste

*By HOMER CROY*

A KANSAS burglar broke into a stranger's house the other day and stole a three-dollar watch. After keeping it a few days, he slipped back and returned it. The people of Kansas think this is very queer, but to me it does not seem strange.

I once had a three-dollar watch.

It was just after they were put on the market, and I often carried it. Sometimes I wouldn't carry it more than a couple of blocks. Then I would leave it and come back the next morning, while I was feeling fresh, and get it. I was not afraid of anybody stealing it, unless he brought a conveyance. It would not pay a light-fingered person to hire a rig just to purloin a three-dollar watch. I can see in my mind's eye the look of surprise and chagrin that would come over the thief's face should he chance to come across my watch in some doorway late at night and try to pick it up. He would soon have to retire, baffled.

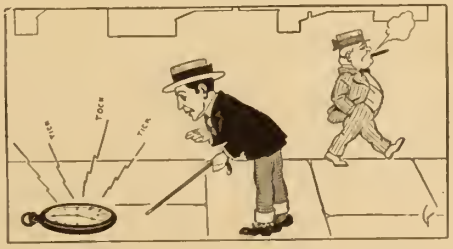
It was a large watch, as watches go. Only mine rarely went. One time I stepped on a banana peel and mashed over two innocent, bright-eyed children and a man with burnsides. I did not know that he had burnsides until a patrolman got him out of the asphalt, or I would have tried harder to spare the children.

No gentleman could wind that watch. I have tried it time and time and again. He might think he was a gentleman until he got into its throes, but the neighbors on his block wouldn't let their children play outside after dusk.

To wind it, I had to throw it prone on its face and cow it with a stove lifter. Then I would reach into its better self, blushing to my collar at the liberties I was taking, as a gentleman of breeding well might, and grope around until I came across one of the more prominent handlebars. Taking advantage of my sex, I would twist and turn the machinery until I was thoroughly ashamed of myself. Stepping out, I would get the watch over on its flank, and, summoning up courage, look down into its open, frank face. Its look of pain and mortification at my familiarity would make me miserable the rest of the afternoon. Stifling my sense of shame, I would examine it carefully, to find that I had merely been whirling the second hand around.

Not caring a whit for the plaudits or the contumely of the world, I would get under the watch and get it over on its face again. Then I would show more partiality in selecting a lever; I wouldn't take the first one I came across, but look over the whole selection and finally choose one in some out-of-the-way corner. I would try, as best I could, to select a lever that I believed to be intimately associated with the daily conduct of the watch. I would twist this around until I felt that I had done all that was expected of me, and then take another look at the face of the watch. Then I would find that I had set it ahead eleven hours and twenty minutes.

With a dogged, determined air so characteristic of successful men, I would tell my family good-by and return to the front. After my eyes had become accustomed to the dark, I would come across the part that tightened the mainspring. Bracing my feet against some of the stronger joists, I would twist the winding part until I felt that none could point a finger at me and say that I had not lived a life of usefulness. Then I would withdraw. I would get the timepiece upon my knees, and finally work it into my pocket. By noon it would be run down again.



"I WAS NOT AFRAID OF ANYBODY STEALING IT."

But when it chose to run, it went at it vigorously. It ticked so awfully loud that my more immediate relatives moved far over to the West Side, and it jarred so there was always a large bruised spot under my watch pocket. A younger brother borrowed it to go fishing, and when he came back he said that it had rocked the boat and jarred the guide so that he had to go three miles down the bend to spend the night. If this was not my brother, I would think it was an exaggeration; but our family is not prone to exaggeration.

I could not lose this instrument to save me. One time I put it in a bag with six kittens and took it down to the river's brink. I tossed it into the angry waters and returned to my abode, a light-hearted man. But peace and joy were not mine for long. The six humiliated creatures beat me home, only slightly wet behind the ears. The watch had shaken the bag to pieces and worked its way to shore. The next day two boys brought it to me, on a stick between them, and demanded a reward. I told them they had shown splendid honesty and that they might keep the watch. Then I shut the door. The next day, as I was going through a vacant lot, somebody hit me with a rock, much to the chagrin of a favorite rib; but I have never found out who the guilty parties were.

The watch was later found by an Italian groceryman in his basement. He had been receiving threatening letters, and so the watch was wheeled to the bureau of combustibles, where an assistant was maimed in the thigh when the mainspring slipped.

The people in Kansas may think it queer that the burglar returned the timepiece, but it is no mystery to me. The burglar probably loved his family devotedly and could not bear to see his innocent babes playing with the weapon.

Jack and His Famous Beanstalk; or, Everything which Goes Up must eventually Come Down

## The Summer Girl

THERE WAS a girl in our town, and she was good to scan; she spent her days in playing games where she got lots of tan. And when she saw the tan was on, with all her might and main she rushed into a beauty shop and took it off again.

## Didn't Keep a Good Watch

"Confound those restaurant signs!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"While I was watching my hat and coat, some one stole my watch."

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At the seaside sunburn and heartburn often are contracted at the same time.

## Unappreciated Wit

"MEN are really too mean for anything!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"Why, I asked John for an automobile to-day, and he said that I must be contented with the splendid carriage that Nature has given me!"

# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Curbside Comments

*By OREOLA W. HASKELL*

With bugles and with banners, the suffrage cohorts go,
And I, a watcher on the curb, look out for weal or woe,
And note what word the gaping world in passing may bestow.

### Time for Taps

THAT the suffrage cause is languishing, even dying, may be ascertained by applying to the S. O. W. S. (not a porcine proposition, but an anti society). When it finally becomes a corpse and all hands assemble for the requiem, a modest delegation of eighty thousand souls from the Woman Suffrage Party of Greater New York will constitute a small per cent. of The Faithful who will come to mourn. Manufacturers of mouchoirs should join with the antis and prepare for the happy event. A shroud of the one million five hundred thousand suffrage leaflets given out during the past year by the little handful of W. S. P. adherents is now being made for the Crushed Cause.

### A Hurry Call

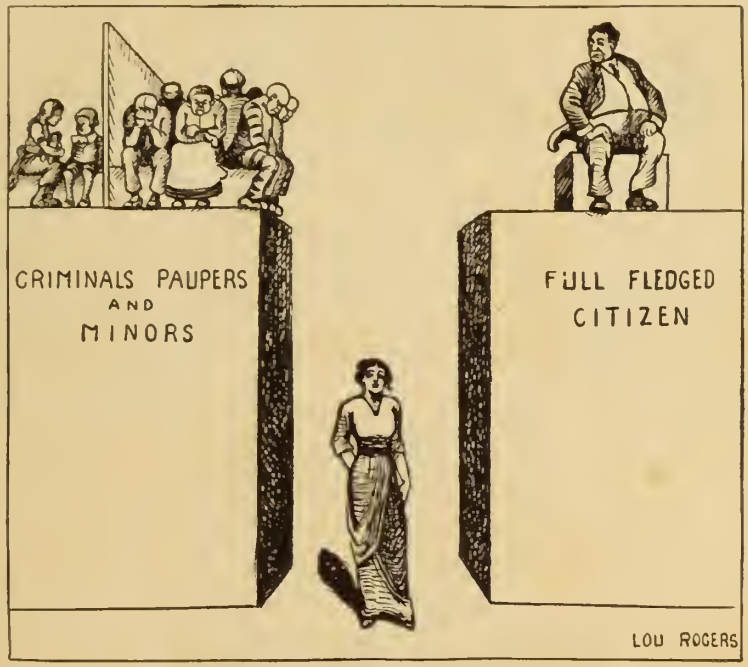
LET SOME anti illustrate the truth that woman's place is the home in the usual way by rushing madly from it to rescue the youth of the land. A young high-school student was caught by his sister on the street haranguing a number of his fellows on the subject of suffrage. The peroration of his speech was: "I don't care how you feel about it, fellows, but it's bound to come." This is but one heartrending result of debates in our public schools.

### The Prayer of the Anti

DEAR MEN, we pray you keep us far
From where the raging voters are;
Let us not hear their mouthings rude,
Lest we defile our womanhood.
Keep us from those vile spots remote,
Where our husbands and our fathers vote—
From the tumultuous, seething polls
That fill with quakes our gentle souls.
Though mothers of the race we be,
Ward off responsibility,
So to our children held most dear
We'll pass weak wills and selfish fear.
Though women slave and children moan,
Let us care only for our own.
Like birds, we'll twitter round our nests
And civic duties view like pests.
Sweet, timid shirkers keep us then;
So shall we help you not—Ah, men!

### The Drama

MISGUIDED theatrical managers are allowing suffragists to make speeches in the intermissions during plays. The theater is no place to get real ideas, and it is to be hoped that women in the audiences will show their disapproval by following haughtily in the footsteps of the male sex who scud out between the acts.




NEITHER ONE THING NOR THE OTHER

## The Remedy

By ELINOR BYRNS, Chairman Press Bureau, National American Woman Suffrage Association

WHAT a foolish picture the cartoon on this page is! The woman looks so absurdly helpless and afraid! Just because the men will not have her at the ballot box, and she doesn't want to stay with the idiots and the criminals, she seems to think there is no place for her. Why doesn't she go out and make a place for herself, as the real live women are doing? They are proving that no government can be successful if it merely protects property and fails to take care of the children, to protect human life, and to make it possible for people to live decently. Men, when they realize they must have a new kind of government, and that they can't manage it alone—as the men of Illinois and the West have already done—will urge the women to join them at the polls and help them to care for the minors, the criminals and the idiots.

## Suffragette Snapshots

*By IDA HUSTED HARPER*

THERE are people who say the militant movement in Great Britain has injured the movement in the United States. Since the militants got under full headway over there, five of our States and one Territory have granted the complete suffrage to women; and this winter, while the militants have been doing their worst, both houses in eleven of our State Legislatures have given large majorities in favor of suffrage bills. This certainly shows that American suffragists are judged on their own merits and not on the demerits of those in another country.

A New York restaurant proprietor, in commenting on the afternoon turkey trots and bunny hugs which the mayor is trying to suppress, said, "It is a whole lot better for women to come here and dance and keep slim than to sit around afternoons playing bridge and getting fat." Maybe so; both kinds of women are a menace to the best interests of society.

The belated action of the New York anti-suffragists, in opening their little headquarters on Fifth Avenue a few days before the big suffrage parade, "to offset any impression it might make," reminds one of the careful housewife, who exclaimed, when she saw Niagara Falls, "Oh, that reminds me—I left the kitchen faucet running!"

"We must abolish everything that bears even the semblance of privilege," is the Wilson slogan. Thanks, Mr. President. Will you kindly get yourself into a state of mind where you can see that the possession of the suffrage by only one-half the people is about the most iniquitous privilege that could exist?

The health commissioner of New York is determined that all the restaurants and hotel dining-rooms shall display signs telling how much benzoate of soda and similar stuff there is in the pastry. It is often asked why men make so much better cooks than women, but no such signs were ever necessary on the pies that mother used to make.

"THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

The fair animal trainer is quite at ease in a cage of snarling beasts, ——

—— but let an innocent little mouse appear in her apartment and she is panic stricken.

## Capitalizing Chloe

I WROTE a sonnet to her eyes;
I called them "wells of sweet su
prise."
I said they were the bluest eyes,
The bluest and the truest eyes
That ever maid possessed.
I said—but what's the use? You know
The sort of rot I wrote, and so
I needn't quote the rest.
Suffice to state some editor
Accepted—yes, and paid me for
That rhyme of rhapsodies.
And so I went with right good will
And settled up the grocer's bill
With "Chloe's Eyes."

I wrote a ballad to her mouth;
I called it "flower of the south."
I said it was the dearest mouth,
The dearest and sincerest mouth
That ever shaped a smile.
I said, in Love's complete eclipse,
I longed to plunge her perfect lips,
And raved along this style.
(I had to stretch her mouth until
The stanzas matched the milkman's bil
Who threatened bovine drouth.)
No sooner was it published than
I reimbursed the dairyman
Through "Chloe's Mouth."

Oh, Chloe is a wondrous maid!
The baker and the cook were paid
From proceeds of the fairest brow,
The fairest and the rarest brow
That ever graced a girl.
The butcher bandit got a check
I minted from her snowy neck,
Augmented by a curl.
I paid the iceman with her arm
And tipped a waiter with a charm
That phrased a rhythmic line.
Ah, Chloe's all the world to me!
More of a *mine* she could not be
If she were mine!—*Ella Bentley Arthur.*

From the stone age to the iron age is
long cry, but the gar-age is more talked o

## Taking No Chances

"POPSY, dear, I might win a rich husband if you let me go to the seashore this summer."

"But, my daughter, you have been going to a different place each year. Remember, a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"I know, popsy; but this time I am going to a place where I will be the only pebble on the beach."

## Choosing the Place

To wade through pamphlets without end
Is now his occupation,
While searching for the place to spend
His two weeks of vacation.

## An Ill-timed Query

"Ravenyelp doesn't call on that Roxmore girl any more."

"How did they happen to fall out?"

"The last time he went to see her, he asked her if she had the cartoon-collecting mania."

"Where was the wrong in that?"

"He didn't intend any, but he happened to be looking at the family photograph album at the time."

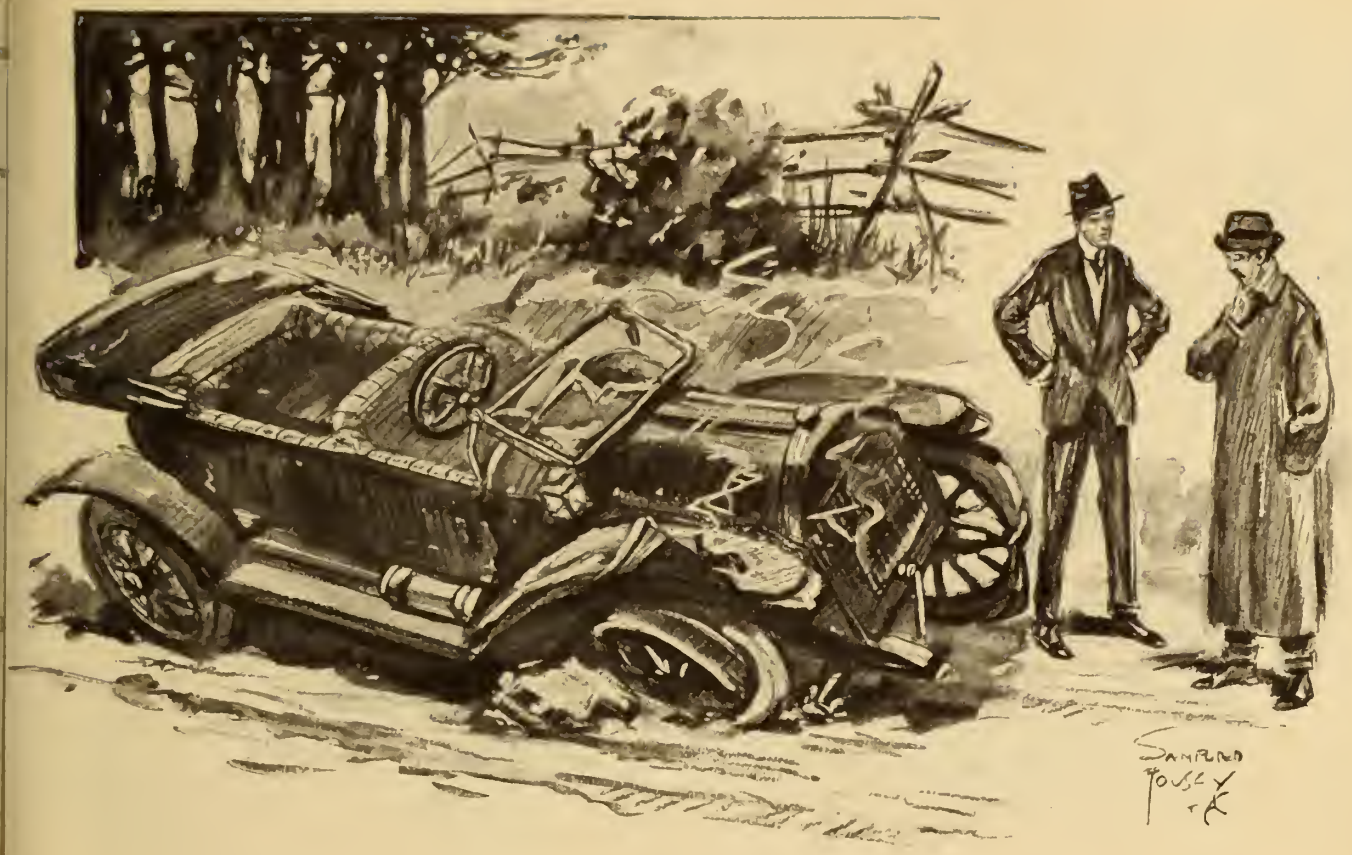
## Certainly Had

*Hewitt*—Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.

*Jewett*—And it ought to have enough sense to ring the bell.

LETS HIM OUT

*Farmer*—Say, can't you read? *Boy*—Sure.
*Farmer*—Well, do ye see that sign? *Boy*—Yep, but I can't swim.



## E A S I E R

*Owner*—Well, the only thing to do is to get it to the nearest garage as soon as possible.
*Passenger friend*—Wouldn't it be easier to bring a garage here?

### Perfecting the Weather

IT IS now proposed that we establish weather observatories near the North and South Poles. The idea is that the observers there can send by wireless the daily data as to winds and other things, and from this more accurate predictions may be formulated.

Having established these polar observatories, we may expect a few words of cheer long in July and August; but, aside from them, we cannot anticipate much.

Once they get to working the weather, men will probably tell us that we will have to set up an observatory on the moon, so that the interplanetary waves can be charted.

Meantime, the weather will go right ahead weathering in the way it has followed since Adam went out without his overcoat just after the fall.

---

Aye, money talks, as you can see;
I heard it on the fly.
The only thing it said to me
Was simply, "Sir, good-by!"

### The Man with the Conundrum

"A RATHER neat little idea has just occurred to me," says the man with the serrated whiskers and the dilatory ears, sidling up to the desk of the pale hireling with the spluttery fountain pen.

"Yes, yes! Go on! You interest me strangely," growls the pale hireling.

"It is in the nature of a conundrum, so to speak."

"So to ask, you mean," humphs the other.

"Er—well, yes, perhaps. It is this: What is the difference between a small steel tool with a claw on the end and a crooked politician who extorts money from law-breakers because of his influence with the powers that be?"

"All right. Just to make conversation, what is the difference?"

"One pulls the tacks and the other taxes the pull."

And the man with the serrated whiskers glides joyfully from the room, while the pale hireling splutters ink all over himself as he jabs fiercely at the desk with his fountain pen.

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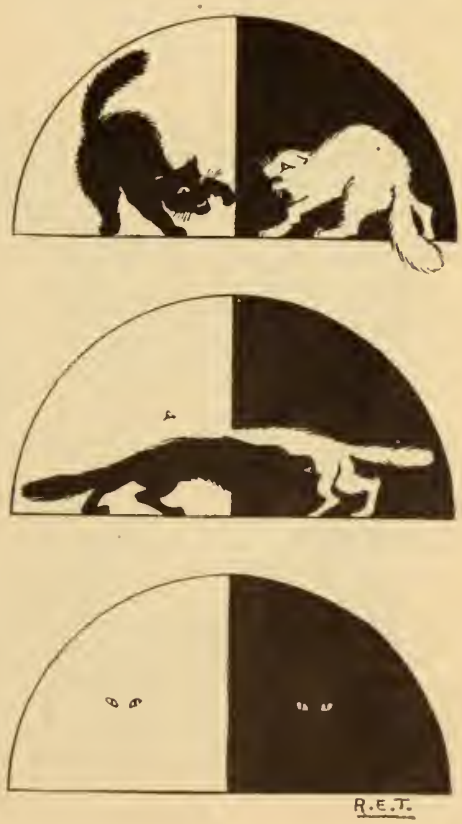
Wits are sometimes sharpened on dull minds.




A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

## Smith Surprised

SOON after entering his office, the manufacturer rang the bell under his desk, and Smith, the industrious one, stepped into the office.

"Smith," said the manufacturer in his gravest tone, as he removed his glasses, "I have been observing your industry for the past few months. Your ability for work has astounded me; no detail seems too small for you, and you are as honest as the day is long. No task seems too great for you to handle. You are the first to arrive in the morning and the last to pass out of the door in the evening"——

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," replied the industrious one, visions of a fat increase in his weekly stipend passing before him. "I have always tried my best."

"Therefore," continued his employer, "I want you to clear out of this concern at the end of this week, and clear out for good. It's just men of your stamp who worm out all the business secrets of a concern, and then go and obtain employment with a rival show around the corner. So beat it, and beat it fast."

## Adjustable

The summer girl knows how to drape,
And here and there she'll pin it;
But her bathing suit has little shape
Until her shape gets in it.

## Proper Self-poise

IT REQUIRES a great deal in the way of excitement to deprive the true Bostonian of his self-poise and a proper regard for the proprieties of life. This was illustrated when a middle-aged and quite correctly clad Bostonian got in the way of a runaway pair of horses. He was knocked down, dragged fifty feet in the mud, banged against an ash can, which upset and covered him with ashes. His nose was bleeding and three front teeth were missing when two policemen lifted him to his feet. Nevertheless, his first words following a bloody smile were,

"Pleasant day, isn't it, gentlemen?"

## Revenge

"Hello, Jack! How are you and Nan getting on?"

"She played me a mean trick, and I quit her."

"How's that?"

"She married another fellow."

GETTING INTO DEEP WATER

SHE BELIEVES IN LEAP-YEAR

*Edward*—What's so rare as a day in June?
*Minnie*—I should say a day in February.

## Stew versus Roast

I'M GLAD I married Jim instead
Of John—though Johnny's got t
coin.
When me and John went out, we fed
Like swells—along the Tenderloin,

On chicken, roast, chops, steak or squa
With frosty bottles on the side;
But eatin' now's a sort of job—
I guess I've kinder lost my stride.

For poor old Jimmy leads me to
A side-street, paper-napkin dump,
Where soupy smells of mutton stew
Remind me I'm an awful chump.

We pick our teeth, and Jim'll say,
"Old girl, come on! You're looki
glum.
Let's float along the Great White Way
And get some beers — that's goi
some!"

And when we pass the good hotels,
Take it from me, I never stop;
Them crispy, roasty, toasty smells
Give me the solar-plexus flop.

It's Johnny's world! I fill my chest
And dream of pocketbooks and him—
But, say, I bet you never guessed
I'd rather smell the stew with Jim.

—*Jane Burr.*

If the craze for cabaret dancing continues, why not break in the waiters and the waitresses?

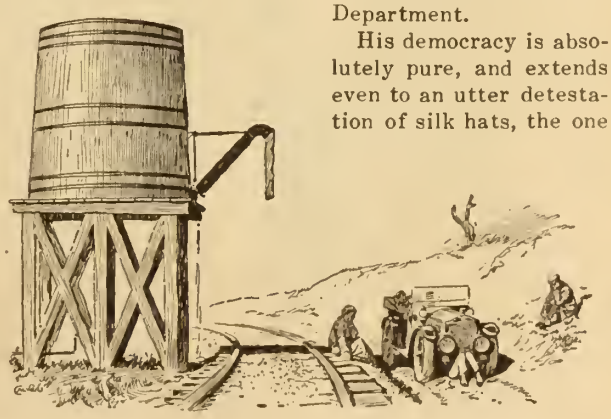
# Who's Whosiers Everywhere

*By HORACE DODD GASTIT*

DANIELS, JOSEPHUS—Managing editor of United States navy in Cabinet of President Wilson. Launched upon the troubled seas of life in early infancy at Washington, N. C., May 18th, 1862. Has wielded a trenchant pen from the first, writing his first words with his finger, which he dipped into a blacking box, on his nurse's pinafore, at the age of four days: "We look with alarm upon the reactionary efforts of the old fogies of the hour to substitute the words 'labbord' and 'stabbord' for 'gee' and 'haw' on the farm, just as we should look with equal disfavor upon any attempt on the part of the same parties to substitute the words 'gee' and 'haw' for 'labbord' and 'stabbord' on board a man-o'-war." This shows at what an early age he first manifested that quality of intelligent interest in two widely diversified branches of the public service which caused the President so much embarrassment later, when it came to deciding whether to place him at the head of the Navy Department or in charge of that of Agriculture.

Showed marked inclination toward journalism and naval affairs as a school boy, combining the two interests by making paper boats and admiral's cocked hats out of old newspapers wherever and whenever opportunity offered. Became marine editor of Raleigh *News and Observer*, and, seizing the tide at that ebb which leads on to fortune, was carried along on the wave of success and was ultimately washed into the editorship itself. Has acted on many occasions as pilot of the Ship of Democracy, and is said to have been confidential adviser of Admiral Bryan more than once when that gentleman found himself hopelessly at sea and over his head in the maelstrom of politics, standing nobly by even when his chief lay stranded on the shores of defeat, calmly confident of the ultimate salvage. The eloquence of his pen and the broadness of his view are such that there are thousands of his contemporaries who affectionately refer to him as the man who put the "con" in conning tower. His devotion to naval matters has made him an expert sailor from the ground up, and his intimate knowledge on sight of the subtle peculiarities of every kind of wind that blows, taken together with an unusually penetrating weather-eye, which he never closes, inspires great confidence in his efficiency as managing editor of the Navy Department.

His democracy is absolutely pure, and extends even to an utter detestation of silk hats, the one



THEY SPENT A DAY AT A WATERING PLACE

he wore in accordance with the requirements of custom on inauguration day having been assigned the day after to the ignoble office of acting waste basket, to hold letters from shore admirals asking not to be sent to sea. Has radical ideas in respect to the duties of sailors, one of which is that these gentlemen should have at least a rudimentary knowledge of the habits of oceans, great lakes and navigable rivers, and should be able at sight to tell between a drug store window and the tail end of a tugboat at night. As an economist is a strong believer in a big navy, not necessarily as an engine of war, but for the purpose of keeping the personnel busy and compelling the long list of rear-admirals to move to the front occasionally and earn their salaries. Is a man of rare and genial presence, and, like the original Josephus, incorruptible by the lure of the sirens of wealth or personal expediency. Address, Admiral Joe, At the Sign of the Slouch Hat, Pier A No. 1, Navy Department, Washington.

A DREAM OF BLISS
"Oh, Billy! if it wuz only pink sody water!"

## Proved It

MRS. BROWN arrived late at the regular meeting of her card club, and appeared quite flustered, unlike her usual calm, well-poised self. Upon being asked the cause of her apparent perturbation, she explained that, while waiting for the street car, she had been greatly annoyed by a strange man, who insisted upon talking to her.

"What did you do?" inquired her sympathizing friends.

"Well, to show him I was a lady, I slapped his face!"

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES
*Mrs. Blank*—I think those pictures are just awful!
*Mr. Blank*—But you must recollect thet they 're all done by hand.

## His Yearn

"Well, Claude," inquired the county clerk, addressing a young negro who had percolated into the office and stood nervously jiggering his hat in both hands, "what can I do for you?"

"W'y—w'y, sah, I wants—dat is, if yo' 'scusably please, sah—wants to git a—a license to practice mat'imony, sah."

## Giving Life its Flavor

The salt of the earth.
Sweet dispositions.
Bitter experience.
Sour tempers.
Peppery people.
Spicy stories.
Honeyed words.
Little pickles.
Sage counsel.
Mint juleps.
Gingery comments.

## The Fan

HE said the umpire was a thief,
And heaped abuse upon his name.
What is the cause of all his grief?
His home team lost a game.

To-day he says the "ump" is great—
The very best beneath the sun.
Why such a sudden change of state?
To-day his home team won!

—*George B. Stagg*

## Another Angle

"Does the count intend to contest his wife's suit for divorce?"

"No; but his creditors do."

TALKING BEHIND HER BACK
*Gladys*—When Jack proposed yesterday he said he was willing to die for me.
*Muriel*—What did you tell him?
*Gladys*—To consider himself a dead one.

A BRIGHT IDEA

*Izaak*—Oh, hang it, Mary, I forgot the bait! *Mary*—Do you suppose the fish would notice the difference if you were to use spaghetti?

## Almost Europe

IF YOUR soul is a bit temperamental
And you pine for a tour continental,
Come along,
Get a flat
On the upper East Side for a song—
Think of that!

Where Pavlowa can wash up your dishes;
Donizetti supply you with fishes;
Manuel
Run the steam,
By the side of his wife, Jezebel—
What a team!

Be-a-tri-che will serve you with custard,
And Rebecca supply you with mustard.
Atmosphere?
Come along
To the East Side of town. It is here
For a song. —*Jane Burr.*

---

Frequenters of the great white way have no balance in affairs of weight.

## Dutch Courage

"EXCUSE me, old man," says the intimate friend, "but, really, you ought not to take on so many cocktails just before going home to dinner."

"It isn't that I like th' thingsh," almost weeps the gentleman addressed, in a moment of semi-maudlin confidence. "I don't care for zhem, but I got to get up shome short o' courage to be able to ack unconsherned in th' preshenshe o' m' wife'sh new butler."

## Freshies

"Ah!" says the visitor in the college town, noticing the long file of young men parading about the campus. "Some raw recruits?"

"Yes and no," explains the resident. "They're what you might call rah-rah recruits."

## She Didn't Mind

"OF COURSE you are paying for my time," said the pretty stenographer, "and if you want to waste it"——

"I do," promptly declared her employer, and kept on waisting it.

## Mendacity

I can stand for the man with the personal hobby,
And live through the ravings of those who have fads;
But my temper is short and inclined to be knobby
With the person who says that he never reads ads.

## When Harmony Is Possible

So long as the conversation steers away from tariffs and agriculture and pork barrels and such-like topics, Democratic harmony in Congress seems assured.

# WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

## Why Things Are Slow at Newport This Season

THE LATEST and newest fad among society people at Newport is taking a pig out riding in the automobile, instead of a lapdog.

This is going to hold things back at Newport. We wish it distinctly understood that we do not favor this new fashion. Newport cannot count on our support.

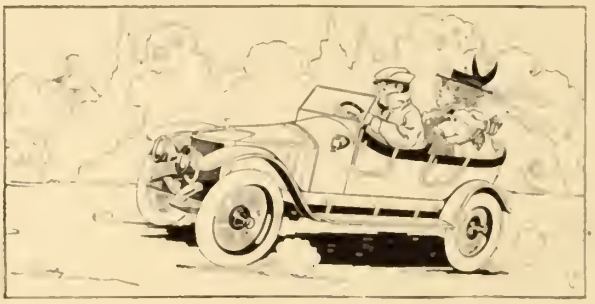
If anybody should invite us to spend a week-end in Newport this summer, we shall have to hurt somebody's feelings by not complying with the latest fashion. It makes no difference how well brought up the pig is, what its parentage may be, or how blue its blood may be, we feel that it will never have a very warm place in our heart. There are always chords in our heart that a pig cannot touch. We don't doubt that a pig with a pink ribbon around its throat and its nose sticking out of a blue-tinted bag looks cute, but, still, we will never pine away for a pig to take out in our auto.* This is all because of something that happened to us when we were younger.

One day we slipped out into the lot, where a large, rotund mother pig lay dozing in the bosom of her family. We picked up one of her offspring by the tail, as some one had told us that if you picked up a pig by its tail it would sound no tocsin of warning. This is a falsehood. This offspring had a particularly good tocsin and turned it on full blast. With that, the mother pig leaped to her feet and made at us. We started on. The mother pig accelerated her speed, and we did also. Our accelerator was in good working order. The mother pig took a nip out of our calf. We did not stop to reprove her—we kept on accelerating.

We made for a tree and started up it. The mother pig struck at us and got a large dorsal tooth caught in the seat of our trousers. We kept right on. Again she struck at us, and again she got her teeth tangled in our trousers. We kept right on toward the top. We got one foot over a limb and looked down at her in hurt surprise. But she did not stop to interpret the look in our eyes and kept walking around and around the tree, mumbling under her breath.

All afternoon she stayed beneath that tree, while we remained on that limb. We got a good chance to study her profile. We spoke to the mother pig, asking her like a gentleman to retire; but her finer feelings were gone. Often she stood upon her hind feet, with her fore feet against the tree, trying to reach us; but she could not comfort us.

Finally, through the gloaming, came the owner and looked at us in surprise. He threw the mother pig some corn, which she began to eat with a loud relish. The manners she set for her offspring were not all that a cultivated mind could desire. The owner asked why we were so bent on sticking to that limb. We explained that bent wasn't any name for it; we had no desire to become sustenance for the mother pig—especially when she had such bad table manners.



"THE NEWEST FAD IS TAKING A PIG OUT RIDING"

The owner helped us down and led us away without one vain regret. We could see no beauty in the domestic scene before us. From that day on, none of the swine family has had any attraction for us. We will have to disappoint Newport. It will have to get along the best way it can without us—we flatly refuse to bow to this new foible of fashion.

* In confidence: We really haven't any auto; but we like to throw out our chest once in a while.

---

They've passed a law in Clayton, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis, imposing a fine for swearing on the streets. The fine is from $1 to $100. If anybody has to go to jail because he can't pay up, our sympathy is with him—we've been in Clayton.

## Strange Doings, What?

A MAN in Jersey City is suing a concern because it is using his face as a bologna advertisement. Probably a member of the firm came across the Jersey City man and said, "We must use this man's face—I never saw such a face!"

That's a pretty poor pun, isn't it? Yes, we had to butcher the King's English to make it.

Forgive us this one time, and we'll never, never do so again.

## Random Notions

The latest fad among the women of Paris is to carry their own spoons when they go to an afternoon tea. We trust that the women, on leaving the tea shop, won't wipe the spoons under their arms. Real ladies would never be guilty of that. A real lady would lightly cleanse the spoon on her underskirt and replace the utensil in her bag. By watching Paris women at a fashionable tea, you can soon tell which are the real ladies and which are only social climbers.

An Englishman said the other day, on the street in Chicago, that the Irish were no good and would never have home rule in Ireland. He is still on a diet of mutton broth, but the head physician says that he will be able to go out in a wheel chair in a couple of weeks.

A genius has invented an alarm clock that sounds like ripping cloth. No doubt, on hearing it, a person just tears out.

We could have said, "Well, anyway, it should make a ripping good alarm"; but that would have been cheap and tawdry. There is nothing worse than a pun that goes flat.

Yes, a pun should always be pungent.

Now that women are going to have pistol pockets on their hips, a lot of people are worrying that some of the suffragettes will take to gun packing. But we think there is a mistake of one letter. Our bet is that they are more apt to take to gum packing.

Or, again, speaking in military terms, powder puffs.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF AN ALIBI

"Boohoo! If you 're goin' to blame me fer everything 'at happens, what 's th' use o' keepin' a cat?"

## Moderation

A DIFFERENT language, so they say,
will make a different man.
he sailor lives in sweet accord with
this elastic plan.
ne wife in every foreign land still
leaves him conscience-free,
or changing language changes self—
each time he puts to sea!
o do not blame the sailor lad because
he's not as you,
ut praise him if, in every
port, he doesn't wed with
*two!* —*Key Cammack.*

## The Lost Classics

*Teacher*—What can you say
f Damon and Pythias?
*Pupil*—I only pay attention
o those in the big league.

## Restricted Talent

*Clown*—De Bolieux is a won-
erful juggler, isn't he?
*Acrobat*—Yes; but I called
n him at his flat when he was
eeping bachelor's hall last
winter, and he couldn't flop a
griddle cake to save his life.

## Viewpoints

*Mrs. Gramercy*—When I married you, I thought you'd sown your wild oats.

*Gramercy*—With all your money, my dear, it would have been a shame not to start another crop.

---

Riches often take wings when they are invested in flying machines.

NOWADAYS

*Mr. Puffy*—Where can I find the book, "Man, Ruler of the World?"
*Suffragette Librarian*—In the fiction department.

## Frequently the Way

HE started out to s-peculate,
But, as his cash supply grew less,
In order to keep up the gait,
He found he had to drop the "s."

## Her Blame

*Mrs. Crabshaw*—Why didn't you tell me before I married you that you were never home before midnight?

*Crabshaw*—I thought you knew it, my dear. I used to be around to your place as late as that nearly every night.

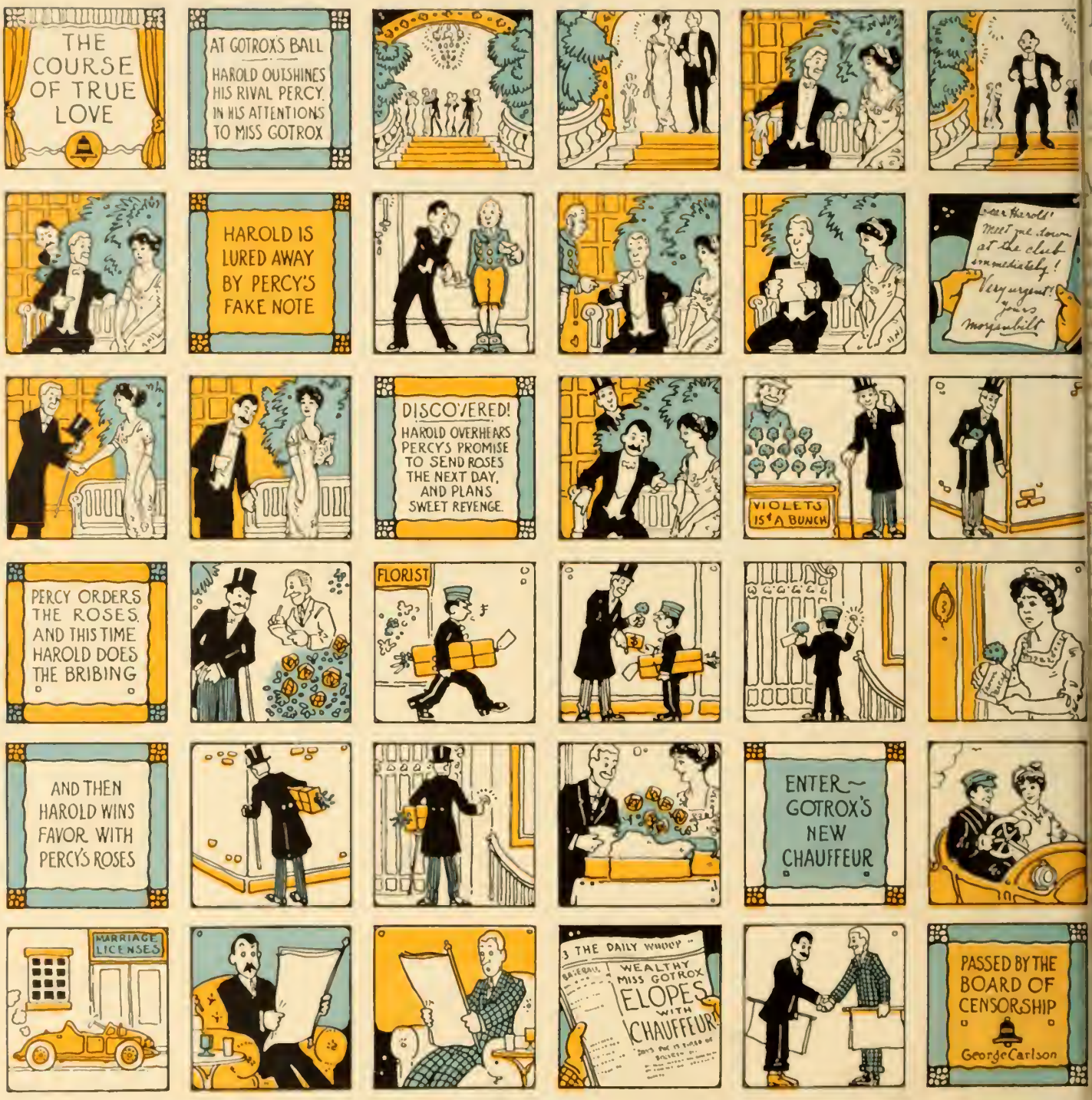
## The Rich Girl

No more a bluff will guarantee,
The game is hard to beat;
For now her pa will ask to see
Your income-tax receipt.

## Proof Positive

*Crawford*—Do you believe that a mule really kicks as much as they say?

*Crabshaw*—Well, I notice that they never hitch one up to a dynamite wagon.




The Course of True Love, in which everything is considered fair.

## Too Much Competition

"HANG it!" mutters the enraptured youth. "What chance have I to get her alone? She has to go to the auto show, the food show, the flower show, the dog show, the millinery show, the land show and— Oh, well, there's no show for me!"

## Unwedded

*Teacher* (in grammar class)—What is a singular pronoun, Johnny?

*Johnny*—One that isn't married yet.

---

While there are laws against artificial coloring for foodstuffs, it is an open season for artificially colored complexions.

## His Duty

*Policeman* (loquiter)—I seen my duty an' I done it. I says to the captain, "There's a guy runnin' a tough joint down the street." The captain says to me, "Go pull"—an' I starts to go—"his leg," says the captain. So I seen my duty an' I done it.

# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Curbside Comments

*By OREOLA W. HASKELL*

With bugles and with banners, the suffrage cohorts go,
And I, a watcher on the curb, look out for weal or woe,
And note what word the gaping world in passing may bestow.

### Pint-cup Politics

MADAM MARIA VERONE, a French lawyer, has suggested, as some eep-browed souls before her, that we ave not woman suffrage, but "mother uffrage"—that the vote resolve itself nto a civic trading stamp given for naternity. All hail to the Veronean dea! At one fell swoop it would bar rom the ballot box thousands, aye, milions of the unsexed creatures who choose o become wage-earners rather than to emain ladylike starvers. And what boon it would be to the State, admitting to its privileges and counils only the cream of womanhood. 'or it is a gratifying fact that Mrs. smith or Mrs. Jones, after presentng the community with specimens f posterity without regard to the atter's quality or training, are liftd high into the realms of wisdom nd worth. How far they rise, for nstance, above an unmarried female ike Mary Bartelme, of Chicago, he public guardian for Cook Couny, Illinois, and the first woman udge for girl delinquents! Called 'The Mother of Ten Thousand Childen" and having under her charge ever less than four hundred at a ime, how can she hope, for exmple, to understand the needs of hildren as her married sister vould? No, matrimony is the only eduator and maternity the only service vorth mentioning, and so let us hand olitical premiums only to those who ave properly qualified.

### Glasses

'HOW BRIGHT the women look!" she said.
"How good they are an l true!
'hey've bettered church and home and schools.
Why not the great state, too?
ive them the vote." A sage came by and answered her at last,
'You note them through your suffrage specs that yellow glamours cast."

'How stupid is the female sex!"
Another voice spoke low.
'They always lag behind the men.
They're silly, sly and slow.
Keep them at home." The sage replied, in accents sad, "Alas!
)ear anti, look! Your lorgnette's made of dreary old smoked glass."

### Cards

VOTES-FOR-WOMEN playing cards may now be obtained by the unrighteous at any emporium where the vote vandals preside. Thus do women ally themselves with baseness. For will not enormous revenues now come from the gambling element, who will in a body desert the anti side and rush to the suffrage precincts, lured by the yellow beauty of kings and jacks?

Little drops of prejudice,
Little grains of fear,
Make old fogies everywhere
And our antis dear.

USING THE BACK WAY

## The Antics of the Anti Cat

By ELINOR BYRNS, Chairman Press Bureau, National American Woman Suffrage Association

THE ANTI cannot go to the Capitol herself, because it is no place for a lady; but she lets her favorite cat—Indirect Influence—go. The cat cannot go by the front door, because he might be taken for a lobbyist; but he is not afraid of underground routes, and he knows the soot will soon rub off. Once inside, the cat will be so ingratiating the legislators will enjoy petting him and playing with him. Everything will be very pleasant, unless the legislators fail to do what the Anti and the cat want done. Then little I. I. will be quite capable of howling and scratching until he gets his way. Would it not be better if the Anti went herself to the Capitol? It would seem so; but, then, she would have to be responsible for what she did, and Antis, you know, like power without responsibility.

## Suffragette Snapshots

*By IDA HUSTED HARPER*

SOME awful things are promised in the season's styles for man. They are to be more expensive, which will require him to owe his tailor more than ever. Evening trousers are to be very loose, and $15 shoes are to replace pumps, so that the creature can perpetrate the tango and turkey trot without accident. For the rest of the day the clothes are to be very tight, so as to show the natural form, and this is where the long-suffering public will start a suffragette movement.

The San Francisco building inspector says that now he can say to the builders, "There is one organization of voters—the Civic Center—numbering over a thousand public-spirited women, who will measure up your new tenements and see whether you violate the law." Every city needs a watching committee to compel the enforcement of laws much more than a committee to secure new laws, and women, with their greater leisure, will make admirable watchers as soon as they are invested with power to act.

It is often asked why the suffragists will not consent to the submission of the question to a vote of women. Because it would require just as much money and effort to make a campaign of that kind as one among male voters, and, after it was finished, the results would not be binding, but all would have to be done over again, as only qualified electors can change a State constitution. Such a proposal is a mere subterfuge, and it failed ignominiously in every Legislature where it was introduced this year.

The New York suffragists are selling soap to raise money. Is that symbolical of a general cleaning up when women get the vote?

Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the National Children's Bureau, says, "The anti-suffragists are like the hypnotized chickens which balk at a chalk line when there is nothing beyond." Yes; and after the ballot is actually given to women, they are just like those same chickens when some corn is dropped the other side of the chalk line.

# LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

### A Poor Attorney

*Mutter*—Wie, der Lehrer hat dich bestrast, obgleich Papa wegen der Sache mit ihm Rücksprache genommen hat?

*Söhnchen*—Ach, wenn mann von Papa verteidigt wird.

*Mother*—What! The teacher punished you, even after papa has had a talk with him?

*Son*—Oh, when one is defended by papa!—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

### So Selfish

'You know, my dear, men are quite impossible. If I accept Jack's proposal, he will expect me to marry him; and if I refuse it, he will expect to be allowed to marry some one else."—*Bystander* (London).

### Special Request

"Please, teacher, mother says can Albert David sit by 'isself this mornin', 'cos 'e's got a touch o' the measles?"—*Punch* (London).

### Forgetful

"Heute sind wir vier Wochen verheiratet. Ich wundere mich, Eduard, dass du gar nicht neugierig bist, was du mir dazu schenkst!"

"To-day it is four weeks since we are married. I am surprised, Edward, that you are not anxious to know what present to make me on such an occasion!"—*Ulk* (Berlin).

### Hints to Climbers: How To Attract Notice

Invent (if possible) a sillier and more undignified dance than has ever been danced before.—*Punch* (London).

### The Only New Thing

"Ach, Frau Meyer, wie geht es Ihnen? Es ist ja eine Ewigkeit her, seitdem ich Sie gesehen! Was gibt es denn Neues bei Ihnen?"

"Nichts Besonderes—nur meinen Mann."

"Oh, Mrs. Meyer, how do you do? It's an age since I've seen you! Anything new with you?"

"Only my husband."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

### Too Much Scotch

*Mrs. McTavish* (enticingly) — Come awa' over tae this side, Donal', an' get tae yer bed.

*Donal'*—I'll dae nothin o' the kind. It's takin' me all ma time tae stay whau I am.—*Sketch* (London).

### An Unkind Cut

*Artist*—I paint only for pleasure.

*Fair critic*—And only for your own, I presume.—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

### Forbidden Fruits

"Nicht wahr, Heinrich, wenn wir verheiratet sind, nehmen wir uns eine Wohnung mit sehr grossen Zimmern?"

"Wozu denn?"

"Zum Schiebetanz!"

"When we are married, we are going to take a house with very large rooms, aren't we, Henry?"

"For what purpose?"

"So that we can do the glide dances."—*Jugend* (Munich).

VICARIOUS PUNISHMENT

"Now see what ye git fer playin' ball on Sunday! Come pretty near puttin' th' pastor's eye out!"

## Breaking the Ice

JOW, Miss Imogene," argues the young who has been receiv- the frigid stares and nonosyllabic replies of fair young thing who e to become offended im at the dinner and inued to accumulate gnation at the opera, s perfectly useless for to attempt to act like ceberg. Science tells nat only one-eighth of ceberg is visible, and

nsidering the fact that vas wearing an evening n, he really might have cised a bit more tact.

l are not squabs that ar on the menu of a mian table d'hote.

REASON FOR THE PREFERENCE

*Gladys*—Mrs. Wouldbesmart cares more for her dogs than for her children.
*Muriel*—Certainly; they have a pedigree.

## Useless for Furnishings

THE weather bureau.
The river bed.
The wood tick.
The college spread.
The mantle of charity.
The witness stand.
The baseball pitcher.
The bowl on the alley.

## A Rare Treat

I love to listen to the song
Of joyous little birds,
Because I know there's nothing wrong
Or vulgar in the words.

## Ingenuous Child

*Elderly widower*—If I were your papa, Bobby, what is the first thing you would ask of me?

*Eligible widow's little boy*—I'd ask you what makes you dye your hair.

## The Best Policy

IF AN income tax they frame,
And you find they've got your name
Will you truthfully disclose
All that in your pocket goes?
Will you count each fee you earned,
Tell how much your stocks returned?
Will you, on your honor true,
Pay the utmost cent that's due?

Tell the truth, sir, if you can!
Tell the whole truth like a man!
Would you stoop to lies, forsooth?
Tell the truth!
If to wed a girl you seek,
And the maiden thus should speak:
"When we're married, will you be
Just as you are now to me?
Will you bring me sweets and flowers,
Sit and hold my hand for hours?
Will you take me to the play,
Never care from me to stray?"

Tell the truth, sir, like a man!
Tell the whole truth if you can!
Falsehood is a serpent's tooth—
Tell the truth!—*R. H. Titherington*

## In New York

*Howard*—Here's a man who says that happiness depends on the cook.

*Coward*—In more cases it depends on the delicatessen shop.

DOORSTEPS

PREOCCUPIED

*Her*—For goodness sake, why don't you go in? The water is fine!

*Leander*—Chap at the bath-house told me to remember my bath-house number, and I'm trying to keep it in my mind

## Food for Thought

A savory morsel of scandal.
A pretty kettle of fish.
The cold shoulder.
A perfect stew.
A nice hash.
Some square and cube roots.
His cooked goose.
Sauce for the goose.
Tongue of rumor.
Trifles light as air.
A regular pudding.
Honeyed words.
Candid opinions.
Apples of discord.
Fruit of experience.
Milk in the cocoanut.
Cream of the joke.

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

## It Was True

*Baker*—I understand your late wife could make everything in the cookbook.

*Dyspeptic*—She not only could, but did.

## Hard To Choose

"THE jury has been out a long time
"Yes; and I doubt their ev
reaching a verdict. You see, the case
one in which a life-insurance solicitor
suing a book agent, and I fancy the ju
men are trying to figure out some sche
for sticking them both."

## Her Figure

"He fell in love with her figure."
No wonder, for she was a peach.
He shook at the thought of proposing
She seemed so far out of reach.

"He fell in love with her figure."
She was constantly in his thoughts
No wonder he loved her so madly—
Her figure was one and six naught

—*Joe Cone.*

## Unfailing Remedy

*Mrs. Newed* (to dear friend)—Wha
the secret of getting a new frock out
hubby after he refuses once?

*Mrs. Wiley*—If at first you don't su
ceed, cry again!

# AN AUTO AND SOME CARE-FREE COWS

*By HOMER CROY*

HE HARDIHOOD of automobiles is a constant surprise to me. It used to be that out to the Chautauqua Grounds and back was as far as an auto could go without having a workman climb into it with a blowpipe and a reel of wire and do some swearing; but of late ys all an auto asks is that you keep the id open in front of it.

This was brought to my attention very rcibly the other day. I borrowed a chine from a friend to take a spin. ke all people who have never had any perience running a machine, I felt that auto was an open book before me. As veral friends on my block were watch-g, I thought I would start the machine th eclat; but I found that my eclat had osted to the roots. Eclat isn't a suc-ss as a self-starter.

Reaching over, I gave two or three of e most likely-looking levers a pull, and e seat hit me in the back. The ma-ine kept going faster and faster, leap-g ahead as if something was after it. fumbled at the steering wheel until I w that I had little or no influence over e machine. I saw at once that all I uld do would be to go back to town and ing word as to what had happened.

Gateposts flew by like pickets. I ached over for levers that would get e machine to change its mind. There ere plenty of levers, but they had noth-g to say about the speed.

A large, fat man was walking down e middle of the road, stopping now and en to pluck a fragrant flower from a cluded nook. I turned on the horn, but was too much wrapped up in his flower pay any attention. The fenders flicked m out where he had been gathering the agrant flowers, but I could not stop to k if he had provided for his family. I ould have gone back willingly, if I could ve done so, and asked him if he had ffered a contusion; but I did not feel at it was best to leave the machine st yet. I did not want to go off and ave it all alone on a country road. A thering of care-free cows were con-ntedly walking down the middle of the ad. I sounded the horn and waved my nd at them, but they only turned and zed at me in round-eyed wonder. I w that some of them were mothers, but could not stop to congratulate them. ith my horn screaming, I dashed into eir midst—especially into the midst of large roan. Before she could take cog-zance of what she was doing, she was ing on her stomach by the side of the ad.

A young mother, with two offspring at her side, lifted her tail and ran down the road, trying to keep ahead of me. I immediately dubbed her Cornelia. Then I hit her on the diaphragm and threw her on her ear. She got up with a hurt and astonished look on her face, but Cornelia should have rejoiced that her family jewels were safe.

I sped on over hill and dale, until we came to a turn in the road where a beetling sandbank stood. Instinctively I felt a dislike for that sandbank. I felt that we should come together.

We did!

Slowly I got the sandbank off me and shook it out my trouser legs. Two farmers came up and looked into the hole that I had just made, then at the machine plunged into the sand to its waist.

"Is that machine yours?" asked one of them.

"No," I answered, with pride.

"But you just left it," he argued.

"Yes," I admitted; "but without fond regrets. How much will you charge to get it back to town for me?"

The two men looked at me carefully, then went off and conferred. From time to time they looked at me critically, and I knew they were going to provide well for their families. When they named

HOW TO WEAR AN EVENING GOWN THOUGH THE NECK BE IMPERFECT

For one prominent bone, the rosette.

For "Adam's apple," the mannish collar.

For noticeable bones on shoulders, epaulets give military effect to simplest gown.

For the "chic" but chicken-chested girl, lace frill.

Ethel Plummer

For too thick a neck, the "Cinch" neck belt.

THE LITTLE VILLAGE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM CALLS AT HIS OFFICE AFTER SEVERAL YEARS

the amount, I saw that they were planning a college course, too, for their children. When they returned, we walked back to the machine still imbedded in the sandbank. This took only a few minutes.

They hitched onto the back end of the machine and dragged it out of its trouble. Soon we were on our way back to town. I dared not look back at the machine to see how much it had suffered, for fear I would break down. How sad for it to be cut down in the beauty and innocence of its youth! Every time I thought of Emil and of how much he loved his car, I wondered what I could mortgage.

"Emil," I said brokenly, "two of us went out riding this afternoon. I am the only survivor. We brought the other in behind a wagon. Come out and look at it, and I'll pay down all I can and the rest in installments. I'm still young, you know, so you'll get your money all right."

Emil looked at the machine, punched it in the ribs, felt of its pulse, and explored the small of its back with his thumb. Untying the machine, he jumped in and ran it around the block.

"Are these friends of yours?" he asked, waving his hand at the two men, who were dividing the loot.

"No," I answered, with feeling.

"Well, then, did you have them bring you back just to be thrown into their company?"

"No," I answered. "I met a sandbank that way. I didn't know how else to get the machine back."

"Why didn't you get in and drive it back? That jolt didn't hurt it. A little accident that way doesn't hurt an automobile any longer. It used to knock them out, but now it just gets their fighting blood up. Get in and I'll drive you home. Fine evening, isn't it?"

I agreed that it was clearing up, and thought to myself how rough you can be with an auto and not have any effect on it. It used to be that you couldn't hit one with a sofa cushion without laming it, and now you can hit one with a sandbank and it will laugh in your face.

## The Maxims of Marcus O'Pt

REVENGE is sweet, my son, bu the Wise Guy attains to the y of discretion, he avoids sweets as r as possible.

The man who shaves his own n my dear Bildad, will never be lath by an obstreperous creditor.

For every-day use, most noble tus, a goodly supply of elbow gr is rather to be chosen than a shar Standard Oil.

Remember the saying of Centau the first hackman, oh, Guyascu that a snowball in the hand is w two in the neck.

The trouble with having a big h friend Pompus, is that, in nine c out of ten, investigation shows there is nothing in it.

Beware, oh, Apollinaris, of the cient saw with the rusty teeth. true that the early bird catcheth worm, but there be other seekers a the worm, like the festive catfish, t getteth nothing but the hook.

Yes, most noble Vertigo, the w man's motto, when a kittenish won would lead him to the scratch, is "Paw Yet would I caution thee against say so in public, for there be many men w guns about, to whom a jest of suc nature is an offense of a capital sort.

Should the day ever dawn, oh, Wink top, when man shall cease to dece woman, then will it come to pass u that day that there will be no m marriages in the land, and the State Matrimony will no longer be regarded a State of the Union.

## In Nineteen Fifty

"Anything unusual about that restaurant you patronize?"

"Yes; no women smoke there."

---

The cash register does not always ri up the full price paid for pleasure.

FOOLISH QUESTION

*Citicus*—Where are all the people who used to live at the seashore?

*Watrous*—They are spending the summer in the city

# He Tempted Fate

"NO!"

Her answer was firm, and yet her anner such that it seemed to bid him hope. In his eyes and attitude were supplication, appeal.

"But," he began again, "if you will only hear me, I"——

A growing impatience appeared upon her as she gazed into his face, this man earnest, so eager.

"I offer you"——

He would have urged his longing with ill more warmth, but she bade him ause.

"You need go no further!" said she.

There was a rising flush on her cheek—visible hardening of her voice—a nervus tapping of her foot upon the floor.

"But you would not reject my offer if ou would only hear what I"——

Again she interrupted. Disdain, scorn, ndignation now spoke in tone and attiude and glance.

"I do not wish to hear!" said she. "I ave listened too long as it is. To prong this were idle. I wish you would go!"

Wherein could he see, vain man, even a gleam of hope that led him to persist? Yet he clung to his purpose. He rushed to his fate.

"Then, if you will not hear to that appeal, I will offer"——

Almost fiercely she interrupted him.

"You can offer me nothing that I want!" she cried. "You can make no offer to me that I would not reject! Will you go?"

And yet he heeded not the warning in her flashing eye, her heaving breast, the suppressed tempest in her very voice.

"But I"——

The storm broke.

"Once and for all, go!" she exclaimed. "I have more tinware now than would stock a store! And I have got no use for your wooden ladles and your butter bowls! Pick up your traps and go, or when this rolling pin falls you will have to go back to your tinshop and have rivets put in you!"

The peddler took up his goods.

"It has got so now," said he, as the door closed behind him with a bang, "that women don't know a bargain when they see one, so they don't!"

And he passed slowly on, to tempt fate at the house on the next block.—*Ed Mott.*

"THE GIRL(S) I LEFT BEHIND ME"

CUTTING OUT CUPID

*M. Idas*—Has your son an eye for business?
*C. Resus*—I should say he has, with three millionaires' daughters on his calling list!

## Out of the Mouths of Babes

I MET a schoolgirl at a ball,
Her years thirteen, her locks in curls.
"What dance do you like best," said I,
"My most demure of little girls?

"Now, shall we dance a minuet,
An Irish jig or Highland fling,
Mazurka, Boston or Bolero,
Or some Hungarian gypsy thing,

"A quadrille, waltz or rigadoon,
A two-step or a set of lancers?
Or would you dance a pas seul only,
Like those famous Russian dancers?"

She frowned. I saw she was not pleased.
"I know the grizzly bear," I cried,
"And all the very latest things—
The Apache dance, the Gaby glide,

"The turkey trot, the bunny hug,
Or, if you like, Spain's wild fandango."
"Aren't these a trifle slow?" said she.
"Oh, please, sir, can you tango?"

—*R. C. Reade.*

## No Complaint To Make

IT WAS at the vaudeville. The girl with the excruciating voice had just finished her song.

"Just think!" groaned Brown, to the stranger beside him. "We paid real money to hear that!"

"I didn't," was the placid response. "Came in on a 'comp.'"

"But you had to spend carfare to get here, did you not?" asked Brown.

"Nope," replied the uncomplaining one. "I live in walking distance."

"But," persisted Brown desperately, "at least you hoped to be entertained, not punished."

"No, I didn't care," grinned the stranger. "I came to get away from home. My wife is cleaning house."

## No Bargain

"It strikes me that young Terwilliger is rather a shiftless lot. What aim in life has he?"

"I think he rather hopes to marry a rich wife."

"It's a vain hope. Any woman with money, whether young or old, who starts out to buy a husband, can easily shop around and do better than he."

## Amalgamation

Johnny's mother had instituted a fine of ten cents for every spot made on the tablecloth. One day Johnny was observed rubbing his finger for a long time over the cloth at his plate.

"John, what are you doing?" said his mother at last.

"Nothing. I was just trying to rub two spots into one."

## Philosophy

BORN blessed is he with sense of humor keen;
Unless one has this gift, life is not seen.
Yet all may cultivate this joy of life;
Jokes, jests and jingles ofttimes lessen strife.
Understand, life is but one grand alloy.
Delight in being human—that is joy.
Great happiness and trouble you will earn;
Endeavor to accept them each in turn.

SELF-ADJUSTING

*Pater*—Hey! Come back with my pants!
*Sylvia*—Why, papa, you're not going out to-day?
*Pater*—I know I am ; but your ma is.

## The Why

*Teacher of hygiene*—Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?

*Little girl*—Because company may walk in at any moment.

## Well Chosen

*Gong*—Kidd & Morgan are running a summer hotel at the seashore, and they call it "The Breakers."

*Hasbin*—They picked a good name for it. I was there, and they broke me.

## A Fable of Success

ONCE there was a bright young m who set out to make his way in t world. Various people gave him vario kinds of good advice, and finally one kind old gentleman said, "Remember, my so that there is always room at the to You can get there if you try."

"I know a better way than that, promptly replied the youth. "My tast are simple. I will occup a room lower down and l out all that room at the t at a good figure." Th he did, and, accordingl none of his descendan from that time forth ev had to do a stroke of wor

Moral—There are a ways better ways tha good ways.

## After Trials

"So she has taken a other husband."

"Not as she consider it. The others were onl samples."

## Suggestive

*Percy*—I wish to bu some paper. I am bash ful, and am going to pro pose to a young lady b letter.

*Clerk*—This is a stationery store. guess you're looking for a hardware store

*Percy*—A hardware store?

*Clerk*—Yes; you need sandpaper.

## Uninteresting

*Madge*—Is she a good conversationalist?

*Marjorie*—No. I couldn't get her t talk about anybody I knew.

---

In the game of love the fellow with th royal diamond flush can always stay i against a pair of hearts.

THE BUNCH THAT PAYS NO DIVIDENDS

# Bachelor Girls

"AS FOR me," said Arabella, "I'm determined to go on the stage. 's the only really independent vocation r woman."

"Arabella!" exclaimed Belinda.

"I mean it."

Arabella and Belinda were bachelor rls. Spinsters are not exactly the same eatures. They differ in age and a certain harmony that ap- als to the eye. Arabella and Belinda were sightly protests gainst the very term "bachelor girl." And to a man on the reet or up a tree, they separately and together belied their sperate purposes in life.

Arabella and Belinda had just left college, with parchments tting forth certain proud acquirements and showing the phys- al benefits of the higher education. Arabella and Belinda ere all the more lovable in the premises because neither liked cats and neither seemed to have any affection for a dog of any breed. Intellectually they were no doubt finished, but emotionally they were elementary. Happily they did not lack means for comfortable living according to their own devices.

They had quietly discussed the future more than once, each with certain reservations. Now, over their tea, they returned to it.

"But the dangers of the stage!" said Belinda. "They say peril lurks in managers' offices, and stage-door hazards are a tradition."

"Fudge!"

"And you have to—to—to show yourself so frankly. You literally have to undress!"

"What do you mean?"

"Though *your* shape is all right, I'm sure!"

IF THESE FOUR MEN ARE GOOD ENOUGH TO VOTE, WHY NOT THE WOMAN?

"Belinda!"

"And if I were a 'Johnny,' as they call those chaps who talk in falsetto and whose eyebrows and hair exclude foreheads"——

"Stop! Do you think I'd ever be a show girl? I mean the drama—tragedy something big—tremendous! Oh, you don't know what I've been doing! I can play Lady Macbeth!"

And Arabella struck a pose which she thought was appropriate, closed her eyes and began the somnambulic scene, "'Out, damned spot! Out, I say!'"

"Wait!" cried Belinda. "Do you think, dear, that Mrs. Siddons ever stood like that? She must have rubbed one hand with the other. Or that Ristori or Ellen Terry shut her eyes in that scene? You read it just as you spoke your graduation essay."

FAILING

*Young wife*—Jack, you no longer love me!

*Hubby*—Ridiculous! I hugged you so hard then I crushed two cigarettes.

*Young wife*—But you used to crush two cigars.

Arabella emerged from her histrionic mood with a laugh. "But what shall I do? What shall you do? We've decided that matrimony is a snare and a delusion, as it is."

"And that men are unnecessary animals, except as they go to swell the audience!"

"Or except as they may be used for a bit of recreation on occasion, if they happen to own motor cars. By the way, I met Jack Garland and Billy Sanford this morning, as I was coming out of Madam Dupe's shop."

"Why, you didn't tell me you had been to Madam Dupe's! Did you finally order that stunning leghorn shape and the paradise?"

"Yes. I was going to tell you. Jack Garland and Billy Sanford met me as I came out, and Billy asked if you and I would like to go down the Jersey coast to-morrow for a day in his auto."

"With him and Jack?"

"Of course. We can't run a motor car."

"But Jack proposed to me yesterday, and I refused him."

"Well, what of it? Billy proposed to me the day before, and I refused *him*. They can't do anything worse than propose again in couples"

"And he refused again, of course. But I'm not sure either of us has any time for motor rides or to waste on such chaps."

"Or any other chaps. Now, dear, I've something to ask. Do you think it is right for a young woman like me to think too steadily of the uplift of the human race?"

"Not in view of the fact that you have not added to the race and have no intention to do so. But what did you answer Billy about the motor ride?"

"I didn't answer. Now, if you thi as you say, I shall give up my idea settlement work. There seem to plenty of persons in it already."

"Yes. Besides, the dangers of settl ment work are enormous. Most youn women who go into it might just as we contemplate a regular matrimonial bu reau with favor and be done with i They all get married—that is, the wel looking ones. The ill-looking ones hav to do the work. You, my dear, are cer tainly not ill-looking."

"Thanks, awfully!"

"And you are determined to remai single, as I am, and teach weaker wome lessons. But did you tell Billy we didn care to go down the coast?"

"The idea! How could I tell him ur til I had spoken to you about it? Fo myself, I don't care to go joy-riding I've too serious a purpose in life. An as I've given up my plan to go in fo settlement work, I must keep quiet for bit and think of what to do—somethin earnest and beneficial to humanity."

"Joy-riding, indeed! That wouldn't b joy-riding, and we really need a littl change. The weather promises to b fine. We can take our bathing suit along."

"Yes, that's what Billy said. And h said they could order dinner in advanc at that fine new hotel."

"But, my dear, it seems you have bee a little stupid about it. You haven' even said we'd go. How are they t know?" Belinda almost snapped thi out as the telephone bell rang.

"There!" said Arabella. "Billy sai he'd call up. That's him, I'm sure!"

And Arabella and Belinda ran to th 'phone together. —*J. A. Waldron.*

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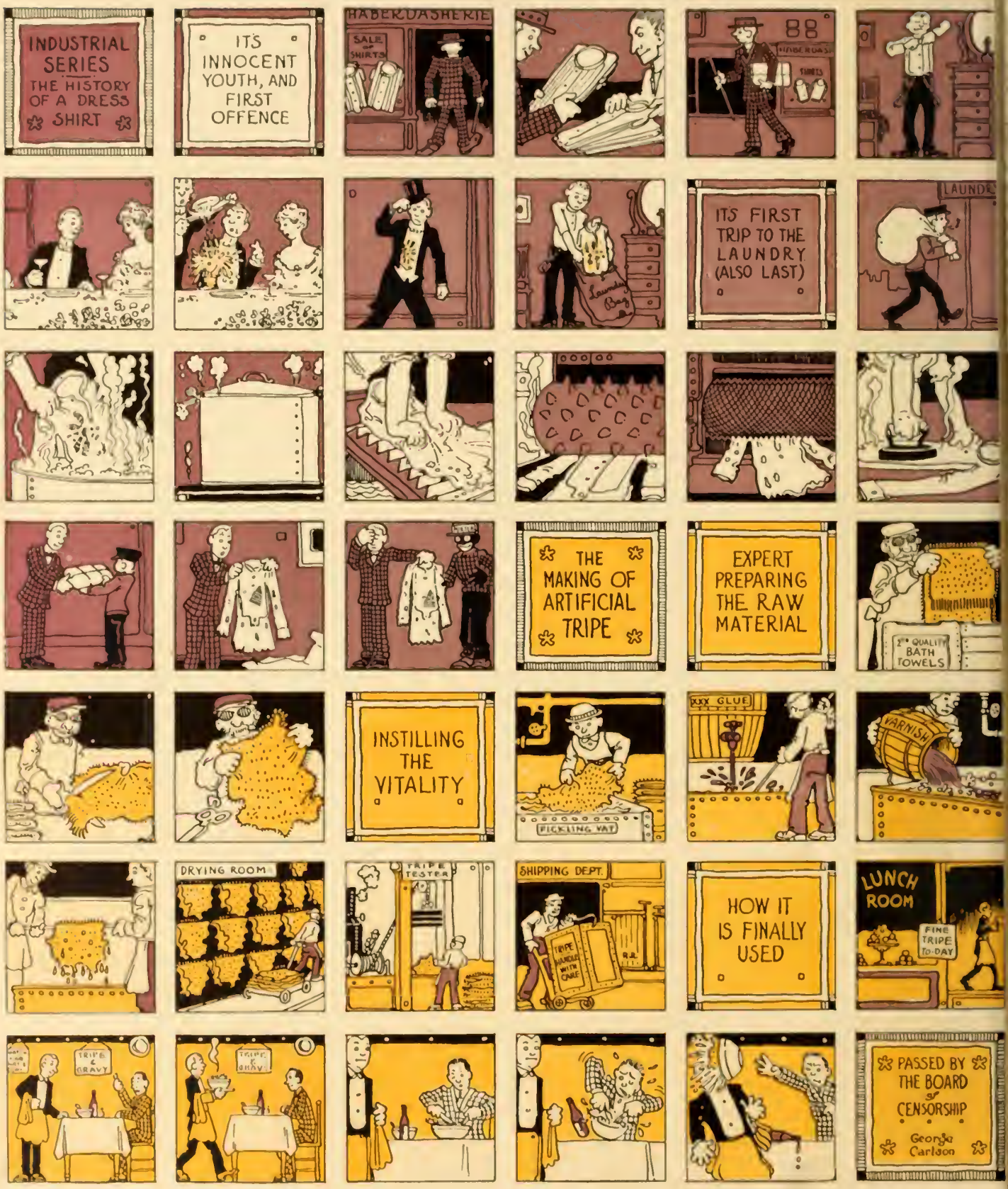
Many breach-of-promise suits have ha their beginning in a bathing suit.

THE REAL "WHITE SLAVE"




Industrial Series: Wherein we are once more enlightened

# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Curbside Comments

*By OREOLA W. HASKELL*

With bugles and with banners, the suffrage cohorts go,
And I, a watcher on the curb, look out for weal or woe,
And note what word the gaping world in passing may bestow.

### A Noble Example

DURING a suffrage debate an anti rose and in sturdy tones spake: "Why hould I strive for the iserable ballot? I have ur sons and a spouse, nd I'd like to see any of em dare to vote except e way I want them to!" hat a noble figure is is, standing out in clear s-relief against a back-round of bossed and row-beaten manhood! et every suffragist for-et the women whose ur sons are daughters, ast aside not only respect r their own opinions, ut the deference due to ose of others, and emu-te this worthy despiser f the dignified methods f the voter. For it is rough creatures of her ind that the full beauty f indirect influence ursts upon the human ind.

### The Cunning Things

SOME women say they have all the rights ey want—namely, to be loved, protected nd supported. How sweet and cute this unds! Just think—the babies in long othes have precisely the same rights!

### Her View

THE SMALL daughter of a suffragist championing the Votes-for-Women uestion was heard to say to her father, 'Tain't right for this house to have only e vote. You're the only man we've ot. Even the kitten is a girl!"

### An Anti-climax

VERBAL evolution of a suffragist beginning sixty years ago and up to e present date: Monster, freak, fail-re, frump, flirt.

### The Remedy

A METROPOLITAN newspaper has shown us the way to crush out that onster—suffrage sentiment. In taking small poll to find out how many women New York City really want to vote, it as discovered that self-supporting and oor women were more desirous of becoming enfranchised than those whom fate had attached to satisfactory male money machines. Let us, then, arise and marry off the former to masculine cash registers, so that they may tear from their breasts forever the yellow badge of female insurrection.

RIDDING A STATE OF A MORAL NUISANCE

## The Coming of the Camel

By ELINOR BYRNS, Chairman Press Bureau, National American Woman Suffrage Association

LEAVING its habitat in the far West, the suffrage camel came last November into Kansas. And the people of the East said, "Oh, well, a camel may be very useful on the Pacific coast and in other partly civilized places, but you will never see one this side of the Mississippi." Enraged at this, the camel humped itself and swam the great river, landing safely, though suddenly, in Illinois. The first creature it met was the anti cat—Indirect Influence. That pampered animal gave one look, then sprang upon the camel with a ferocious howling and scratching. "You amaze and annoy me!" said the camel. "I heard you were sweet and gentle—a safe pet for any lady; but, instead, you are a wild beast. This State is not big enough for both of us, and I'm the one the people need; so good-by." Then, assisted by the camel, the cat rapidly disappeared from Illinois.

### The New Voice

WITHIN the city's strident streets, we hear the same old sounds once more—
The peddler's call, the huckster's cry, the swarthy singers at the door;
And, in the country, birds and bees and boarders wake the meads sun-kissed.
But through the land there's one new note, whose vocal lure few can resist—
It is the Votes-for-Women voice of the omnipresent suffragist.

### From California

A YOUNG woman who served on an election board in Los Angeles not only insists that during the balloting the men were courteous and the women dignified, but has the temerity to add, "I can only say good of my experience." Thank goodness, we are not so credulous as to believe it, for do we not know that the mere act of voting will change a man into a boor and a woman into a simpleton? Yes, indeed!

## Suffragette Snapshots

*By IDA HUSTED HARPER*

AFTER the Minnesota Legislature defeated the bill for a woman-suffrage amendment, the women of Minneapolis undertook to get up a debate on the subject. They wrote over forty letters and tried for a month to find a man or woman to take the negative side. They even begged the legislators who voted against it to come and state their reasons; but this was the very last thing they would be willing to do, and, finally, the debate had to be abandoned.

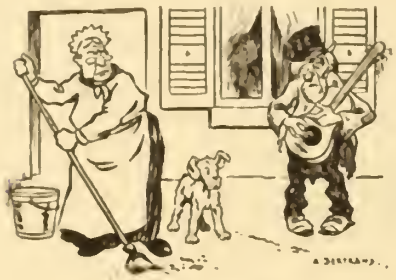
The latest undertaking reported from Seattle is a training school for mothers, promoted by the leaders of the recent campaign for the ballot, with lectures on the care of mothers before the birth of children, the care of babies and everything connected with child life. In the city hall two rooms have been set apart for a class in scientific buying for housewives. These reports must be a mistake, as it is a well-known fact that, the moment women get a vote, they lose all interest in the duties of motherhood and domestic life.

# WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

### The Little Blackmailer

*Fritzel*—Wenn Sie mir nicht zwanzig Pfennige geben, sag ich s der Mama, und Sie werden verlobt!

*Fritzel*—If they don't give me twenty pfennigs, I'll tell mamma. Then they will have to become engaged.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).



### The Troubadour

"On ne chante pas ici!
"Ca tombe bien! Moi, je ne chante pas, je gueule!"

"Singing is not allowed here."

"How fortunate! I am not singing—I howl!"—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

### A Peculiar Compliment

"Was der Elefant für kolossale Ohren hat! Wenn ich mir dagegen die Ihrigen betrachte, Fräulein Lore."

"What colossal ears the elephant has! When I look at yours alongside of them, Miss Laura——.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

### My Word!

*Fat one*—I call it most indelicate; and if any man wanted to paint me like that, my word! he'd regret it!—*London Opinion*.

Wie Fräulein Eulalia sich photographieren liess, um schlank zu erscheinen.

Wie das schlau erdachte Kleid in der Photographie herauskam!

How Miss Eulalia had her picture taken in order to appear slender. And how the cleverly conceived dress showed on the photograph.—*Ulk* (Berlin).

### Not Complete

"Susze Loulou—was fehlt noch zu unserem Gluck?"
"Ein bequemerer Stuhl, Emil!"

"Sweet Loulou, what is there wanting to our happiness?"

"A more comfortable chair, Emil.—" *Jugend* (Munich).

### Wise

(Der kleine Peperl wird vom Lehren beim Upfeln erwischt.)

"He, Kleiner, komm' 'mal zu mir her—ich m Dir 'was sagen!"

"Noi, noi, Herr Lehrer, so kloine Büabla brauc net alles z' wissa!"

Little Peperl is caught by the teach stealing apples.

"Say, little fellow, come down he I've got something to tell you."

"No, no, teacher! Little boys like don't need to know everything."—*F gende Blaetter* (Munich).

### A Child Martyr

"T'as pas besoin d'user la brosse; passe-mo deux minutes!"

"You needn't use the brush. Just p him over to me for two minutes!"—*Rire* (Paris).

### What She Wanted

"I am afraid, madam, we have sho you all our stock; but we could proc more from our factory."

"Well, perhaps you'd better. You s I want something of a neater pattern quite small—just a little square for birdcage."—*Punch* (London).

A TECHNICAL PHRASE

"Beg pardon, sir; but is there a blacksmith's shop hereabout? The lady's cast her left hind shoe."

# The Man Who Did Wrong

*By ELLIS O. JONES*

ONCE there was a Young Man who undertook to carve out a career, and, accordingly, he made a connection with a large and prosperous mercantile establishment. As the Young Man was extremely young, all the older employes felt it their duty to give him the benefit of their experience and to offer him advice.

"Master the details of the business," said the Head Bookkeeper. "That is the only true secret. If you have the details of the business, ou are indispensable. Look at me. I've been here thirty years."

The Young Man looked at him, shook his head doubtfully nd passed on.

"Always be punctual and keep your mouth shut. That's he way to make a hit with the Old Man," advised the Proprietor's Secretary. "He always knows to a second just where will be at a certain time."

"What a bore!" observed the Young Man, as he passed long.

"Above all, be serious," cautioned the Head Designer. "Remember the fable of the Ant and the Grasshopper. Of course it doesn't matter quite so much what you do outside of the office, but bear in mind constantly that this is the place for work—hard, serious, conscientious work. Let the Boss see that you are in dead earnest."

As the Young Man passed on, he hoped that, when he had reached the age of the Head Designer, his own shoulders would not be so rounded.

"Be very respectful to the Boss. That's the way I've got along with Old Blodger all these years," declared the Stock Manager, looking about him furtively. "I hate the old curmudgeon, but you'd never know it to see me talking to him. I make him think he's the salt of the earth. Take my tip. Bow and scrape. That's the combination."

The Young Man passed on, still unconvinced. That nigh: he pondered this and other bits of advice he had received. The next morning, as he was passing the door of the private office of the Proprietor, the Young Man had a sudden impulse to go in and tell him a capital story he had heard a few nights before. The horror of the punctilious secretary at this undig-

rified and revolutionary proceeding was exceeded only by the delight of the Proprietor, who laughed long and loud and who swore he had never heard a better story.

Perhaps it was his success at this unusual adventure or perhaps it was a natural antipathy to conventionality of all kinds which caused the Young Man from that time on studiously to disregard all the good advice he had been proffered. He arrived at and departed from the office at will and without regularity. He avoided work as much as possible, conniving in one way or another to transfer most of his duties to the shoulders of other employes. He was happy and care-free about the office, and, above all, he was not humble or sycophantic in the presence of "Old Blodger." If the Proprietor had been his own father, the Young Man couldn't have treated him with much less respect. He kept him posted on all the latest stories. He induced him to join merry, youth-renewing expeditions. He lured him to the ball games. He showed him the new dance steps at the cabarets. In short, he did all manner of things which a wise Young Man should not do.

The result was that in a year or two the Young Man was taken into the firm as a full partner. "He's the greatest l low around an office you ever saw," explained Blodger t crony of his. "Always cheerful. Never has a long face. C his work done with absolutely no apparent effort. Bright whip. Nothing of the machine about him. And, above all is the only man I ever had in the shop who treated me as were a human being under a hundred years of age. I tell y he's a wonder!"

The Young Man was wont to explain his success by modest statement that it was the only course possible for h as all the accepted methods of business success had been empted by those already well intrenched in the employ of establishment. "And, besides," he would add, "while the vice I received seemed all right in itself, the fellows who g it were so unattractive that I thought I should prefer to rather than to follow in their footsteps."

Moral—Advice is chameleonic. It varies its color to monize with that of him who offers it.

WHAT SHE MISSED

*City lady* (to suburbanite friend)—I cannot understand how you can live out here. Why, there isn't a moving picture show in the town!

REBELLED

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was made to go.

It went with her to shop one day
In stores you'll often meet it,
But a shopping lamb is just a "goat,"
So Mary's lambie "beat it!"

## Playing the Game

IT IS well for the Wise Virgin to keep man ignorant of fact that all her wicks are trimmed; it makes him cauti

Men aren't so quick to notice the things a woman has o to detect the ones she hasn't on.

Matrimonially speaking, a girl has given up hope when she seriously considers a man who wears rubbers.

Women love masterful men—outside of the immediate family circle.

When a man insists that a woman listen to reason, he means listen to—him.

Woman's garden of life is never complete without at least one bleeding heart.

Love sharpens the wits, but dulls the judgment.

—*Inge Onsley.*

IN PASSING

That twelve-dollar bouquet you bought her night before last.

## Freely Translated into the Language of Poets

HE cold shoulder—"This was the most unkindest cut of all."
The shoemaker—"There's a divinity that shapes our ends."
p's biscuit—"The moldy rolls of Noah's Ark."
mophilia—"Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son."
arding-house silver—"Not too bright or good for human nature's daily food."
ardianship—"The watch-dog's honest 'bark.'"
thma—"Ill blows the wind that profits nobody."
lsh rabbits—"The stuff that dreams are made of."
r missteps—"Footprints on the sands of time."
ing like a gentleman—"The calm repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere."
e new stenographer—"Thou comest in such questionable shape that I will speak with thee."
r peek-a-boo waist—"The baseless fabric of this vision."

—*Geo. B. Morewood*

## The Black Hand Again!

Mrs. Collins found the following Black Hand letter pinned her door one morning:

"Deer Mis Collins—Onless you put a jar of jam, a hunk chokolit cake, a apple pie an' a bag of candy down by the l well, we will steel your littel boy and keep him, onless you y us a milyon dollars. The Black Hand."

The letter has been handed to the police and the criminals ll soon be brought to justice. To date, Mrs. Collins's little y has been the only one seen in the vicinity of the old well.

## The Bankroll

*Madge*—Why do you object to the slashed skirt?

*Marjorie*—I don't think it good taste for a girl to display r money that way.

## Always

THE fellow that writes promptest
Waits the longest for his mail;
The fellow that walks fastest
Gets freight o'er the slowest rail;
The fellow that pays soonest
Seems to never get his check,
And the fellow that's most careful
Always gets caught in the wreck.

—*Berta M. Coombs.*

## When You Tell a Man He Is Lazy—

If he answers back that he goes to work two hours before the boss does, he is an embryo agitator.

If he tells you to take a running jump at yourself, he is a government employe.

If he assures you that he is figuring out the best way to do the task in the shortest time, he is an efficiency expert.

If he tells you he has had so many interruptions it has been impossible for him to get any more done, he is a good excuser.

If he replies that he can only exert himself when his heart is in his work, he has an artistic temperament.

## All in the Family

*Suburbs*—The minister out in our place won't marry you unless you have a medical certificate.

*Crawford*—Is it hard to get one?

*Suburbs*—Why, no. It happens his brother is a doctor.

## An Old, Old Story

*Adam* (in the suburbs of the Garden of Eden)—Now, Eve, you surely aren't going to clamor for clothes already!

*Eve* (tearfully)—You know very well, Adam, I haven't had a decent thing since the fall!

## Handsome Is as Handsome Does

*Sanford*—So you don't believe in judging a man by his clothes?

*Crabshaw*—No, indeed! That's the way we judge a woman, and look how we get fooled!

## Her Choice

*Edna*—What do you think of these eugenic weddings?

*Edith*—I'd rather marry one of those rich old fellows with only one lung.

---

The man who attempts to sharpen his wits on a simpleton not unfrequently makes a dull impression.

FOR SUBURBANITES WHO MUST TRAVEL AUTOMOBILE-INFESTED ROADS AT NIGHT

*Greyhound*—This is the first time I ever saw anything keep ahead of me in a sprint.

## Everybody

WHO, despite the voice of Sense
Warning him, still wanders hence,
Seeking out experience?
*Everybody.*

Who insists to tread the measure,
Yea, and drink the froth of pleasure,
Though he must repent at leisure?
*Everybody.*

Who is cheated by the gloss,
Nor discerns the gold from dross,
Till he harvests only loss?
*Everybody.*

Who, when he has had his fling
And has tested everything,
Tells his fellows of the sting?
*Everybody.*—*Susie M. Best.*

## Of Business Bent

"Chances" do not exist.

Success is doing one's duty.

Some men waste time saving string.

The wise man makes more opportunities than he finds.

You'll not need heavy sticks to get sound from a good drum.

Tools and talents are next to worthless until guided by will.

A hobby is a good thing enough, but don't stable it at the office.

To paddle your canoe well now is to own your private yacht eventually.

The clerk who sees "nothing ahead of him" is apt to find something close behind him.

—*W[illegible] James P[illegible].*

## The Little Things

*Smith*—It's the little things that tell.

*Jones*—Yes. I saw Bigpile this morning, standing on the top marble step leading to his bronze palace on the Avenue, doing his own manicuring.

## His Description

"WRITE out an ad for that Elm Street residence," said the Slangy Kid's new employer, the real-estate man. "It has built-in buffet, bay window on the south, disappearing beds, combination gas and electric chandeliers, maid's room in basement, fireplace in the library, lawn, flower beds, hen house and poultry runs."

Ten minutes later the Kid handed in this:

"Permanent bar, alderman's pantry on the sunny side, vanishing dream teasers, combination wind burners and current bushes, maiden's bower below the frost line, Santa Claus entrance to the bookshop, work for father, daisy sleepers, egg factory and shoo biddies."

## An Embarrassing Situation

*She*—Oh, dear! I forgot to wind my ankle watch!

*He*—Allow me—er—that is—did you?

## Suzanne

When prim Suzanne walks down the street,
She holds her skirts just high enough
To show two dainty, well-shod feet;
Unless, perchance, a boisterous puff
Of wind comes romping up—rare treat!—
When, owing to its saucy caper,
She shows two ankles, trim and neat,
And also shows how well they taper.

## Egg View Note

Ambrose Crosslots says: "Purty often artificial bait is used when folks fish in the Sea of Matrimony."

INADEPT

*Minnie*—George proposed to me last night.
*Lillian*—Doesn't he do it awkwardly, though!

NOTHING LIKE BEGINNING EARLY

## Traveling via the Movies

THERE was a young fellow nam[illegible] Claude,
Just returned from a long trip abroad;
Everywhere he would go,
He would knowledge bestow,
Believing his friends would applaud.

But it seemed that this was not to be,
For, no matter of what he told, he
Heard this cry o'er and o'er:
"Yes, we've seen that before,
For we go to the picture shows. See?"

—*Harvey Peake.*

## Following Precedent

*Westend*—Why is it that a man alwa[illegible] has to wait for a woman?

*Eastend*—Did not Adam have to wa[illegible] until Eve was made up?

## Cruel

*Husband*—When Gadzool[illegible] heard you sing at the party, [illegible] said it was a marvel.

*Wife*—Oh, John! A marve[illegible]

*Husband*—Yes; a marve[illegible] that any one asked you to.

## A Deep One

Why does My Lady smile?
Is she but flouting?
In torment all the while
She keeps me doubting.

Why is My Lady gay?
The case is simple:
To smile is just the way
To show that dimple.

—*Ruth Huntoon.*

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Under new management—the bridegroom.

HEARD ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE TRAIN

*Henrietta*—Isn't it shocking the way that man eats his soup! *Epi Curus*—Yes. Sounds as if he was going down for the third time.

# Little Conversations

### Experienced Advice

THE YOUNG orator had made the effort of his life and was as chesty ver it as a pouter pigeon.

"Well, colonel," said he, as he stepped own from the platform, "how about it? n't that the kind of speech that will be called a hundred years from now?"

"I don't know about a hundred years om now, Dubbleigh," replied the d man; "but if I were you, I'd huse around to the newspaper offices nd recall it right now!"

### A Careful Dresser

"Hinkleigh is terribly finnicky bout his clothes, isn't he?" said inks.

"He sure is!" returned Winkleop. "Why, that fellow won't even ackle a pony of brandy unless he as his riding breeches on!"

### Safe

"They tell me old Closefist has oney to burn!" said Jinx.

"Yes," said Winx; "and never a atch in the house."

### Practical Experience

"Well, I don't know," said the ndertaker to the applicant for a job. Maybe I can find something for you o do in my shop. Have you had any xperience in my line?"

"Why—a little, yes," said the applicant. "Father was a planter, and last winter I played the grave-digger in 'Hamlet' on a road tour through Mississippi."

THIS IS HOW HIS COZY LITTLE MOUNTAIN BUNGALOW LOOKED TO HIM DURING THE VISIT OF HIS WIFE'S MOTHER

### Sarcastic

"He'd be all right if he wasn't so infernally sarcastic," said Holloway.

"Jimpson sarcastic? I never noticed it. How?" said Wimpleton.

"Why, I borrowed ten dollars from him yesterday," said Holloway, "and when I asked him where I should send it when returning it, he said, 'The same place you sent the fifty you borrowed last year.'"

"Well, what of it? I don't see any sarcasm in that," said Wimpleton.

"But, don't you see," said Holloway, "I never returned the fifty I borrowed a year ago!"

### The Proof

"Tush!" said Dubbs contemptuously. "A woman never knows what she wants!"

"That's true enough," said Mrs. Dubbs. "I wanted you once, but if I'd known you"——

The pause that ensued was so chilly that the mercury in the thermometer on the wall broke through the glass and fell to the floor with a dull, sickening splosh.

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One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
The ladies' skirts are tighter now
Than they ever were before.

# WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

## Making Friends with Dynamite

A NEW explosive has just been discovered that is ten times more powerful than dynamite. It consists of a mixture of lampblack and liquid gas.

As far as we are personally concerned, common, every-day dynamite has filled all the demands that we have ever made on it. Dynamite is a most determined substance. Dynamite cares naught for who is around, treating rich and poor, high and low, alike; but, some way or other, it usually selects a poor man with a large family. Once it makes up its mind to go off, there is no staying it. The wise person is the one who goes off first. The person who lingers and tries to reason with dynamite will rue it. His friends usually have to be called in to help with the rueing.

"WE NOTICED THE CABIN WASN'T WHERE WE HAD LEFT IT"

Once we got a small stick of dynamite and took it into the woods, where we were camping, to kill fish. We took a piece of the dynamite into our wooden shanty, put it into a cup of water, and set the cup on the stove to thaw out the dynamite.

Then we went down the river to invite a friend to come and partake of the fish with us. On rounding the bend, coming back, we noticed that the cabin wasn't where we had left it. Then we noticed that it was several yards in the air. We could not place the trouble, but intuition told us that all was not well. We surmised at once that something was wrong. Then the sound waves reached us and knocked us both down. We picked ourselves up and hurried to where the cabin had once stood. A few shingle nails and the right foreleg of the cook stove were all that remained to show that the water had boiled dry. My new pair of suspenders were gone, with not one thread of them left to tell the tale. I mourned my loss keenly, for they were buttoned to my Sunday trousers.

Before thawing out dynamite, you should always leave all valuables at a safe-deposit vault and the name of the nearest relative pinned to a tree.

If any of our readers are going to use any of this new lampblack and liquid gas explosive to kill fish, we earnestly advise them to handle it with care and add water accordingly.

## Bovine Ethics

WE SEE that a prominent scientific farmer is advocating that a cow should be treated as a lady. But what is a person to do when he is going across the field and is charged by her husband?

We instinctively feel that we wouldn't treat him as a gentleman. We feel that we would be more apt to try to cow him with a club.

"Cow him with a club!" Oh, oh, oh! Isn't that a bull?

## The Retired Blacksmith and the Athletic Ghost

A PROFESSOR at the Boston Institute of Technology has discovered that ghosts are due to bad air. He says that carbon monoxide poisoning gives the illusion of walking spirits.

We do not altogether agree with the professor. We remember when we were young and freckled, out in Missouri, that we once met a ghost that wasn't made of bad air. A man living outside our town each summer raised watermelons. He was a large, able-bodied man who had retired from the profession of blacksmithing to indulge in gardening.

One night, when the moon was in its infancy, the editor of this page and another boy went walking with a gunnysack over our shoulders. Suddenly found ourselves in the blacksmith's me patch. We could not account for th We had been walking along talking, a when we looked up we were surroun by melons.

We went on talking to each other whispers, until the first thing we kn two melons were in our gunnysack. T mystified us more than ever, and thought we would withdraw to some qu spot, get out our knives, and try to sol the mystery. As we were shamefaced withdrawing, a large, well-built gh rose up before us, dressed in white. noticed a peculiar thing about the gh —it was carrying a shawl strap. As did not know the ghost, we thought would leave. The ghost lunged at us a grabbed us both. It placed one of us the ground and held that one there wi its knee, while it used the shawl str on the other in a very material wa You would never have known that it w a ghost by the way it used the sha strap. The ghost acted more as if were used to an anvil. Once, right the midst of using the shawl strap, t ghost stopped and spit on its hands. had low habits, but we did not reprove i

Finally we wriggled out and got awa Strange as it may seem, after that w

"THE GHOST WAS CARRYING A SHAWL STRAP"

lost all taste for watermelons after dark and even the sight of a shawl strap i daytime made us sick.

The Boston professor can talk up hi bad-air theory of ghosts all that he want to, but he needn't expect us to believe i especially if the ghost is addicted t the shawl-strap habit.

Down by the Deep Blue Sea: Having to do with dreams, mermaids, and such.

## Business

"YOUR brother who waits on the table is much more countrified than ou," remarked the summer boarder. He's a regular rube."

"That isn't my brother," replied the rmer's daughter. "He's an actor papa red in the city to kid the guests."

## Sized Up

*Crawford*—I never thought him an educated man, but I see he's just received an honorary degree from one of the colleges.

*Crabshaw*—Oh, he's probably done something that would get him a vaudeville engagement.

## Confidence

*Mrs. Hobson*—My husband will never tell me how he makes his money.

*Mrs. Dobson*—Perhaps he would, dear, if you'd tell him how you spend it.

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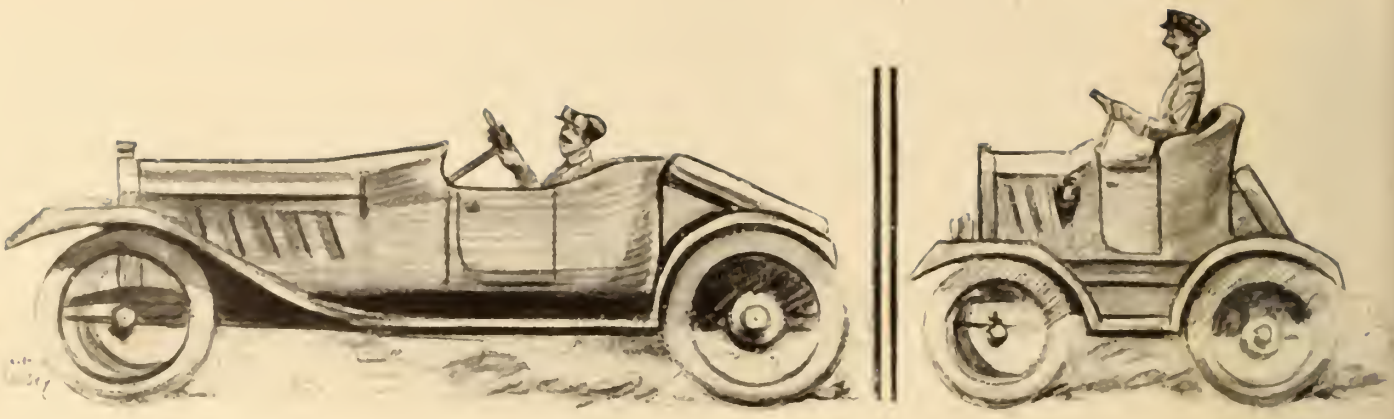
Egotism, like a convex glass, makes us appear ridiculous to others.



This is the way Mr. Buggs thinks he appears in his newly purchased runabout. but to his friends he looks like this

# PROUD OF HIS CAR

## Thoughts of Ambrose Crosslots

IF SOME stories, like some automobils, had self-starters, there'd be more good-natured editors, I'll warrant.

Big things come into the life of a lot of perducers of literature. Them there rejection slips have bin known to measure six inches long an' be square.

All folks like sympathy, but mighty few writers welcome it overly much when it comes from an editor.

A hull bunch of poetry wrote these days don't move anybody 'ceptin' Shakespeare an' other dead folks.

More than a han'ful of people that wield the pen git nuthin' fur their stories but material.

The minds of some poets would make awful light readin'.

Women lick the men to death writin' descriptions of beautiful people. 'Specially women that send descriptions of theirselves to the matrimonial bureaus.

The writin' bizness has bin known to be quit in a hurry. One time a feller tried to write his 'nitials on the left hind ham of a mule, with a brandin' iron. He went out of the writin' bizness an' the world, all to once.—*Leslie Van Every.*

She is called Dame Rumor, because when once started there is no stopping it until it is run down.

THE PICTURE THEY TRIED TO SUPPRESS

## At Forty

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held.
—*Shakespeare.*

WHAT! Forty winters mar her lovely brow
And leave her with no reason to aspire?
Once forty may have been old age, but now
At forty woman still has youthful fire.
The beauty who at twenty-five may please
Declines at thirty to be grim and stout,
While at the hopeful age of forty she's
But fully blown and fairly rounded out.
She dances and she flirts, she charms the eye;
Her careless laughter causes hearts to leap.
The beauty doctors all their arts apply
To keep her furrows from becoming deep.
When forty winters have pursued their course,
She may not even have her first divorce.
—*S. E. Kiser.*

## The Lump's Identity

The whizzing motor car struck a stump, and one of the occupants of the back seat, a lady possessed of considerable embonpoint, executed a neat but not gaudy parabola in the atmosphere and alighted by the roadside like a polypus falling from a shot tower.

"I don't believe I have broken any bones," she stated, in reply to the inquiry of the omnipresent bystander; "but there is a lump on this bank that"——

"Lump—nuthin'!" snarled a smothered voice. "I'm the constable that's going to arrest you gosh-durned joy-riders, if I live!"

## A Little Shy

*Purchaser*—And will he scare at anything?

*Farmer*—M' friend, this hoss is jist afraid o' two things: That he won't get enough to eat, an' that he won't hear when I say, "Whoa!"

THE LAST TRAIN

## The Modern Apartment House

SHE HAD just returned from a theater and supper party to her rooms in a fashionable apartment house. Friends had left her at the door and driven away.

Mechanically she put her hand over her shoulder to unclasp the hooks of the gown, and then it dawned upon her. This was the gown she could not unfasten, and her husband was out of town.

What in the world was she to do? Why hadn't she asked one of the women to unhook the dress under her opera wrap before she left the motor? It was too late to expect any one in the house to be up.

Again and again she tried to reach the elusive bows and hooks—over and under, stooping, and then stretched to her utmost height. It couldn't be done. She sank exhausted on the bed.

Well, anyway, it wouldn't be so awfully long until morning, and maybe she could rest as she was. But it was out of the question.

And then, suddenly, she thought of John—old, feeble John, who had been night elevator man for many years. Maybe—oh, would it be dreadful to ask him? She rang, and presently there came the uneven tread of the old fellow down the hall.

"John, I—I am in trouble. Do you su-suppose, if I backed to the door, that you could unhook this gown?"

And old John, gallantly and with a smile that would have disclosed all his teeth if he had had any, said,

"Indeed, mum, I can. I have done it for every lady in the house."

—*Clifford B. Jones.*

---

Talking about chances for making fortunes, the greatest place for coining money is a mint.

## An Easy Solution

HE HAD proposed. Being a modern young woman, she was arranging settlements and kindly mentioned a few details of personal expenditure.

"But—but," he gasped, "I couldn't possibly support a wife who spent fifteen thousand dollars a year with her dressmaker alone!"

"Ah, I see! Perhaps you would like to meet my dressmaker."

## Informal

He vowed that he loved her the first time they met,
As he kissed her and fondled her hair;
Yet she neither grew angry nor got in a pet—
It was merely a summer affair.

## The Silly Season

*May*—How much longer are you going to stay on your vacation?

*Fay*—Why, my dear, until I'm completely tired out!

## Same Old Cure

All of medicine but this is
Sadly out of date;
Broken hearts are healed by kisses—
Let me demonstrate!

---

Although some men are great mathematicians, woman still remains an unsolved problem

REPENTED

*Ho*—I stole a ride from Philadelphia wanst.

*Bo*—Ye did!

*Ho*—Yis: an' me conscience troubled me so that I took it back th' nixt mornin'.

A FLY COP

## The Quiet Life

ABIJAH JONES, removed from strife,
Just revels in the quiet life.
He is content with simple fare,
And company is caviare.
He never will speak to a maid,
And of all women is afraid.
He thinks that travel is too dear,
And goes to town but once a year.
At cock-crow he will rub his eyes,
And some time later will arise.
Alone with chickens and a hen,
A shoat or two within the pen,
A cow, a yellow dog and mule,
He cares not who the land may rule.
He knows not of things that amuse,
And never once has read the news.
The world's metropolis might sink—
Of sleep he'd never lose a wink.
Volcanoes spouting liquid fire,
Earthquakes with consequences dire,
Elections, wars and mighty haps
For these he does not care two raps.
He owns two acres and a shack,
And with his work is always slack.
He'll putter round when weather lets,
And when it rains he "sets an' sets."
His grub would wreck a bill of fare,
And some would list it as hardware.
The rules of health to him are Greek,
But doctors he needs never seek.
Such life the hygienists mocks,
But there you have the paradox!

—*J. A. Waldron.*

## Definite

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long," gushed the girl.

"Only about three dollars' worth," estimated the young man with the taxicab outside.

## The Reason for It

*Grandma*—In my day girls were more modest and reserved than they are now.

*May*—That's because you were taught that modesty and reserve were more alluring to the men.

## Glad Vacation Time

THE BOY home from school for the summer vacation on the dear old farm rested on his hoe and gazed over across the broad, hay-scented field where the game was going on.

"Ah," said he, sighing, "why are we born? Why lured from eternal nothingness into concrete existence, to buffet the storms of this unkind world? What, then, this problem of human existence with which Science has wrestled futilely for ages?"

And his revered parent, leaning over the fence, said he didn't know; but, all the same, there would be no baseball for sonny that afternoon, and, if he didn't hoe out that 'tater patch before night, there'd be some wrestling done, though, that'd make Science open her eyes if she should chance along by the woodshed that evening.

—*Ed Mott.*

## Philosophical

THE philosophical proprietor of a sea side hotel ended his Rules Bulletin for men thus: "Remember, 'Time and tide wait for no man.' For ladies' rules see other Bulletin."

## Packing-room Comedy

*George*—Rudolf, go downstairs and get me some excelsior.

*Rudolf*—Excelsior! What's that?

*George*—You know, that stuff that looks like hay.

*Rudolf*—Oh, that long sawdust!

## He Makes a Point

"Women will never get the upper hand. Men are too smart."

"Can you point out one instance of men being smarter than women?"

"Well, men don't handicap themselves with clothes that button up the back."

THE GAGMAN

SOME TOYS FOR A GOOD LITTLE GIRL

# For the Good of William

"WILLIAM," said Mrs. Flint gently but firmly to her son-in-law of x weeks on the occasion of her first isit to his home, "I have always said hat if my daughter married I would ever interfere in any way in her home, nd I do not mean to, because I think ich interference always creates trouble; ut, William, I do feel that you smoke ite too many cigars for your good. ou smoked seven between half-past six nd half-past ten last night, and not only it unhealthful for you to smoke so any, but think of the expense of it! hen Helen tells me that you put on a ean shirt every other day, which seems me to be wholly unnecessary, even om the point of cleanliness; and I found the laundry hamper to-day three of our collars without any soil on them orth speaking of. It only makes your undry bills larger and wears out your collars and shirts to have them laundered so often, William. I put those three collars back in your collar drawer of the chiffonier in your room, for there is no sense in sending them to the laundry clean as they are. Then, William, I do think that it is a good deal of an extravagance for you to pay ten cents every time you want your boots polished, when you could polish them in five minutes yourself; and have you ever thought of the great saving it would be if you bought a safety razor and shaved yourself? I saw some real nice-looking ones in a store window yesterday for only thirty-five cents, and I mean to get you one. It will save you twenty-five dollars a year. And it does seem to me, William, that you have so many more ties than you need. I counted thirty-one in your bedroom yesterday, and Helen tells me that you pay two dollars for some of your ties. I don't think that my husband ever in his life paid over seventy-five cents for a tie, and usually he pays but twenty-five. I can get you as good a tie as any man needs for not more than fifty cents. Then Helen tells me that it is you who insists on having all of the food so highly seasoned. It is bad for the digestion and adds to the expense, and I think I shall have to have a talk with the cook about it. I feel sure that it is because of such highly seasoned food that you have such a lot of pimples and—Another thing, William. Don't you think it quite extravagant to pay seventy-five cents and a dollar for your luncheon every day, as Helen tells me that you do? You know that there are so many nice lunch counters and other places where you can get all that you really need for twenty-five cents or even less. My husband often gets a good, nourishing lunch for twenty cents, and often he is not above taking his lunch from home. It would save you a lot if you did that and bought perhaps a glass of milk to go with it. As I say, William, I do not want to meddle or interfere in any way; but I did feel that I ought to speak about a few things that mean so much for your own good. Now that you have your Saturday afternoons off, you might cut your own grass on the lawn and— You going? My goodness! I must speak to him about slamming the door like that. It is apt to break the glass."—*Max Merryman.*

THE AFTERNOON OF HIS LIFE

AFTER THE HYGIENE LECTURE

*Ma*—Gracious me, children, what are you looking for in there?

*Chorus*—Pa's tooth brush!

## The Universal Plan

Remember now, my friend, who art so wise,
The silvery, crescent moon doth keep her bright
Side ever forward as she treads the skies,
In endless, silent journey of the night!
He Who planned the stars meant all the while
Our petty earthly troubles we should hide
Behind the golden flashings of a smile—
And Heaven only see the darker side.

—*Don. Cameron Shafer.*

## Utopian

Pure food, pure water, pure air and pure thoughts lose the jailer his job.

# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Curbstde Comments

*By ORFOLA W. HASKELL*

[illegible]

### Ammunition

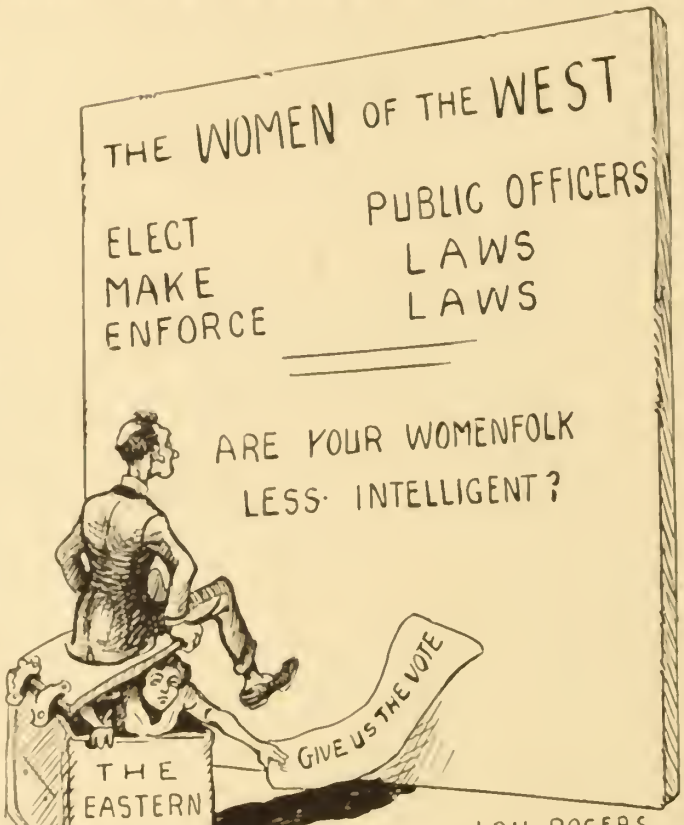
A PROFESSOR at the University of Chicago, lecturing on "The Future of Marriage," says that "it is not psychologically a good thing for one person to be dependent upon the will of another and solely attached to his interests," and that a woman's life "demands some first-hand reaction to the world for the sake of her character and intelligence." Alas, that our educators, who ought to guard the sacred fires of custom and tradition, should thus furnish ammunition that might well be rammed into the verbal gun of the suffragist and aimed at the defenseless head of society! Marriage has been the great woman crusher, and if the mate of man is encouraged to retain and develop her individuality in the bonds of wedlock, what will she not aspire to outside its limits? It is a disquieting thought

### A Crusher

A DETERMINED gentleman rose at a suffragist meeting and said that he was against the giving of the franchise to women for one potent reason. And that was because the married man, having a voting spouse, would have the advantage over an old bachelor who had neglected to provide himself with a female ballot caster. This would certainly be injustice of the worst type. As it is now, we have nothing of a similar character to worry us. We have married men with grown, unmarried sons walking en masse up to the ballot box, and equally worthy benedicts with grown, unmarried daughters who can only wave a handkerchief from the window after pa when he strides forth to do his duty on election day. But this, of course, is all right, because Old Dame Custom stands in the background and her shadow falls in such a way as to quite obscure what would be apparent in the bright light of truth.

### Their Discovery

FOUR young women who went to a city church lately were treated to their just deserts. The evening sermon had been advertised as "An Address to Young People," and the four, all new wage-earners recruited from far-away country towns, went with glad anticipation, thinking the chilliness of the great city would be mitigated by the warmth of the pastor's words. But they discovered that "young people" means strictly young men, that only the latter need the warnings and encouragement of the church, and that it is only their salvation that is important. The tendency of females to consider themselves worthy of mention when men are around is to be deplored. When they come to the front as voters, ministers and statesmen will be less apt to forget they exist. Thus a death blow will be struck at womanly subservience.



FACING A FACT

### Chivalry on a Vacation

HOW TRUE it is, as the antis so often declare, that all women have to do when they want anything, from a needle to a nomination, is to ask men for it. Chivalry is so powerful that political power is but a pale shadow beside it. This was illustrated lately, when women, relying on a promise made to them by a fire commissioner that there would be six vacancies in the fire prevention bureau to which women would be appointed, devoted time and money to preparing themselves for the examination. Although they were placed on the eligible list by the Civil Service Commission and had already showed their fitness for the positions by serving satisfactorily as temporary inspectors, the fire commissioner all at once bashfully preferred John to Jane and nobly distributed patronage to his own sex. Perhaps his chivalry was taking a vacation, or perchance he remembered that men need the jobs because they have to provide themselves with more necessities of life, like cigars and cocktails, than women do.

### Knights of Toil

THE workingman of America is quite unconscious of the damage he is doing, is coming forward more and more as an advocate of suffrage. Twenty State federations of labor have indorsed the principle, union after union is inviting women to address it on the subject and is passing resolutions in its favor and prominent leaders have put themselves on record as ardent champions of the cause.

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Women of Mount Auburn, Ill., cast [illegible] per cent of the vote at a recent election

## The Tired Man and Votes for Women

*By ELINOR BYRNS*

THE AVERAGE man has found many articles on woman suffrage in his favorite newspaper of late. Those he hasn't skipped for the financial reports and the sporting news have caused him vaguely to realize that out in the West, where they pass all kinds of what he calls wild-cat legislation, they have been letting the women vote. But the recent action of Illinois and of the United States Senate has made him sit up and take notice. What if, for once, the Western men have started a fashion, which will spread Eastward, by recognizing in their women a tremendous force for good in the State? Of course the Eastern man knows his wife is as intelligent as the Western woman; but hasn't he been lacking in efficiency methods in not utilizing her intelligence for municipal and State housekeeping as well as in her own home? So the tired business man is beginning to meditate; but he won't be left long to his deliberations, for the Eastern woman is going to surprise him into giving her a vote before he knows it, if he doesn't hurry to offer one to her.

# Amusing Stories About Well Known Persons.

## Why It Is Nude

X-SECRETARY MEYER, of the navy, at a Newport luncheon, answered an eresting question.

'Why," asked a naval cadet, "do we vays speak of the 'naked' truth?"

The Secretary smiled in his characteric way.

'There is an ancient fable, and one ry appropriate to this hot weather,

ich tells us that on a summer afternn Truth and Falsehood set out to bathe gether. They found a crystal spring, y bathed in the cool, fresh water, and lsehood, emerging first, clothed herself the garments of Truth and went her y. But Truth, unwilling to put on the b of Falsehood, departed naked. And this day Falsehood wears Truth's fair, ite robes, so that many persons mise her for Truth's very self; but poor ıth still goes naked."

## Pleased To Meet Him

Representative Howard, of Georgia, ore he went to Congress, was a dict attorney. On one occasion he was secuting a case in which a number of groes were involved. One of the nees had agreed to turn State's evidence l had explained all about the affair to . Howard.

The other negroes in the case learned t this one had promised to go on the ness stand against them, and they ghtened him so that the poor negro ided that he would rather brave the

ger of the law than the vengeance of accomplices.

On the day of the trial, Mr. Howard gan cross-examining the negro. "Now, n," he said, "tell what you know ut what Tom Jones had to do with s case."

'I don't know nothin', sir," declared witness.

'Well, what do you know about Will nson?" asked Mr. Howard.

"I don't know nothin'," answered the witness determinedly.

"Why, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Howard, "don't you remember what you told me that evening down in the jail, and how I promised you that you should not be punished if you would tell all you knew about these others?"

"No, sir," said the negro, "I don't remember nothin' 'tall 'bout it. I never seed you before."

"Sam," said the district attorney harshly, "you do know me. I am Mr. Howard, the district attorney."

The witness rose from his chair, made a sweeping bow in the direction of the district attorney, and said very politely, "Mr. Howard, I'se pleased to meet you, sir, I'se pleased to meet you."

## Too Many "Js" in His Church

The Rev. Marion Law, of Providence, R. I., who recently took his parishioners to task because in so many of their homes the front-door bells were out of order, thereby causing him to waste much time while making pastoral calls, appreciates

a good joke even though it be "on" himself. He recently commented on the fact that the name of Jenks is very common in the city. Soon after he came to St. Paul's, he continues, he remarked to a lady of that name,

"Nearly all the 'Js' in this church are members of the Jenks family."

To which she replied, in icy tones,

"Thank you, sir."

The rector did not quite see the reason for this sudden frigidity, till he repeated the sentence over to himself; then for good measure he recalled to the woman the story of how difficult it was for the heathen Chinese to pronounce the Christian name of Professor Jeremiah Jenks.

"It makes us think of the memorable occasion," said Dr. Law, "when Tudor Jenks, the writer, was haled into court as a witness.

"'Name?' demanded the clerk.

"'Tudor Jenks,' replied the witness.

"'What?'

"'Tudor Jenks.'

"Here the stern judge intervened. 'Witness will at once stop making funny noises and tell the court his name.'"

## Seen, but Not Heard

On one occasion, while Representative George Price, of Minnesota, was electioneering, he spoke before an audience composed of Swedes and Norwegians. Mr. Price noticed that they were unusually quiet and attentive, and, being pleased with their attention, he made an especial effort to give them a good speech.

After the meeting was over, Mr. Price

was talking with a friend of his, a resident of the section. He confided to his friend his belief that he must have impressed his hearers and his delight at having so respectful and attentive an audience. The friend listened in silence for a time with a quizzical smile on his face. At last he said, "For heaven's sake, George, don't say that to any one else! That crowd just came to see you because you are a real, live congressman and they had never seen one before. They can't understand a word of English."

## Art and Climate

Colonel H. O. Heistand, of the army, is also a painter of much merit. One day, when stationed on Governor's Island, after returning from the Philippines, a raw recruit saw his painting of Galatea just before she stepped out of the marble into the flesh — a very lifelike work. The soldier looked at it in silence.

"What's the matter?" inquired the artist. "Don't you like the picture?"

"It's fine, colonel; the finest I ever see!" he replied enthusiastically. "When

are you going to send it to the Philippines?"

"Not at all. Why do you ask that?"

"Because she looks to me like she was dressed for that climate, sir."

## True

Doubtless it is true that Modest Worth is formidable in a Marathon; but it seldom does well in a short dash.

# LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

All Change Here

*Host* (showing family portraits, proudly)—Portrait of my great-uncle—lost an arm at Waterloo.

*Youth* (hopelessly bored)—Putrid place, Waterloo! Lost my golf clubs there last week.—*Sketch* (London).

The Quarrel

*Er*—Schon wieder eine neue Toilette—man möchte aus der Haut fahren!

*Sie*—Na, tu's doch! Dann lass ich mir einen Gürtel und eine Handtasche draus machen!

*He*—What! Another new dress! That's enough to make me jump out of my skin!

*She*—Why don't you do it? Then I can have a belt and a handbag made of it.—*Ulk* (Berlin).

At the Junk Market

"Vous voulez rire? Six sous un peigne qu'a plus qu'deux dents!"

"Pour ce prix là, vous voudriez peut-être un ratelier avec?"

"Are you joking? Six cents for a comb with only two teeth left!"

"Perhaps at that price you expect a full set of teeth into the bargain?"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Malicious

"Ich fühle mich nicht recht wohl, Herr Doktor. Glauben Sie, dasz ich heute nachmittag in ein Kaffeekränzchen gehen kann?"

"Gewisz, gewisz, meine Gnädige—die Zunge ist ja gut!"

"I don't feel quite well, doctor. Do you think I could go to a coffee party this afternoon?"

"Certainly, miss. Your tongue is all right."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Ingenious

*Lady*—You told me I need not take out a license for the dog till the end of the year, and now they've sent me a summons.

*Fancier*—Them revenue people will do hanythink, lady. I sold a genelman a parrot larst week, an' they summoned 'im for keeping a dog without a license just becos the bird 'appened to 'ave a 'usky voice.—*Punch* (London).

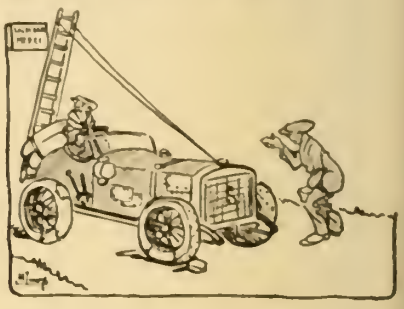
An Intimation

"Sie wollen einen Roman schreiben, Fräulein Lilly. Dazu müssen Sie aber erst selbst mal einen erlebt haben?"

"Ich warte auch solange damit!"

"You would like to write a romance, Miss Lilly? In order to do that, you must first have personal experience in one."

"I am willing to wait for that."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).



The Foxy Chauffeur

"Ben quoi! t'es pas fou, t'emportes un échelle"

"T'occupes pas, vieux—c'est pour monter les cotes"

"What! Are you crazy? You take ladder along?"

"Never mind, old fellow. It's to climb the hills."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

Hints to Climbers: How To Attract Notic

Follow notable people about at publ functions (Ascot, for instance), and, i they arrive within range of the snap shooter, adroitly contrive to be in th picture, so as to appear in next week photographic papers under the heading "The Duke and Duchess of Dumpshir and Friend."—*Punch* (London).

AND YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH

# Interrupting an Outing in Folly

*By ROBERT P. HARRISON*

THE PRETTY little French waitress hovered about as Mrs. Wallston found a seat at a table on the lawn at the Roadside Inn. Adroitly, that same little waitress, scenting trouble, had directed Mrs. Wallston's steps to a table a little removed from the crowd of gayly dressed seekers of refreshments, who gave such an appearance of life and summer coloring to the scene.

"Can I serve you, madam?" said the maid softly.

"Yes. Bring me a seltzer and lemon."

"At once, madam."

"Waitress, just a moment, please," said Mrs. Wallston, scarcely lifting her voice. "Just what kind of a roadhouse is this?"

"A var-r-ry charming place, madam; the air is so pure, the gentlemen say the golf links are var-r-ry interesting, the food is supairb, and the wine excellent."

"I do not mean as an advertisement, but as to its character."

"Oh, madam expects to meet some one here?"

"Yes; my husband."

"Unexpectedly to him—yes?"

"Why do you say that?"

"That is the only way wives meet their husbands here. Too bad, is it not? Perhaps if wives would arrange to meet their husbands here, with an understanding, surprise meetings would not be so necessary."

"How did you know that I am to surprise my husband?"

"Madam is not happy. Madam is here to confront her husband. I am sorry. Every wife should be happy," said the waitress, industriously polishing the top of the table to hide her own embarrassment at the frankness of her speech.

"Wait until you are a wife."

"I am married, madam. My husband and I do not always agree, but we make it up, in each other's arms—for every wife, if she wills it so, is supre-e-eme."

"But if your husband were paying attention to another woman?"

"I would love him back. A wife with a fine figure and a beautiful face like madam's should be ashamed to let another woman win her husband. Did madam ever notice that the woman a man follows off is always uglier than his wife?"

"Yes. Why does he go?"

"Because the other woman loves him or pretends to, while the wife ceases to even pretend, so long as she thinks it unnecessary. In the city I once worked at a hotel, as a maid. Often I have seen a husband and wife from some country town come to the city. While there, does the wife

make it gay for the husband? No. She shops. She is tired. She is busy thinking what to spend her husband's money for. For the first time for weeks the husband is at leisure. He is delight. He brace up. He gets theater tickets, orders taxicabs, excellent dinners. Madam takes it all as a matter of course. When monsieur would pet her, she is cool. She—what you call it—refrigerates him. So he find himself lonely, disappointed, and go home broke.

"Again the husband comes to the city—this time with a pretty girl friend. Is she cool? No. Is she busy, shop, shop? No. She joy-rides, goes to theater with him, smiles and smiles and smiles at monsieur at dinner. When it is over, he has spent his money, but he has had good time. You think he not notice the differ-r-ence?"

"Horrors! Nothing could justify such conduct in a man!"

"But it happens so often, madam."

"Wives are so often misunderstood by their husbands. No man understands a woman."

"But every woman understands every man, madam. We pretend that love is woman's whole existence—I have read that in a story—but it is not true. We are calculating. A man is all sentiment—under his skin. He can be led. A wife must lead. To lead, she must love him."

"But my husband is coming here to-day to meet a chorus girl—that is, he came here to play golf, and she is coming out in his car later. The plan was reported to me, and I came here to confront him; then I shall leave him."

"Will madam be advised by me?"

"You seem to have queer views, but you seem sensible. Yes. What am I to do?"

"I will bring you paper and pen. You are to write a note to monsieur. I will cause it to be delivered to him on the golf links. In the note you are to say that you are in Room 22 of this tavern and he must come to you."

"Oh, I could not do that! What would he say?"

"You will be the one to say. He will come, never fear—scared to death. You are to say that you got lonely for him, that you wanted to have a lark with him, that you wanted to get away from home, where you could be all by yourselves."

PUGILISTIC

The first event of the evening was a heavyweight struggle ending in a draw

A GERMANIC ANSWER

*Futsier*—That 's right; walk all over my feet!
*Germania*—Vell, vy don'd you stand vere you 're standing?

"But dare I do it?"

"You cannot—pardon, madam—do anything else. At firs he will be scared, then puzzled, then a little angry; then he will note that madam has on a pretty negligee costume—whicl I will furnish you—and he will take you in his arms and you will come to a happy understanding. After a good dinner, you will motor home in the moonlight."

"And the chorus girl?'

"I will meet her."

"Give me the pen and paper. Hurry!"

## Just Like It

*He*—There are nine members of my family, and we are just like a baseball team.

*She*—What position does your father play?

*He*—Father is the pitcher—the other eight support him.

*She*—And your mother?

*He*—She is the catcher. Whenever anything happens, mother always catches it.

*She*—What a queer family—just like a ball team!

*He*—Yes; we live on a farm, and my little brothers play in the outfield.

## Simple Arithmetic

"Why do some people count on their fingers, do you suppose?"

"Because they're the handiest thing, I guess."

THE INCOMING TIDE

## Summer Dips

'OGETHER, in the rolling sea,
They went in bathing, she and he.

"I love you, dearest one," he said.
Said she, "Don't get beyond your head."

She wore a fetching bathing suit—
Most beautiful she looked, and cute.
e sighed, "Your heart I want to keep."
ıe answered, "My! it's getting deep!"

nd, as the waves about them play'd,
'is thus he pleaded with the maid:
My love, dear girl, pray never doubt."
nd her reply was, "Please swim out."

e led her safely to the shore.
ıe smiled and said, "Well, au revoir!
thank you for my bathing trip."
ext day she had another "dip."

—*Tom W. Jackson.*

## As Far as He Could Go

"I," she said, "can trace my ancestry ıck to armor and shirts of mail."

"I started to trace my ancestry back ıce," he replied, "but my wife made e stop when I got to shirt sleeves and veralls."

## Until

"Do you think it a good plan for one to ıy as he goes?"

"Yes; until he goes for good!"

## Headquarters

"Do you have as much trouble finding your cuff and collar buttons as you used to?"

"No; I always find 'em in one place now."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I go to the vacuum cleaner."

## In Vacation Time

The dish had just run away with the spoon.

"Jones wouldn't wash us while his wife was away," they explained.

---

Many people get their only rise in life through the assistance of an elevator.

RETRIBUTION

*Mr. Monk*—What 's he in for? *Jailer*—Going around claiming to be descended from us.

## Fortune's Wheel

A ROGUE has for years run a gambling wheel—

You know him; Dan Cupid's his name—
And writers of poetry and fiction all spiel
For this villain's nefarious game.

And every one comes with the coin of his heart,
And every one pays in advance,
Though the least observation should prove from the start
That not one in a score has a chance;

For plain are the signs that no player may miss,
Of loneliness, woe and divorce;
Still, every one fancies that riches or bliss
Will be his as a matter of course.

Oh, the hearts that are lost on that engine of guile,
More cruel than the torturous rack!
But somebody wins every once in a while,
And that keeps us all coming back.

—*Evelyn Marie Stuart.*

CHILDHOOD'S PROMISE

"Mother, dear, when I grow up I 'm goin' to buy ye all the candy ye want, an' a new dress, an' a nautomobile, an' lots o' things. Aren't I kind to ye?"

## She Lost It

*Mistress* (hurrying frantically)—Mary, what time is it now?

*Maid*—Half-past two.

*Mistress*—Oh, I thought it was later! I still have twenty minutes to catch the steamer.

*Maid*—Yes, mum. I knew ye'd be rushed, so I set the clock back thirty minutes, to give ye more time.

"SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT"

## Some Hints to Those Contemplating a Literary Career

HAVING borrowed, rented or bought a typewriter, secure paper to fit it, and your working outfit will be complete. No other trade needs as few and simple tools as literature.

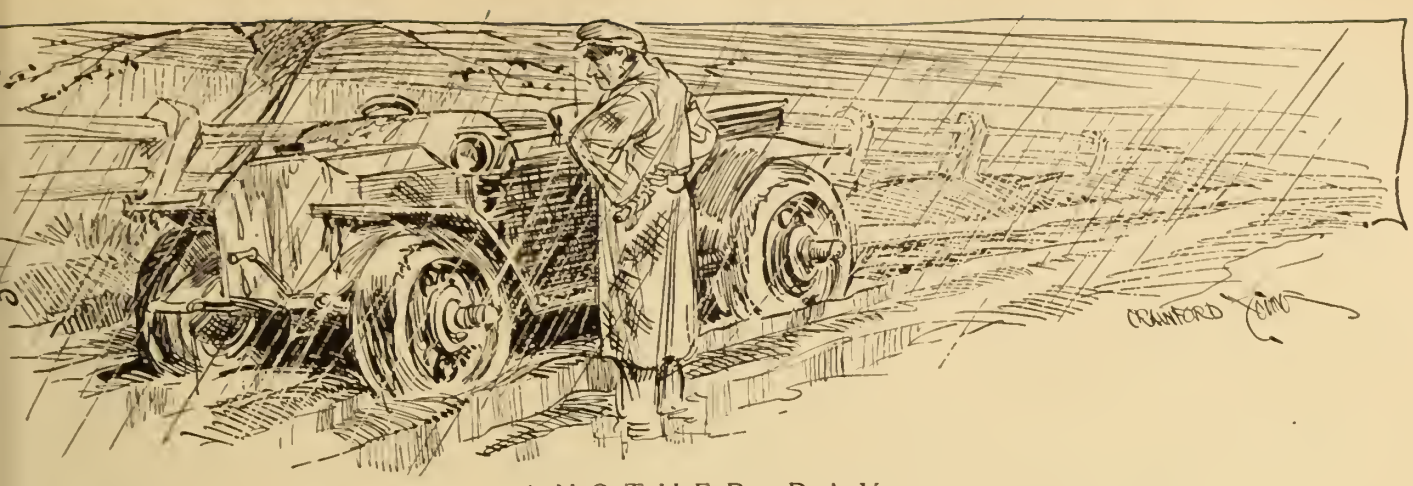
If your fancy leads you toward the field of journalism, first purchase a newspaper plant. Having this, you will be sure that whatever you write will get into print or somebody will lose his job. It is, you will discover if you neglect this important first step, one thing to write and quite another to get into print. This neglect is one of the chief causes of unhappiness among writing people to-day.

If you feel inspired to write only poetry and fiction, it will not be necessary to purchase a newspaper plant. You may purchase, instead, a magazine plant, which will answer every purpose and give you more time to think. You need not fear the prejudice or pleasure of editors if you own the groundwork. You won't even have to inclose stamped envelope for return. Mark your manuscript "Must," add your initials, and, when th editor gets it, no questions will be aske If there are, it is your duty to bounce th editor.

If journalism, poetry or short stori do not appeal to your wider vision, an you feel that you must write books in o der to satisfy your craving for expres sion, you may well ignore newspaper an magazine plants and purchase a hook publishing plant, with all its potential ities. Having this secured, when yo write a hook—novel or otherwise, inclu ing volumes of verse—you need not ma the manuscript to the puhlisher or hire literary agent or do any of those thing which you would be compelled to do i you did not follow the advice here given. All you would have to do woul be to hand the copy to the office-hoy, wit instructions to take it to the foreman o the composing-room and tell him to ge it into type and on the press ahead o anything else in the office. After whic you could go away in your nifty tourin car, and presently, up in the mountai or down by the sea, you would hear nea literary persons talking about the late book by the distinguished author, etc.

Many aspiring literary writers fail b cause they neglect the simple advice o fered here to all, free of charge, and th have no one to blame except themselve though most of them blame it on the e itors, who don't know literature wh they see it.

—*W. J. Lampton*

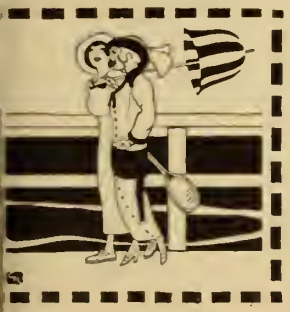



ANOTHER DAY

*Stalled motorist*—And only yesterday I was fined twenty-five dollars for breaking the speed laws!

## Still More Humorous

"I USED to admire, in a way, the effervescent humor of Sut Lovingood," confessed the Old Codger; "and it hit me as a masterly effort on the part of Artemus Ward to stand, overcoated and mittened, off yonder in the edge of the oods, at half-past one o'clock on a cold ght, and yell in a heartrending wail, ıtil his brother arose from sleep, and, ad in little but goose flesh and keen ap-ehension, opened the window, to have e festive Artemus shout an inquiry as whether or not he believed slavery was rong. For a long time I contended that e output of those two humorists was excruciatingly silly and monumentally iotic that it could never be beaten. ıt I changed my mind the other night, ıen I heard an old-time wheel-horse litician state his reasons why women ould not vote."



### Inexperience

Iennie," said he, "believe it true—
ıever loved any girl but you."
Oh, Fred," she answered, "I'm sure of this;
ɔu make such work when you try to kiss."

### Practical

*Mrs. W.*—Odd invitations Mrs. Reid ıued for the coming nuptials of her ughter—just written affairs, with the st line reading, "Mrs. L. W. Reid re-ests the honor of your presents," etc.
*Mr. W.*—Truthful, at any rate.

## A Double-action Alarm

HEMMANDHAW'S face wore a worried look.

"I'm in trouble," he said. "I don't seem to be able to get up early in the morning."

"Why don't you get yourself a nice little alarm clock?" the head bookkeeper suggested.

"I did; but I didn't hear the thing when it went off."

"Then why don't you get a big one?"

"I did that, too, and it made me lose too much time."

"Made you lose time?"

"Yes; it rang so loudly that it awakened the man in the next room, and he always beat me to the washroom."

### Not a Detector

*Husband*—Mary, it seems that every time you get a bill changed, you get a piece of bad money shoved on you.

*Wife*—Maybe so, Henry; but I handle so little, I don't know the difference.

### Tranquillity

Quiet! Secretary Bryan did not make a speech on the Fourth of July. He stayed in Washington. It was a quiet Fourth.

## The New Woman

*Mrs. Knicker*—Are you going to take a course in a business college?

*Mrs. Bocker*—Yes; I want to find out how to get more money out of Jack.

---

Baseball players are much opposed to the high ball, as it often puts them out.

VERY REALISTIC

*Near-sighted aunt* (whose nephew is viewing her portrait painted by Miss de Brush)—Jack, don't you think that the expression around the mouth is fine?

# WATCHING OUR FUNNY WORLD GO BY

By HOMER CROY

## Canine Obsequies

THE OTHER day a Pomeranian belonging to a rich family in Philadelphia was covered with a silken shroud and buried in a silver-trimmed rosewood coffin, beneath a tree in the family's country place. The Pomeranian had fallen down an elevator shaft and broken its neck. If we had a Pomeranian and it passed to the great beyond, we wouldn't bother about the silken shroud, and the day in August would have to be so cold that the thermometers would be wearing mufflers and pulse warmers before we would furnish a Pomeranian a silver-trimmed rosewood casket for the last sad rites. Our hair will never turn white in one terrible, racking night from grief over a Pomeranian that has joined the silent majority. We have a sneaking suspicion that the next morning we would get up refreshed and ready to go to a double-header. We have never liked Pomeranians, and, if the truth must be known, we wouldn't care if somebody left every elevator door on the shaft open. We wouldn't be harsh and uncompromising with the person—in fact, we might take him along to the game with us.

## Fried Chicken as a Thought Producer

THE wife of the Governor of Indiana has discovered that fried chicken is a brain food. The brilliant editor of this page was pleased to learn this. Ever since he was a small boy he has been devoted to fried chicken. In fact, almost lives on it. So it is easy to see that there is something in the Governor's wife's idea.

## At Home to a Snapping Turtle

A MAN in Cairo, Ill., has a pond of tame turtles. When he whistles, they will come up and let him stroke them on the head.

We have no desire to spend our vacation with this Cairo gentleman, sitting on the bank, stroking his pets on the head. We know too much about the habits and peculiarities of snapping turtles to sigh to run our hand over their low, retreating foreheads.

One time Turkey-egg Culp had a snapping turtle set its teeth into the calf of his leg, and they had to put lye into the turtle's eyes to make it let go. We laughed like everything and said that it was a good one on Turkey-egg, but we laughed too soon.

One day we slipped down under the wagon bridge and went swimming all by ourself. We always liked to swim especially where we shouldn't. Stolen swims are always sweetest.

We had got just comfortably muddy, when we stepped on something round and hard. It moved, and so we felt around with our toe to see what it was. We were no time in finding out. We had put our toe where it did not belong. Our toe had got into a turtle's mouth. When a turtle once takes hold, it has made permanent arrangements. We crawled out and tapped the turtle on the back, but he merely blinked his cold, unfeeling eyes and tightened his lips. We did not like his attitude toward us.

We felt heartily ashamed of ourself for having laughed at Turkey-egg Culp. We resolved never to laugh at any other boy who should be similarly situated.

We resorted to harsher measures. We took up a club and rapped the turtle sharply on the back. He blinked his eyes at us in astonishment, but did not offer to let bygones be bygones. We hit him athwart the shoulders. A look of pained surprise came into his eyes, but he did not remove his teeth. He did not have any the best of us when it came to looks of pained surprise. Our heart went out to Turkey-egg, who had suffered like a martyr.

Time after time we beat the turtle over the back with abandon, but it did not deter him one jot or tittle. The turtle was deaf to all reason. Never before had we known that a lowly turtle had such determination. However, we did not stop to praise it.

We began to yell and roll over on the bank This was not to amuse the turtle, but because it hurt so. Turkey-egg wa a hero.

We knew there was no way to get th turtle to where there was lye. So w raised our voice louder than ever. farmer, taking his family to town, dre up his team and came running down th bank with his knife open. He seized th turtle and began sawing at its jugula vein. Although the turtle was at a lo to understand this, it did not offer to r lease its toe hold. We could see at one that the man rarely sharpened his knif but we did not reprove him. The blad of the knife had tobacco stains on it, bu we did not ask the man what kind of t bacco he used. Although naturally w had a great aversion for tobacco, w stood the sight of this quite well.

As we sat there while the man saw on, we tried to think of pleasant thing and to bear the turtle no malice; but, spite of our better nature, we could n help wishing it an early death. Final the saw worked its way through the nec of the turtle, and at last its body wa detached; but its head kept right on wi the creature's plans. The man got stick and pried its teeth apart. We to our toe out at once.

Our toe was not its graceful self. looked worse for the wear. Time ha ruffled it.

A turtle is all right, but, no differenc how sweet a disposition it had, we cou never become attached to it. The would always be the lurking fear th it would become attached to us. Turtl may make faithful and loving pets f aught we know, but personally we nev pine for the society of turtles.

"THEY HAD TO PUT LYE INTO THE TURTLE'S EYES TO MAKE IT LET GO"

# Dame Fashion's Merry-go-round

MAJUS, chief philosopher on Mars, had just finished a casual observation of the earth and addressed his class in wisdom:

"I find little that is essential of difference between those called benighted and those called civilized on that planet," he said. "I have, in my former lectures, told you of strange things that have come under my observation as to earth's creatures called human; but, benighted or civilized, they are much alike. They all love, hate, worry and scheme, make merry or are sad, as the mood seizes them. I have told you of their wars and their individual crimes that denote their crudeness in the scale of development. I have just given special attention to one phase of their life that is astonishing. Benighted or civilized, they all have idols, and charms, incantations, fetishes and the like control them.

"The fetish of the civilized," continued Majus, "is called Fashion, whose deity is a woman of tyrannical temper. Every whim of this dame is religiously obeyed. Women are her more willing creatures. What she can do with them is shown in the present uses they make of her decrees. They are always enticingly tricked out to hypnotize men, but just now Fashion seems a phase of madness. After due time I shall make another observation, but I am afraid that soon women will wear no clothes whatever. They went naked ages ago, before man's ingenuity produced fabrics. I need not tell you, oh, my pupils, that there was less wickedness on earth when its inhabitants wore nothing whatever than there is now. It is not that clothes mean sin, but the use that is made of clothes.

"Man himself is not immune to the influence of this dame called Fashion. The more refined and the more prosperous the circle in which he moves, the greater is his regard for her laws. In the best circumstances man wears this or that fabric, in infinite variety, made in such and such shapes. These shapes change with great frequency, for no reason whatever beyond Fashion's vagary. And, from habit, man thus clothed looks down upon his fellow who may not have the price of a new outfit. There was once a belief on earth that brains, ability, genius or whatever you may call real superiority would always rise above superficial circumstances. That was before clothing, at the command of Dame Fashion, dominated humanity. Now a modishly cut, expensive fabric on the male body discounts a hatful of brains or a virtuosity of acquirement. Clothes of the right sort will carry a man with a head like a cocoanut past the gate guarded by an office-boy who calls the janitor to fire a shabby human phenomenon from the premises.

"This observance of Fashion," continued Majus, "is as silly as a merry-go-round, which it resembles. The dame cracks the whip, holds the hoop, and women struggle with one another to please her, while the men move the machine and furnish the wherewithal for endless clothes and garnishing."

"But the men, then," quoth Simplus, one of Majus's pupils, "must be regarded as kind to the women, must they not, even though they themselves in a lesser measure follow Fashion, if they will labor thus to please them?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Majus. "But the social system on

earth is a thing that must be long observed, if one would search out its contradictory details and draw any philosophical lesson therefrom. As I have informed you, what inhabitants of earth call matrimony has phases that confound even Martian philosophy. It is so confused by what they call divorce that even the judges in human courts are kept guessing. And you can't measure man by superficial circumstances. He may labor at the merry-go-round and sweat, apparently with the sole object of providing his wife, who is riding on it, with richer and better attire than her neighbors can afford; yet a detective may discover that he is at the same time buying even richer stuffs for some chorus girl or other damsel, with whom he feasts and makes merry."

"Does he feast with the chorus girl or other damsel in the same way he feasts with his wife?" asked Simplus, who seemed to embody the curiosity of Majus's students.

"Nay, verily not," replied Majus. "With the chorus girl or other damsel he commands strange fare, like certain species of wild birds savored by fire, paste made from the livers of geese, a peculiar crustacean called the lobster and various liquids that inspire a brief joy, but are quickly followed by melancholy and depression."

"Will you not, oh, great Majus, tell us something about the crustacean called the lobster?" asked Simplus, while the other pupils looked approval.

"Not during this moon," was Majus's reply. "I shall touch on the lobster when I again treat of other aberrations of men of earth, some of whom lobsters—though in appearance they are very different—temperamentally and in habit resemble."

—*J. A. Waldron.*

## Anxious To Make a Date

"Won't you call to-morrow evening?" she asked. "Father will be away."

"Oh, I don't mind your father," he replied; "but if your butler ever has a night off, let me know and I'll drop in."

Oft expectation fails, and most oft where most it promises. — *All's Well That Ends Well*, Act ii, Scene 1.

AN INDUCEMENT

*Mrs. Rose*—You are positive that Mrs Blank wishes to buy this gown?

*Madam*—Oh, yes, Madam! She will to-morrow return if she this evening her husband can persuade.

*Mrs. Rose*—Very well, then. I'll take it.

## The Goat

BE KIND to the goat. Not the mountain goat that hurdles the rocks for pastime, not the backyard goat that dines on tin cans and comic supplements, not the lodge goat that willingly boosts a new member through the first degree, nor yet the ancient satyr that wore pegtop trousers of his own woolery and spent his time with forest chickenry, flutes and rah-rah juice; but the modern, human goat. We can't give a precise definition, because there are so many kinds of him; but, by way of parenthesis, he is usually the poor mutt who has to be satisfied with the bouillon off boiled eggs, while another guy eats the eggs. Like charity, he suffereth long and is kind, and vaunteth not himself; in fact, he is afraid to vaunt, because vaunts come back with compound interest to boomerang him. He wants to be a comrade, but every one takes him for a clown, and his eyes are always focused on the tall timbers. The goat is an abused man, and, come to think of it, we all feel abused one way or the other. Therefore, with the finality of resistless logic, be kind to the goat.

—*George W. Parker.*

## Doublesome Cucumbers

A vaudeville contortionist was "limbering up" in his dressing-room, when a laundryman, who happened to open the door by mistake, stepped across the threshold and stood spellbound, watching the performer, who was apparently tied in a knot on top of his trunk.

Noticing the look of consternation on the face of the unintentional intruder, and resolving to have some fun at his expense, the contortionist assumed a look of deepest agony and groaned weakly.

"By gravy, that's the last time I'll ever eat cucumbers for supper!"

## Staged

*Tommy*—What's the picture of health, dad?

*Crabshaw*—That's the illustration you see in a patent-medicine ad labeled "After Taking."

## SUBURBAN NOTE

Doctor Stork has had so much business since he came to Bunnie Cliffe that he has been compelled to buy an automobile to keep up with his practice. N. B. Orders by telephone or wireless carefully executed.

### Delaying the Law

HOW in the world will you dig up more evidence to get me a new al?"

"Don't worry about that," replied the wyer. "All you have to do is to dig more money."

DIDN'T TEST THEM

*Tom*—And how did you find Gibralter? Are its fortifications really so impregnable?

*Sam*—I don't know. I didn't try to take it.

### Prince Charming

"And you really once saw a prince?"

"Yes."

"Oh," she exclaimed, clasping her nds and gazing with awe into the eyes at had looked upon royalty, "what was doing?"

"Trying to balance a chair on his chin amuse a chorus girl."

### Under the Trees

st at that time in love's young dream
When you're disposed to hug,
is not nice to hear her scream,
'Let go! There is a bug!"

### Hunches

Faint art never made one lady fair.

If there were a market for afterthoughts, most of us would be rich.

An opportunity is a thing which will slide by without any special lubrication.

Truth is more of a stranger than fiction.

### His Fatal Error

"Well, Wildboys has himself to thank for his troubles. He mistook license for liberty."

"Eh? How's that?"

"Marriage license."

### Dog Days

Just now, the pup
With brains endowed
Will stay "Far From
The Madding
Crowd."

---

More men are up in air daily than go by the flying machine.

### Mad Maiden Millicent

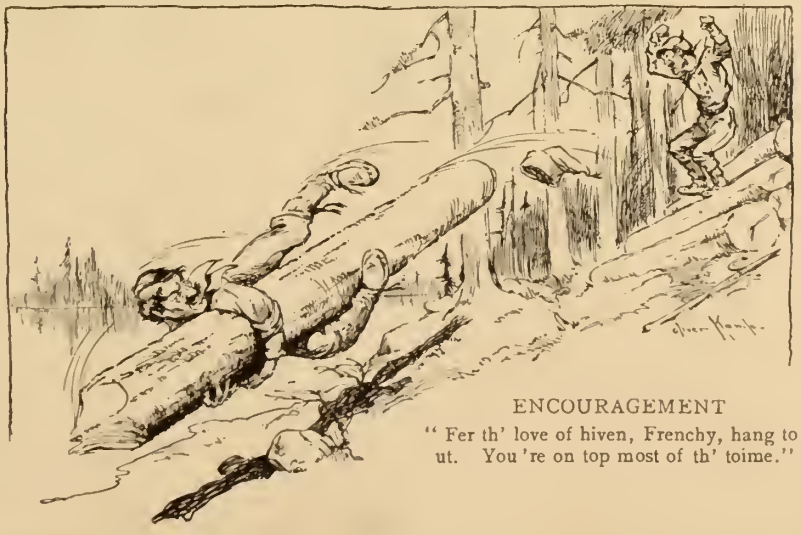
WILLIE met with merry Milly,
In the season that was silly,
And they wandered willy-nilly
On the sands.
At the outset she was chilly,
As becomes a proper filly,
And continued so until he
Held her hands.

Milly learned to call him Billy,
When the nights were calm and stilly,
As they strolled the roadway hilly,
Quite alone;
And he christened her his Lily—
Flowery name which brought such thrill he
Wouldn't rest till maiden Milly
Vowed him Own.

Summer nearly over, Willie
Promised he would send a billet
Deux to Milly's domicil-ee,
With some chink,
So that she might fly to Philly
And amalgamate with Billy.
Will Willie keep his promise? Will he?
I don't think!—*A. Walter Utting.*

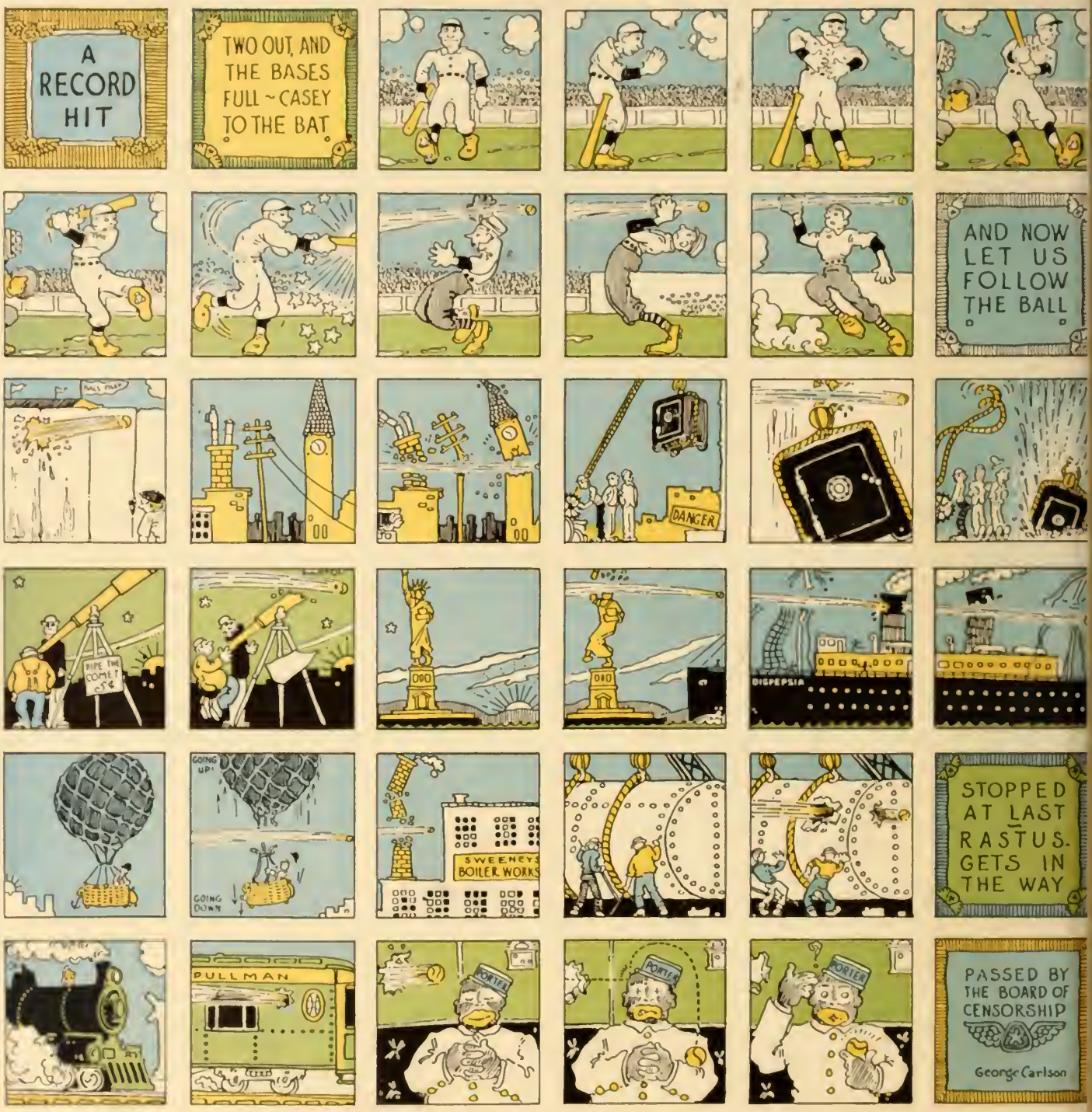
### Egg View Note

Ambrose Crosslots says: "Defeat stares more fellers in the back than in the face."



ENCOURAGEMENT

"Fer th' love of hiven, Frenchy, hang to ut. You're on top most of th' toime."




"A Record Hit"; or, when the mighty Casey did not strike out

## Temporarily Handicapped

*Mr. Doughleigh*—I met that French nobleman, Count de Brie, to-day.

*Dotty Doughleigh*—Really! Is he a brilliant conversationalist?

*Mr. Doughleigh*—Well, no, not at present. He has rheumatism in his shoulders.

## And Had Found Out Her Name

"What is his trouble?"

"Aphasia."

"I thought there was a woman in the case."

Many serious mishaps overtake those who attempt to shoot Folly as she flies

## Stung!

*Mrs. Stylus*—The doctor said that must take plenty of exercise. He a vised me to do a lot of walking.

*Mr. Stylus*—Sensible advice! I hop you will follow it.

*Mrs. Stylus*—Yes. But I need a ne walking dress.

# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Curbside Comments

*By OREOLA W. HASKELL*

With bugles and with banners, the suffrage cohorts go,
And I, a watcher on the curb, look out for weal or woe,
And note what word the gaping world in passing may bestow.

### Kansas Consciences

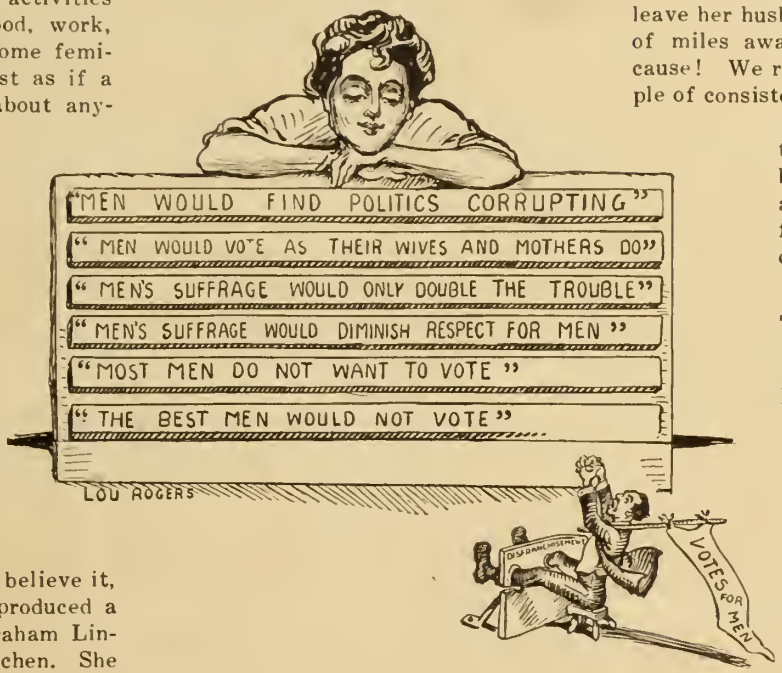
KANSAS suffragists, having secured the vote, are busy promoting a school for women voters. The headquarters are at Lawrence, and the course of study includes all governmental activities in connection with health, food, work, etc. This shows the troublesome feminine conscience at work. Just as if a voter ought to be educated about anything!

### *Extracts from "The Antiquary"*

A weekly journal edited and published by real ladies and opposed to female enfranchisement

*Editorial*—It is sad to see the wild ones of our sex lifting voices, that ought to be devoted exclusively to lullabies, far above the roar of traffic in passionate pleas for the ballot. Time and again have we hammered these creatures over the head with the truth of their sex inferiority. Woman is inferior to man—we state it, we believe it, we glory in it. She has not produced a Milton, a Shakespeare, an Abraham Lincoln or a chef fit for a hotel kitchen. She doesn't run our ocean liners, dig in our coal mines or manufacture our trolley cars. Physically, mentally, morally, spiritually and sartorially she is no good—all of her but us. We are all right and must be excluded from all criticisms of the rest of the sex, especially by the dear men, whom we adore. But to resume: Because of their failure to produce the above-mentioned gentlemen geniuses in proper female form, women are not fit to vote. Ask any peanut-stand vender and have this view confirmed by a worthy male voter, who has been enfranchised solely for the reason that he can turn himself into a Milton or Shakespeare whenever he so desires. But he doesn't want to. He prefers to sell peanuts.

*A Note*—Seventy years ago to-day Mrs. Backnumber, of sainted memory, protested, in a scented letter written by her husband (since she was too much of a lady to know how to write), against girls being educated. Ah, if such as she had prevailed, we would not now have to combat the monstrous suffragist! Let every anti throughout the land celebrate this day. Remember, dear sisters, that we are the mental descendants of all the noble band who objected to woman's education, her entrance into industrial life, her acquirement of legal rights, her rise from the sweet, unlettered helplessness that made her man's dearest chattel. Let us glory in that fact to-day and be proud that the same arguments that were hurled by our anti ancestors are doing duty to-day, strong and unimpaired, in our verbal fracas with the ballot grabbers. Let us, then, drop tears in memory of Mrs. Backnumber, but let it be a pugilistic weep. For truly to-day 'tis a mighty fight to try to complete the work begun by the dear ones of old—namely, to keep woman in the company politically of idiots, paupers and lunatics, that she may be a fitting mate for man.




*News and Notes*—Our esteemed worker, Mrs. Anti Dote, is flying across the continent to give her celebrated lecture on "Woman's Place Is at Home." She will leave her husband and children thousands of miles away. What devotion to our cause! We recommend her as an example of consistency and logic.

Miss Anti Pathy has written a beautiful poem that brings out female delicacy in a wonderful way. Space forbids giving it all, but we quote the last few lines:

**Fragiliy**

To get a husband I have danced
At forty-seven balls,
I've golfed and tennised, rowed and swum
And gone on countless calls.
I've had ten colds and fifty chills,
Pneumonia and other ills,
But went right on—but this pray note:
I am too fragile far to vote.

---

Susan B. Anthony told women that they could never "sing down or pray down an institution that had been voted into existence." Of course she should have said that they ought not to fuss round institutions at all.

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## Votes for Men

*By ELINOR BYRNS*

SUPPOSE all men, unenfranchised, could secure a voice in the government only by persuading an electorate of women of their fitness for the franchise? Would not the women be justified in saying, "No. You men believe that physical force is the basis of government, and you are given to settling disputes by war instead of by reason or justice. You might waste half or three-quarters of our national income on war or preparation for it. You have always devoted yourselves to money-making, so you know more about the protection of property than about the protection of human life. You might sacrifice our children to preventable diseases, to exploitation in factories and sweat shops. You have always chosen to say that white slavery is necessary, and you might fail to make laws to check or prevent this evil. You might run for office and try to win by making a sex appeal to women voters. And, anyway, all the men have never united in any demand for the ballot. When they have proved that they all want it, that they would never do anything but good with it, that they would all vote, no matter how much they wanted to play golf or go to a ball game, and that their business and professions would never stand in the way of their holding office, then we might consider giving it to them"? Yes, the women might say all of these things; but they would not, because those who think about it at all know that good governments, like good homes, need both men and women.

# WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

### Probably with Cause

"Aber haben Sie denn gar nichts gegen Ihr Leiden getan, Herr Baron?"

"Was Sie denken! Von den ersten Kapazitäten der Welt hab' ich mich anbrüllen lassen!"

"Haven't you done anything at all for your ailment, baron?"

"What do you think! I've let the highest medical authorities in the world shout at me."—*Ulk* (Berlin).

### Delightful Evening

"On m'a dit que vous aimiez beaucoup la bonne musique."

"Ça ne fait rien—continuez!"

"They tell me you are very fond of good music."

"Never mind. Continue."—*Le Rire* (Paris).

### Sweet Sixteen

"Es ist doch jammerschade, dasz Leutnants nich Klavierstunden geben dürfen!"

"What a pity it is that lieutenants are not permitted to give piano lessons!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

### Last Instructions

"C'est bien entendu—tu pars en tête et, sous aucun prétexte, tu ne te laisses rattraper!"

"It is well understood. You start at the head, and under no pretext must you let them catch up with you!"—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

### Both with One Hope

*Hostess*—Oh, I hope your dog won't go into the kitchen! The fish for baby's dinner is on the table.

*Caller*—I hope not, indeed! He isn't allowed to have fish.—*Punch* (London).

### Out of the Frying Pan

*Lady* (meeting her former servant)—Oh, Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place?

*Mary*—No, ma'am; I'm workin' for nothing now—I'm married.—*London Opinion.*

### A Mother's Satisfaction

"Mit den Kinderfräulein hat man immer Aerger. Jetzt habe ich eine, die weisz so gut mit den Kindern umzugehen, dasz sie gar nicht mehr zu mir wollen."

"One always has vexation with these nurses, but I have one that knows so well how to manage the children that they won't come to me any more."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

*FASHION AND HER FOLLOWERS*

# Eugenic Jones's Son-in-law

*By CHARLES HARDING DIVINE*

R. AND MRS. JONES had a daughter, Lucile, sweet, pretty, and with nineteen years of eugenic loveliness. Their daughter was the ideal daughter, thought the parents, who didn't know that Lucile turkey-trotted behind their backs.

Mr. Jones prided himself on being the most modern of men, because he belonged to the oldest clubs in town. One thing he had determined on: his daughter should have a eugenic mate when she married. That became Mr. Jones's purpose in life soon as Lucile reached the marrying age.

Harold was one of the first young men to announce his aim in life as that of making Lucile his wife. But Mr. Jones, exercising his paternal right of eugenic inspection, as he termed it, looked in one evening while the front parlor was in darkness, and switched on the electric light. There was Harold and Lucile huddled close together on the sofa.

"Stand up, young man!" commanded Mr. Jones. "Aha! I thought! You are round-shouldered. Leave the house once and never clutter up my drawing-room again!" Harold left.

Three weeks later Jack was courting Lucile. One night Mr. Jones saw Jack come up the front steps to the house and watched him with an eagle eye. Mr. Jones rushed to the door, thrust Lucile aside, and braved the young man upon the doorstep.

"Stop!" exclaimed Lucile's father. "Why do you limp?"

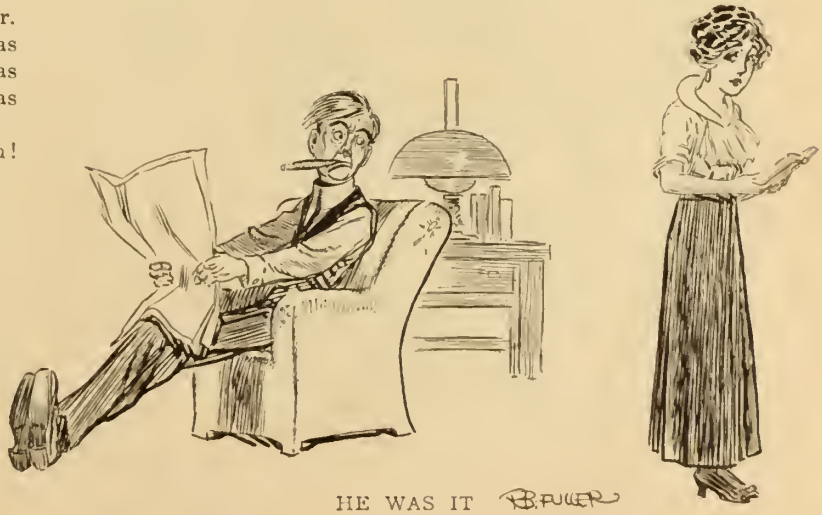
"I hurt my leg in an accident two years ago, when I saved the life of a child about to be run over by a car," replied the young man modestly.

"You are not physically perfect," said Mr. Jones. "You have a flaw, a defect. You are not all that you should be. You can never marry my daughter. Go!" Jack, too, went.

Robert was the next suitor for Lucile's hand. Robert was big, handsome and moneyed. Alas! Mr. Jones pulled him under the big lamp in the library one night, and, after a close scrutiny at Robert's physiognomy, exclaimed with great vehemence,

"Don't you ever try to kiss my daughter! You have a cold sore on your upper lip. Leave the house and don't ever come back, not even with a hundred health certificates, for your money could corrupt a physician, and I wouldn't believe you!"

Thus matters went, until Mr. Jones himself picked a fiance for his daughter who was beyond eugenic cavil. Like a fly in the milk, he stood out in bold relief, like a whole man in a crowd of cripples and misfits. His name was Gerald.



HE WAS IT

*Ray*—Was there any fool sweet on you before I married you? *Sadie*—Yes, one. *Ray*—I 'm sorry you rejected him. *Sadie*—I didn't. I married him.

"My daughter is yours," fondly declared Mr. Jones, while Lucile stood by and blushed. "You may kiss her hand as a betrothal."

Gerald took Lucile's hand to raise it to his lips, but stopped aghast. His eyes were fixed upon it with an intensity that would have made an actress blush. He dropped her hand and turned away.

"I refuse to betroth your daughter," he told the astonished Mr. Jones. "I will not kiss her hand. She has a wart on her little finger." He stalked away indignantly.

Mr. Jones kicked the dog in his anger and got the rabies. Lucile eloped with the chauffeur and lived happy ever after.

## The Garden

THE radish seed you plant and guard,
Throughout the rain and heat,
In course of time may jolt you hard—
It may produce a beet.

You may plan for a pumpkin vine,
Admire its tender greens;
Yet find, when June comes down the line,
It has a crop of beans.

A tree sticks better to its job;
My trees this lesson teach.
For, when a peach tree sprouts a knob,
You know that it's a peach.

—*Mrs. J. L. O'Connell.*

CUBIST ART—DESCENDING THE STAIRS

THE ARTIFICIAL LIFE

"Ain't that too bad, Billy? They 're fixin' a lot more grass fer us to keep off of."

## The Parables of Pifflicus

### The Parable of the Risen Star

BEHOLD, while yet Theodorus reigned over the people, there dwelt in the land of Man-Hattan a woman of the stage who yearned with exceeding great yearning to be a Star.

Her graces were even as the young roe, and her wisdom was even as that of the wise men of the East.

And she strove diligently and bowed down her soul unto Art. And it came to pass that after many years she became a Great Actress.

But the prophets hailed her not, and the scribes passed her by on the other side.

And she was exceedingly sorrowful and made bitter lamentation unto death.

And, behold there came unto her a Live One who had seen in sooth that she was beautiful and great.

And he said unto her, Weep not, but get thee a Press Agent.

And she ceased her lamentations and took a foxy scribe to hire.

And the scribe spake unto her, saying, Do thou even as I bid thee, and thou shalt Turn Them Away before another seedtime returneth.

Whereupon she ran away with the husband of her soubrette, and drove her chariot like lightning through the market-place, and rode upon the city wall in silk pajamas.

And the scribes filled many scrolls with her name.

Whereupon the manager got her a play, with the Dance of Adam and in the second act.

And the Temple of Thespius wh she showed herself could not hold multitudes that came.

And she rejoiced exceedingly, sayi Art for Art's sake is a delusion a snide, and many ideals are a wea of the flesh. —*W. Kee Maxw*

## Times Change

A RUN about the lawn or floor
Served well its purposes of yor
When we, dear friend, were you
far,
And nothing could our pleasure ma
And we were—well, say, ætat four.

Later, when years—perhaps a score—
Came on us, we would both deplore
Our early taste, and crave a spar,
A run, a bout.

But now we wish for nothing more
Than just a million dollars for
The bare necessities that are
Essential when one owns a car,
A racer, speeder, chaser or
A runabout!—*Charles Hanson Towne*

## A Waste of Time

"Is Shimmerpate going to the b this summer?"

"I don't think so. He tells me getting nearsighted."

## Accidental

*First broker*—What's the latest mer
*Second broker*—Blank and his motor

MAKING THE MOST OF A BORROWED MACHINE

CAPTIOUS CRITICS

*Slender*—Gee! Miss Dashaway's bathing costume is worse than what she wore at the casino last night.

*Wachwel*—Yes; she had her diamonds on then.

## Not On His Job

"HOW'S that new hired man o' yours doin', Zack?" asked Uncle Ab Tansy of Uncle Zack Milkweed, as they met at a watering trough and allowed their horses to "squench" their thirst.

"He ain't doin' at all. I fired him."

"Already? Fer what?"

"He wa'n't onto his job."

"How you talk! Disposed to shirk, huh?"

"I should say so! Couldn't coax nor cuss him out o' bed before half-past four of a mornin', an' if he'd milked seven or eight cows an' took the milk to the station, he thought he'd be enough 'fore breakfast, an' didn't want to pick up a hoe an' git into the potater patch until breakfast was ready. Then he kicked about doin' anything after seven at night. Wanted to get down an' whittle or mebbe go to bed. Said sixteen hours a day was long enough for any one to work, an' got sassy 'cause I wanted him to hoe a little corn on Sunday. I tell ye, Ab, the present gen'ration is gittin' more an' more shif'less. We didn't play at workin' when we was boys, did we?"

"I should say not! We was onto our jobs, all right, from three-thutty or four in the mornin' until nine or so at night. Dunno what the world is comin' to, with the risin' gen'ration so blamed shif'less!" —*M. M.*

## A Sunday Game

*Pitcher*—The cop will catch us sure this time.

*Catcher*—Then let us pretend to be playing golf.

The masquerader is not the two-faced person we avoid.

INCONSIDERATE

*Mrs. Enright*—Did you enjoy your bridge party this afternoon?

*Muriel*—No; Cynthia Calvert spoiled the fun. Just as we were hearing all the details of her divorce she walked in.

# The Jilts—a Comedy of Summer Courtship

LAST year she jilted me when autumn came, although I'd been through all the summer's flame an ardent lover of the kind that she oft said "deserved a maiden's constancy." I'd walked with her, I'd talked with her and spooned, and in her willing ears soft vows I'd crooned. We'd paced the moonlit strands full many a mile, and held each other's trustful hands the while. She'd stroked my hair; she'd bossed me here and there. She'd found me waiting on her everywhere, and in the tango we had tripped along as gayly as though life were but a song.

And then?

When autumn came, that maiden sweet passed by me coldly on the city street, as though I were a stranger, all unknown, and left me standing there dazed and alone!

And then again?

Last night we met once more—you'd ne'er have guessed we'd ever met before, and straightway she began again to scheme to bring about another "Love's Young Dream."

"You so remind me of a man I knew somewhere, sometime," she thus began to coo. "Your eyes and hair are quite the same," said she, "and, when you smile, I'd almost think you're he."

"Perhaps I am," said I, with deep-drawn sighs, and gazed once more into her soulful eyes. "What was his name?"

She thought, then smiled a bit, as she replied,

"I can't remember it! It's gone from me forever, just as he has passed forever from the life of me—but he was mighty nice!"

She sighed, and then, despite the past, I tumbled in again!

What's one small jilt to knock a mortal flat?

I quite resolved to let it go at that, and answered once again dear Cupid's call, with ne'er a fear of jilting in the fall; for I've a scheme to spare me from the worst—when fall hath come, I'll do the jilting first!

—*Blakeley Gray.*

COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC

## Slumming

"My good man," said the leader of the slumming party, "can you have the tango danced for us?"

"I don't permit the tango, mum," responded the owner of the dance hall.

"Have you the audacity to criticise dances that are danced in the best society?"

"I ain't criticising society, mum; but if I permitted dances like them, I'd lose my license."

## The Very One

*Merchant*—I'm looking for a good man to write my advertisements.

*Friend*—Why don't you get one of those old farmers who write up the attractions of their farmhouses during the summer?

## Modern Version

Rock-a-bye, baby,
On the tree top!
Ma's turkey trotting—
She cannot stop;
Sister's tangoing,
Pa grizzly bears.
Rock-a-bye, baby,
For nobody cares!

"When I am married I'll have a car," she said

She has

## Would Be a Cinch

OH, for a straw hat that will keep
Forever clean and bright!
Oh, for a meltless collar that
Is ever stiff and white!
Oh, for tan shoes that ever shine,
For ties that never fray!
Oh, for a pair of summer pants
In which the creases stay!

## Thought It Was a Cook

*Proud parent*—We had a new arri at our house last night.

*Absorbed commuter*—Did she get yo good dinner?

*Gabrielle*—Chased by a man! Dear me, how romantic!

INCONSIDERATE

*Traffic policeman* (to couple who escaped being run down)—What do ye mane gettin' yerselfs near kilt on my corner? Do ye want t' get me fired?

## His Success

THE proprietor of the Right Place Store, over across the street, is

what I call a self-made man," stated the landlord of the Skeedee Tavern. "He came here about four years ago, as the magician with a minstrel show, and when the aggregation went ted and the rest of the forty—count m!—forty hoofed it off down the rail- d track, he had a boy hold his fur-lined rcoat, rolled up his sleeves to show t he had nothing concealed about his son, and with his magic wand drew of his plug hat enough little tin cups, ls, rubber balls, ribbons and baby thes to start a small novelty store. has been here ever since and has ck to business, till now he owns an omobile and owes the bank as much as thousand dollars."

## Easy Money

'There," observed Grumley, "goes a n who has made a fortune out of the omobile business."

'Manufacturer or sales agent?"

'Neither. He's a notary public and s a fee for every mortgage he makes ."

## On the Other Shore

"In the Father's house are many mansions," the pastor was saying to the divorced lady, who was quite ill.

"Yes, I know," she whispered; "and I was wondering if John would live in one and I in another over there."

## Dabs and Dashes

A mark of respect.
A line of inquiry.
A spot of interest.
A stain of dishonor.
A touch of kindness.
A trace of weakness.
A figure of despair.
A stamp of gentility.
A point of difference.
A sign of displeasure.
A stroke of misfortune.
An impression of the mind.

## A Perfectly Natural Query

Said the friendly city boarder
To his country host, "I see
You have honey on the table.
Tell me, do you keep a bee?"

## Emulation

*Crawford*—How in the world does it cost you so much to live?

*Crabshaw*—I sometimes fancy it's because I have such expensive neighbors.

## Just So

"Pa, what was a knight errant?"

"A conceited person of ancient times who was continually butting in."

---

A man who knows it all has reached the point where he is incapable of learning.

HER FIRST VISIT

*Ethel* (noting with horror the sawdust on the floor) —Mamma, does he butcher dolls?

## Romance

IN AN interview sent back from London, David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, upholds romantic love. He says that it is much better to have the youth select his mate through romantic love's sweet haze than it is for the State to pick her for him.

"BUT TO HAROLD SHE IS THE FAIREST ROSE IN THE GARDEN OF GIRLS"

We heartily agree with President Jordan. We've had some experience in this romance business, and we're for it. Estelle may look like an onion to the State, but to Harold she is the fairest rose that ever bloomed in the garden of girls.

Romance is a strange thing. A silvery moon can take the plainest face ever found above two shoulders, throw a couple of pale lavender shimmers over it, and the coolest-headed young man in town will walk the floor for hours, mumbling incoherently. The silvery moon has put more framed licenses in the parlor than any other agent in the world.

If a young couple are getting bored with each other and have quit telling each other's fortunes by holding hands, and you wish to fan the embers of romance into a flame, tell them they must never see each other again—never, never. Immediately romance will burst into a blue-tipped flame. Each will suddenly discover that he or she can't live without the other. Each breath not drawn in the presence of the other is a positive, tearing pain. Their appetites will fall off. Where once they used to eat roasting ears until their parents considered boarding them at a livery stable, they will suddenly lose their appetites, until a large, well-filled bean and a glass of water will be all they can possibly eat. Keep them apart until they begin to write letters in secret, and, before you could hang a handbag on the new moon, they will pull a justice of the peace out of bed and tell him that every second is golden, and, if he knows any short cut, to use it, no matter about the expense. That is romance.

A young man will take a buxom girl, built along the lines of the *Imperator*, and hold her on his knees until he has to wake his feet with a dinner bell. But that is romance.

Personally we love to sit in the parlor, with the light low, after our hand has absently wandered over and covered hers, and discuss great questions of the day with her. We like to hold one of her hands and discuss the wool schedule, or both of her hands and thoughtfully analyze the question of the recall of judges.

One time we were discussing the future of the Philippines with a girl in a half light, when we heard her father coming downstairs. The discussion had lasted over until the quiet hours of the morning. We thought that her father was going to call on the furnace, but it transpired, however, that he was coming to see us. He was a large man and indulged in athletics. He advanced quickly and seized the young man who had been discussing our inland possessions with his daughter as if he already loved him and was willing to take him into the family. But such was not his designs. He opened the door and dragged t young student of affairs to its port The next thing his daughter's admi knew was that two men were bendi over him and asking what he had got front of. The young man told them t it was in front of an oil-burning, forc draft father. They were loth to beli it, but the young man had the evide with him. All we had to do was to o our shirt, and the two men could say more. That was romance.

Still, that is better than having t State take our measurements and dispositions and try to mate us up. I romance go on doing business at the stand—the State doesn't have to l with either of them.

## Random Notions

A NEW motor-'bus line has been put running past the office of the edi of this page. Pretty girls are to be t conductors. If any of our friends d in to see us and we don't happen to be they can sit down and make themsel at home for a few minutes. The li isn't very long. If the friend wants take us out for a spin or to lunch, he w find us open to reason.

It has happened again. This time was a man in Des Moines, Ia. From outward appearances he was perfec normal in every way, but, all the sam there was an occipital wheel loose. slow saving he had rounded up four hu dred dollars, all in one bunch. T money he put in the parlor stove for sa keeping—and then came the cold snap.

"HE WAS A LARGE MAN AND INDULGED IN ATHLETICS"

# Art and Domesticity

MUMMY!"

"What is it, dear?"

"I wanta hear my pop!"

"The baby songs?"

"Yes, mummy, please!"

Little Claude Brianda had left his s, and, leaning on his mother's knee, ked curiously at the phonograph.

Virginia Brianda dropped her embroidery and started the chanism upon a disk already in place.

"By, Baby Bunting! Daddy's gone a-hunting!" the sim- melody that generations of mothers have sung came forth the tones of a master tenor. Frequent use had worn the ord to discord in places.

Carl Brianda, the father, originally named Bryan, had been armer boy with the artistic temperament. Running away m home, he had found employment in New York in a thea- . His voice got him a place in the chorus, and he almost ped ahead, so great was his gift. An unusually short iod found him in opera, and his success ran counter to all traditions of the art of singing. He was now fulfilling an gagement abroad.

While in the chorus, Carl had fallen in love with a young ress of exceptional ability, and she left the stage to make a ne from which Carl's success was more and more surely sep- ting him. From his princely earnings adequate sums came ularly, but letters that for a time brimmed with affection w fewer and more formal.

"Now one of the big songs, mummy," asked little Claude, the lullaby, embodied with others of its kind in a medley, s concluded.

Virginia placed a record of "The Vows We Fondly Plighted," m "Trovatore," and this purely sentimental melody, en- ned by the beauty of her husband's voice, filled the room as ad filled many an auditorium.

Virginia, who retained much of the beauty that had at first charmed Carl, for a time moved in the social circle related to the theater. Here she met men who paid her compliments, and some of them made love to her. Art means a phase of freedom that never appealed to her, and she gradually withdrew to herself.

"I wanta see my pop!" said little Claude. The end of the record had been reached.

"Oh, you can't see him to-day, dear," replied Virginia.

"Why?"

"He's far—f-a-r—away."

"When's he coming back, mummy?"

"Soon, I hope, dear."

"Is he singing all the time—everywhere?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, then, I wanta hear him sing some more."

Virginia put on a record of "Thy Lips Like Berries." As the song rang out, she almost fancied Carl was with them.

Carl became more and more absorbed in his art. But great artists—men as well as women—have moments of sentiment. Wherever Carl went, he was lionized. In every city he was the hero of women who needed no encouragement to besiege him. Notes, telephone calls, and, in proximity, the language of the eyes told of infatuations. His rooms were always banked with flowers. The artificial life he led was made the more feverish by continued feminine aberration. One or another woman, on occasion, had secretly invaded his dressing-room or his hotel apartment. Servants are not superior to bribery.

"I want another of pop's songs, mummy!" was little Claude's cry. Virginia found "Your Eyes Have Told Me," and again Carl's voice was heard.

At that moment he was singing the song in the boudoir of a woman of fashion in London.

—*J. A. Waldron.*

# Who's Whosiers Everywhere

*By HORACE DODD GASTIT*

CLARK, BEAUCHAMP—Better known as Champ. Master of the gavel and humorist-in-chief of the House of Representatives. Born singing "You Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg Aroun'," in Anderson County, Kentucky, March 7th, 1850. His first words as a speaker, rather than a singer, were, "For the sake of party harmony, I am reconciled; but if I ever meet you by moonlight alone on the banks of the Wabash or any other old stream, in my private capacity, you will immediately perceive in the offing not less than seven solar systems and fifty-seven varieties of the Milky Way, with your eyes shut." Was first mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidency at the age of five by his nurse, because of his sturdy Jeffersonian Democracy, as shown in his marvelous capacity for mixing simple tastes with marked forensic ability, when, standing on the bottom of an inverted milk pail, he addressed stimulating periods to his father's pack of houn' dogs, whom he addressed as "fellow-citizens" and who made the welkin wag with the enthusiastic oscillation of their caudal appendages as his glowing periods rolled forth.

THE TATTLE TALE

I'm jus' as puzzled as I can be—
Mamma said a little bird told on me.
Now the parrot next door can talk, 'tis true,
But I don't see how in the world he knew!

—*Margaret G. Hays.*

Mastered early in life the intricate complexities of statecraft by assiduous devotion to the pages of the *Congressional Record*, over which in his boyhood days he pored as diligently as though it were a romantic tale of the adventures of Davy Crockett, a Daniel Boone, a Nick Carter or a Theodore Roosevelt. Became a school teacher on the Marathon plan of himself competing with his own pupils, keeping a day ahead of them in the pursuit of such knowledge as they wished to acquire, and gaining great efficiency as a teacher thereby, since all the information and learning imparted was fresh from the fount of knowledge itself.

Made president of Marshall College, in West Virginia, in 1873, acquiring there a marked liking for the title of president, which has never left him since; but, having few athletic tastes, found the academic field too narrow for the scope of his talents, and he relinquished it for a broader public service at Washington, where, as the fountain head of a particularly fresh and buoyant kind of humor, he became the most popular contributor to the *Congressional Record*, turning that grave compendium of portentous verbosity into a considerable rival to Joe Miller's Jest Book and London *Punch*. Adopted the American flag as his trade-mark early in his political career blowing it into all the bottles of hi eloquence and never losing an opportu nity to hoist it on domestic or foreig soil, even at the cost of hoisting himsel and his party with it.

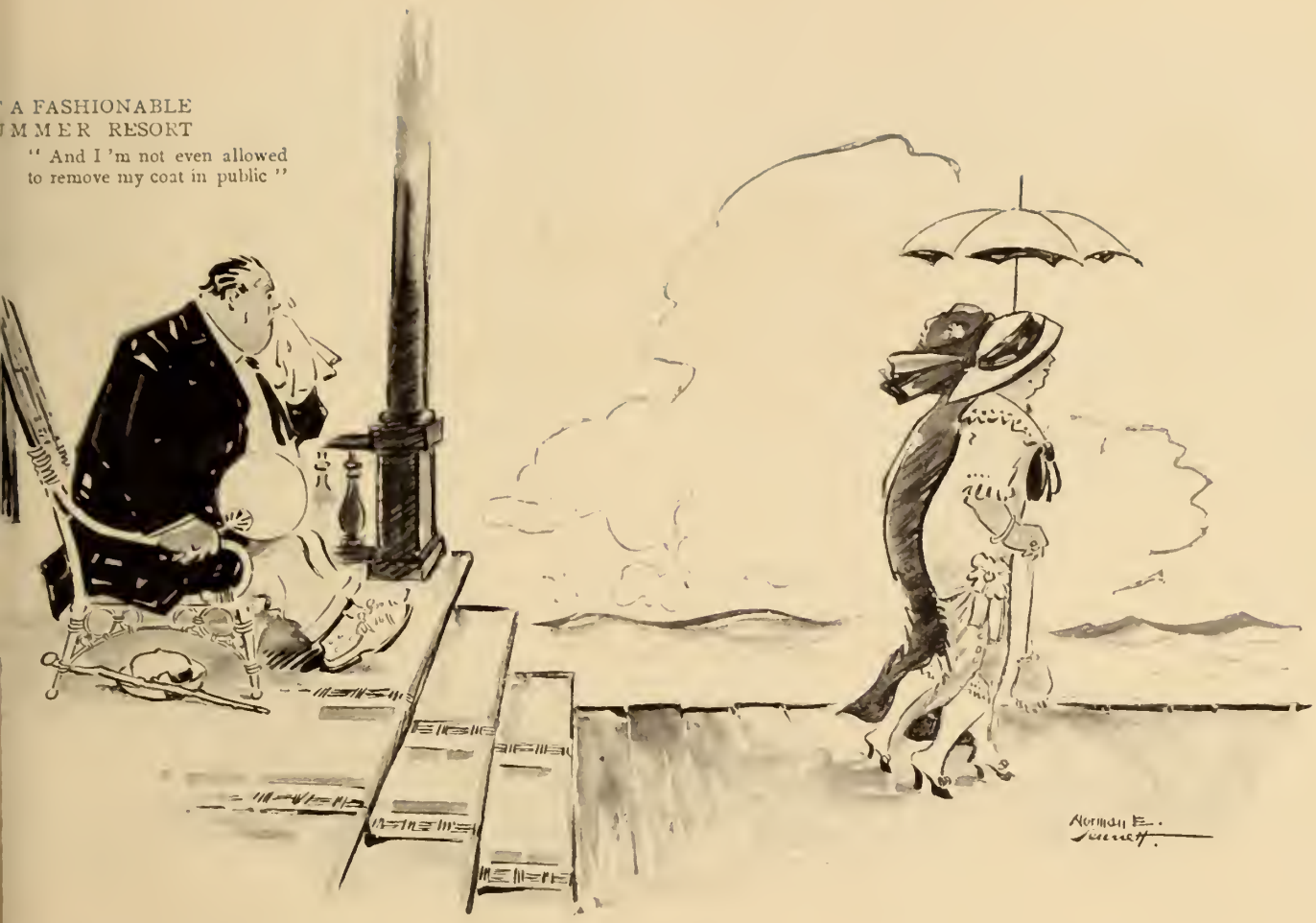
At the close of the long Democrati drought in 1910 was made king of th revels in the Jeffersonian carnival tha followed and has held that position eve since. Was candidate for President i 1912, but, through the special influenc of his friend, William Jennings Bryan was continued in the speakership, a sure

PARADOXICAL

*Chloe*—Done heah de news, Jake? Sam Whiffles fell offen a lim' an' broke two ribs.

*Jake*—Two! Ah doan' see how he could fall on bof his sides!

A FASHIONABLE
MMER RESORT
" And I 'm not even allowed to remove my coat in public "



Mr. Bryan fearing the possibility of losing the other, and his service being eby lost to the public. Has stood on y platforms, especially of the Chauqua variety. Author of many unpubed works, among which are said to be naugural address of much length and stirring humor, a historical romance tled "Bill Judas, of Baltimore, or the using of Champ," "How I Was Unand Who Undone Me," and "Private nions of Prominent Consumers of pe Juice," a collection of epigrams of iderable flavor. Address, The Lighter n Department, Editorial Rooms, Consional Record, Washington, D. C.

## Cupid's Disability

NE never feels quite certain whether The lives that Cupid knits together stand the wear and tear of travel, whether they will soon unravel. so-called knots turn out mere hitches, frequently he drops his stitches. aps it is the part of kindness lace the blame upon his blindness.

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

---

or pure advertising value, a teaspoonof brandy in a glass of milk has a le quart of grape juice beaten to a zle.

## In the Olden Days

The ancient Greeks enjoyed a blessing—
Their trousers never needed pressing;
But to their joy some gloom attaches—
They had no place to strike their matches.

## The Vernacular

An interview between a shopkeeper in the Kentucky mountains and a "poor white" developed this:

"Hain't you got no eggs?"

"I hain't said I hain't."

"I hain't asked you is you hain't; I asked you hain't you is. Is you?"

## Putting it Mildly

*Tom*—Did you say your friend is slender?

*Tub*—Well, she returned a silhouette gown because she couldn't make a shadow in it.

---

Money by any other name would worry the world just the same.

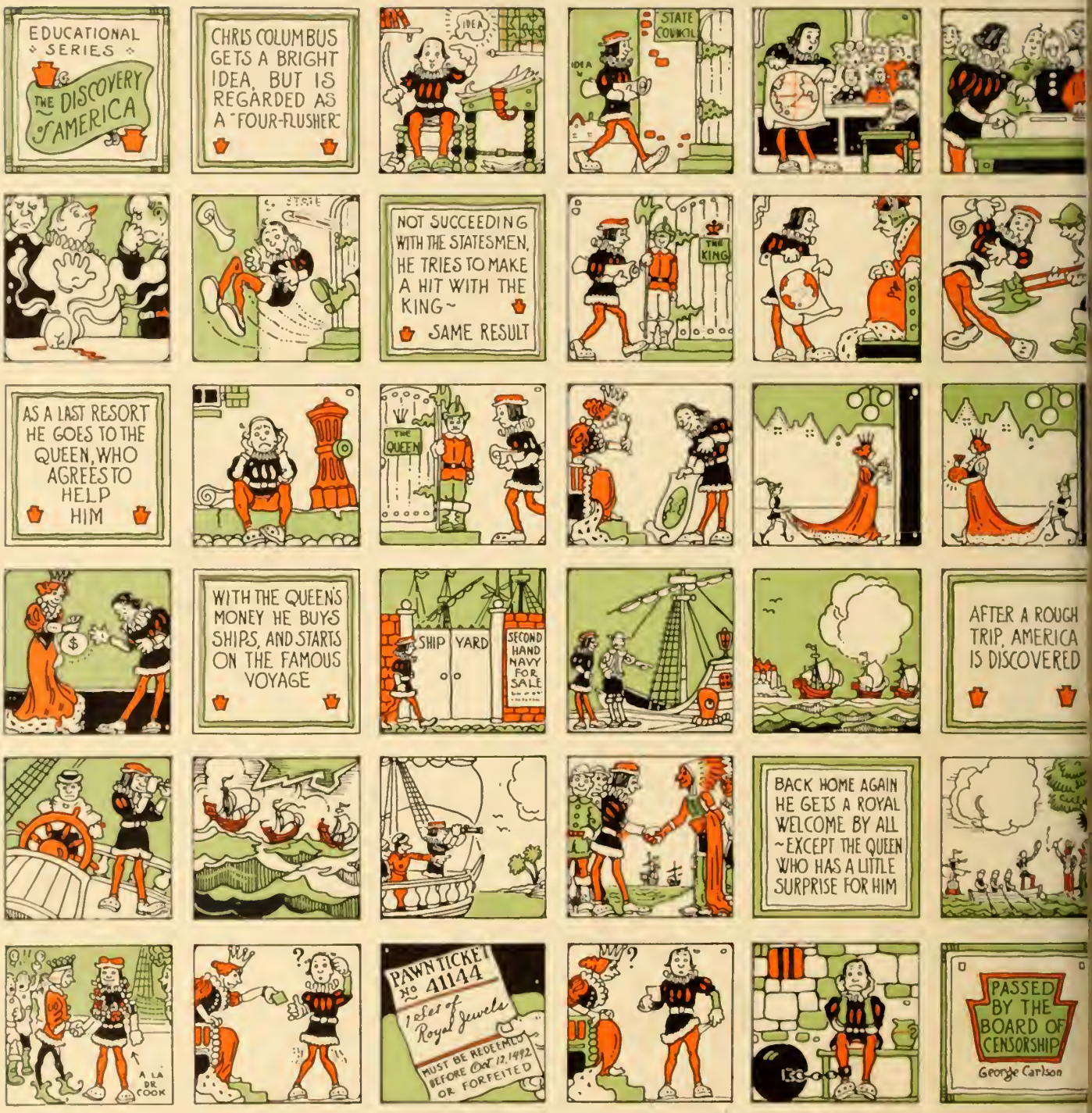
## Anomalous

QUEER thing, wedlock! You find yourself attached to a woman, and go and get tied to her. When you find you're tied to her, the attachment disappears.

## A Reminder

Lives of spinsters oft remind us
Happiness is but a snare.
Why should we to base men bind us,
When we've cats and curls of hair?

ATLANTIC CITY'S BORED WALK




The Discovery of America: Showing that it was no cinch for Columbus

## A Mere Formality

"WELL, we have had the infant fitted with glasses, his appendix removed, and his stomach re-enforced. Have we overlooked anything?"

"Just one item."

"What is that?"

"We have forgotten to name the child."

## Everything Relative

*Madge*—This summer seems to be much cooler than last.

*Marjorie*—You must remember, dear, that you're not wearing so many clothes.

Does the man who is stuck in the eye with a hatpin receive a gal-vanic shock?

## Honk!

"YOUR cows moo in a most peculi way."

"The instinct for self-preservation d velops animals," remarked the farme "Them cows don't want to be run ov by the pesky autos, so they are learni to honk."

# More Lovely than Helen

*By S. E. KISER*

"WHAT a beautiful girl Miss Fortescue is!" she said. "If I were a man, I should be crazy about her!"

"She's very pretty," he assented; "but I know a girl who is much more beautiful—much more charming."

"What a curi-
-looking locket that is on your fob!"
"There's a strange story connected
th it. I picked it up in a quaint little
-io shop in London. It once belonged
a man who had some kind of an occult
wer that made it possible for him to
come invisible to other people."
"You don't believe anybody ever really
d such power as that, do you?"
"No. But the story the curio dealer
d me about this man was rather inter-
ing. It seems that the man who had
s curious power had lived in India for
number of years, and while there he
ceeded in getting himself initiated
o some of the deep mysteries of the
st. When he came back to England,
ange stories began to be heard about
him. One day a woman was walking in Hyde Park, apparently all alone, when suddenly she put her hands up to her throat and began to struggle as if attempting to free herself from the clutches of some one who was choking her. People who rushed to her assistance"——

"Oh, such stories always make me feel creepy! Don't you think Helen Fortescue's beauty would be perfect if her eyes were not quite so near together?"

"I don't believe I ever noticed that her eyes were too near together. People who rushed to her assistance found her choked almost into insensibility, and there were clearly defined finger marks on her neck. A few minutes later"——

"I suppose, when a man admires a girl, he doesn't notice any little defects like that, does he?"

"It was not necessarily a defect. Any one who is choked is likely to have marks showing"——

"I mean Helen Fortescue's eyes."

DISTURBING

*Voice through the door*—Quick! everybody to the fire escape! It 's through the bath-room window."

"Don't you care to hear the rest of the story?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! Please go on."

"A few minutes after the woman's curious struggle, the man who owned this locket was seen walking away from the place where the thing happened. No one had noticed him before, and it was supposed that he had, while invisible to others, assaulted the woman, whether for revenge or for the purpose of robbing her nobody knew. The most remarkable part of the story"——

"You were saying a moment ago that you knew a much more beautiful girl."

"I am not sure that she was beautiful. The curio man didn't mention it. The most remarkable"——

"I mean more beautiful than Helen Fortescue."

"Yes, I do know one who is more beautiful—much more beautiful."

"Do I know her?"

"Yes."

"Very well?"

"You ought to know her better than you know any one else in the world."

"Do you think a girl ought to call a young man by his first name before they are engaged?"

"I don't see any harm in it, if they are good friends."

"But if—if they are something more than friends?"

"Then there is the more reason why she should."

"Who is she—Philip?"

"The curio man didn't tell me. I don't suppose he knew."

"I mean the girl who is more beautiful and lovely than Helen?"

PROFESSIONAL NEIGHBORS

Please, ma'am, mother says can ye loan her some milk. She wants to make a omelet with them eggs she borrowed off ye this mornin'."

"If you will promise not to say anything to any one else, I will"——

"But why should we keep it a secret?"

"I want to tell her myself. She is your sister dessie. Shall I tell you the most remarkable part of the story about the man"——

"No, thank you. I really don't know why you should think I'm interested in your locket. What an awful homely thing it is, anyway!"

## Historic Peculiarities

SHAKESPEARE used to walk to London in preference to waiting for a train.

During his entire life Michael Angelo made less than five dollars out of drawings for Sunday papers.

Robert Fulton wouldn't turn water into a steam boiler, even if it were burning dry.

Catherine the Great, who was very fond of writing letters, never moistened the gummy side of postage stamps.

Daniel Webster believed in economizing time, but was never known to use a telephone.

Nero was passionately fond of playing the violin, but would never consent to having a pianola in the house.

Napoleon never got a wink of sleep in a room that was steam-heated.

Lord Cornwallis grew fat on army camp chuck, but never could eat at a cafeteria.

—*Howard C. Kegley*

WHICH IS WHICH?

One has six man-eating tigers to his credit; the other has just shot his first rabbit.

## The Viewpoint

The pessimist said, as he nursed his blues,
"I never had aught that I didn't lose."
The optimist said—and his smile was glad—
"I never lost aught that I hadn't first had."

## Off the Water Wagon

Aladdin rubbed his lamp and the genie appeared.

"It's my first sight of a djinn-phiz," sighed Aladdin.

And he rolled off the water wagon.

## A Ballade of Now and After

I'M A LANGUID, listless wight;
Careless I'm of blame or praise.
I am choleric day and night,
Spiteful in each word and phrase
There's no spirit in my lays,
And I'm in an endless frown.
Oh, the gladness in my gaze
When the girls get back to town!

He who once was blithe and bright,
Now his mournfulness betrays;
He whose heart was once so light,
Naught but sadness now displays.
Yet, though gloom my spirit sway
And I sink in studies brown,
I shall come from out the maze
When the girls get back to town.

Something's missing to the sight;
Every comfort from me strays.
Nothing seems to go just right;
All the hope in me decays,
For there is no charm that stays.
Ah! my woes I'll quickly drown
And a song of joy upraise
When the girls get back to town.

ENVOY

Mark ye! In so many ways
I have kept expenses down—
I've been saving for the days
When the girls get back to town!

—*Nathan M. Levy*

FORTISSIMO DURING PIANISSIMO

*Little Sue* (alarmed and shrilly treble)—Mamma, is that man shaking his stick at that woman?
*Mamma* (soothingly)—Hush, dearie, he isn't shaking his stick at her.
*Little Sue* (still uneasy)—Then, mamma, what is she yelling about?

## Depends on Circumstances

"Do you say ought-to-mobile or ow to-mobile, Jimpson?" asked Slathers.

"Well, that depends," said Jimps "When I think of how I ought to pay it, I say ought-to-mobile, and when think of how I can't pay for it, I s owe-to-mobile. War o take a lit run in my owe-to- 'h me?"

# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Curbside Comments

*By OREOLA W. HASKELL*

th bugles and with banners, the suffrage cohorts go.
I I, a watcher on the curb, look out for weal or woe.
I note what word the gaping world in passing may bestow.

### The New Wooing

OLDEN days the gay young blade
Wooed in this way his chosen maid:
ɔur eyes are azure pools of light, your
ɔeeks are roses fair,
ır lips are crimson beauties, and your
ɔcks beyond compare;
ır hand is white, your foot petite, your
eck and shoulders fine"
sounded like a clinic); but he ended.
Pray be mine!"
in these suffragisting days
lover must use other praise:
ou have a level head, my dear; I
iew it oft with pride,
I note the high-class brand of brains
ou've safely tucked inside.
ır voice is fine, it reaches far in
ny lecture hall,
I you're just right for platforms,
tanding straight and slim and tall.
ı've read so many volumes, I love
ɔ hear you quote,
I, of course, I quite agree with
ou the women ought to vote.
ffer you my help for that and love
hat long endures"
ıd he signs himself quite humbly),
'Dear Alice, I am yours!"

### Another Blow

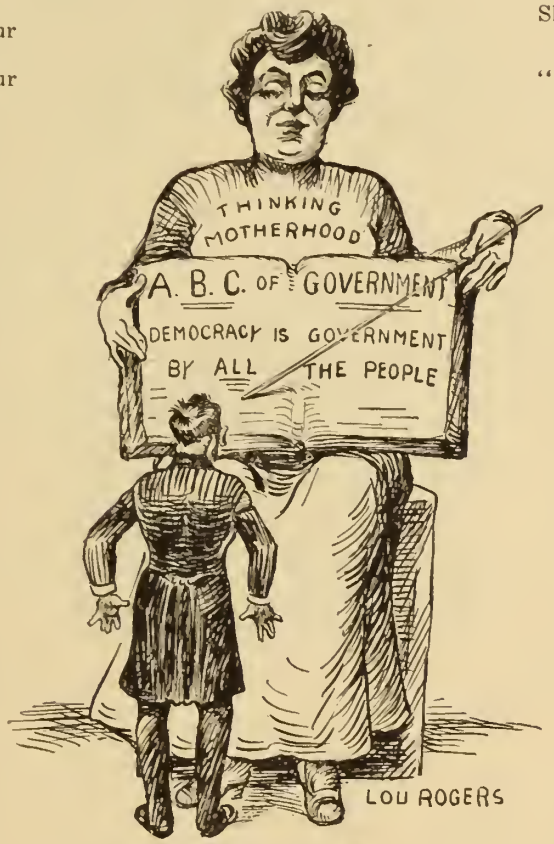
LAS, the good old bugbear sex has received another blighting blow!
re are four women on the Progres-
e party municipal platform com-
tee of greater New York, and dur-
the meetings held by the commit-
all its members work together,
ɔt as men and women, but as indi-
uals interested in the platform from
t to finish." This elevation of mind
r matter will certainly encourage
se strange people who believe that men
l women not connected by family have
ny relations other than the century-old
of matrimonial catchor and catchee.

### For Nineteen Fifteen

OPE shines in the eyes of workers in
the Woman Suffrage Party, for they
ort that only one-third of the voters
o attend their numerous meetings in
ls and on the streets decline to enroll
believers in the suffrage cause. This
ks promising for 1915, when the dom-
nt male in this State will be given an
ɔortunity to say whether his mate
ght to be enfranchised or not. Thus is
valry preparing to stab itself in the
ast. For every one knows that, after
men vote, they will need no politeness or consideration from men, and these virtues will follow the inexorable law of nature and cease to be through disuse.

### Echoes

WE ARE told that all the prominent people are on the anti side. Such nonentities as Mary Johnson, Israel Zangwill, Jane Addams, Theodore Roosevelt and a few others will be quite overcome.




STILL TEACHING HIM

The Rev. Charles Dole has expressed his opinion that "government is not for the sake of fighting, voting is not a tug of war between angry factions, but politics is properly a friendly consideration of all manner of common interests." Is it not too bad to thus slam the door on that old friend of the antis, Brute Force? Whenever he goes out one portal, a freed womanhood usually enters by the other.

"To know what you prefer," said Stevenson, "instead of humbly saying amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive." Can it be that, not content with stealing other things from men, the women of to-day are confiscating such truths as these for every-day use?

### Consistency

"A WOMAN'S place is home," she said.
"This voting will not do!"
And then she went abroad, we read,
And stayed a year or two.

"No woman wants to vote!" she cried;
But, somewhat later on,
She had a fit and almost died,
Because the wrong man won.

"My housework must come first," said she.
"Why leave it for the polls?"
Then she went out and stayed to tea,
And left the kids, poor souls!

"Hub represents me with his vote,"
Said she. "That should suffice."
But what she said I will not quote—
When "hubby" voted twice.

—*Lurana Sheldon.*

### For the First Grade

*By ELINOR BYRNS*

DEMOCRACY, children, is a long word; but it is easy to understand if you try. Men began to talk about it, write about it, even to fight about it, many years ago; yet they have never succeeded in producing any of it, although there is a perfectly good recipe in the Declaration of Independence. Along in 1848 some women said,

"We're passing good cooks, and we've been looking sadly at your attempts at democracy. We have found out that the trouble is you have always left out the chief ingredient, and then wondered why your dough didn't rise. You talk very intelligently about 'government for all the people, by all the people' and 'no just government without the consent of the governed.' But, when you get to work, you forget about them. 'All the people' means women as well as men. The 'consent' of women is just as necessary as the consent of men. You can't make a cake out of flour alone. Put in butter, sugar and spice, if you want it to be a success."

The women have been talking ever since, and some of the men have listened. If you want to know what kind of cake they have, go to California, Washington, Colorado or any of the six other equal-suffrage States, and find out for yourself. Don't ask the antis. They have no use for cake, anyway. It gives them indigestion.

---

Congressman Heflin calls a male suffragist a "suffrotescent." What!

# LAUGHS FROM OTHER LAND

Painful position of M. P. returning to his hotel in the only clothes left him after a quiet bath behind the rocks. —*Punch* (London).

A Useless Order

"Haut les mains!"

"Hands up!"—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

Feminine Curiosity

We're looking back to see if they
Are looking back to see if we
Are looking back to see if they
Are looking back at us.

—*Bystander* (London)

"C' que ça pince, j'en ai la chair de poule!"
"Si seulement on pouvait en faire du bouillon!"

"How the cold pinches! I am getting goose flesh!"

"If we only could make bouillon out of it!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

His Mistake

*Farmer*—I hear there's a fine fat pig for sale here. Can I see it?

*Boy*—Fey-ther! Some one wants ter see yer.—*Sketch* (London).

Hints to Climbers: How To Attract Notice

Dine at smart restaurants and forget all you ever learned of table manners.—*Punch* (London).

The Masher

"Mein Fräulein, darf ich Ihnen meinen Schirm anbieten?"
"Danke, ich habe ja einen."
"Ach, der ist ja viel zu klein für uns beide."

"Miss, may I offer you my umbrella?"
"Thanks; but I have one."
"Oh, but that one is much too small for the two of us!"—*Fliegende Blätter* (Munich).

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE

*Girly*—Do you think kissing is really unhygienic? *Matron*—It seems to be considered so by persons who have been long married.

# The Truth about Little Red Riding Hood

*By KATE MASTERSON*

'E WHO suffered in childhood the indignity of being fed on fables and absurd fairy stories may be thankful that times have changed and that children of the present enjoy a literary diet of truth and proved facts.

They are not taught to believe in fairies any more than in gnomes and witches, nor to enshrine im-ısible heroes in their hearts. It is ›per, therefore, to expose for the grow-; generation some of the famous hum-gs of history.

Perhaps no person in juvenile lore de-'ves a "showing up" more than that ·cocious young woman known as Little d Riding Hood, who in a laughably probable tale succeeded in deceiving r mother, from whom she had been re-ving basket luncheons each day, in-ıded for an ailing grandmother, who lived a little distance from the Hood cottage.

These baskets contained the usual invalid delicacies — calf's-foot jelly, currant wine, fruit, cold fowl, delicious biscuit and fresh butter — all daintily packed in fine linen napkins. The old lady, however, never received them, and the circumstances of her death indicate strongly that she died from starvation, although no investigation was made at the time.

Little Miss Hood's love for gaudy apparel and her desire for masculine admiration were the cause of her heartless behavior rather than cruelty, and her final escapade, after her world-famous adventure, was to run away from home for a stage career.

Her choice of a bright crimson cloak gives evidence of her fondness for showy clothing. Her story of the "wolf" was an amusing invention, yet clever enough in its way. The fact is that, going across the meadow to her grandmother's home

NOT FOR GRAPE JUICE

*Tailor*—How about pockets?
*Customer*—Quart size, please.

one day, carrying her basket, she engaged in a flirtation with a young man driving a luxurious motor car. He wore a heavy fur coat, which hung to his heels, a cap to match, and goggles, which to a certain extent gave him the appearance of an animal. Day after day she met him, and they enjoyed a dashing drive to the woods, where they sat under a tree and picnicked from the luncheon basket.

Despite all their precautions, they were seen by some school children, and the Hoods finally heard the gossip. It was then that the girl concocted her story about meeting the "wolf," and the children's description of her companion carried out this idea.

The "wolf" was a professional chauffeur, who immediately forsook the girl when she ceased bringing him the luncheons, which happened soon afterward, when her grandmother passed away. To avoid talk, Mrs. Hood repeated the story of her daughter's adventure with the wolf, and it circulated freely and was believed by these simple country folk.

Sealed proposals are received before contracts are made except in marriage, when the proposal is sealed afterward.

## An Appreciation of Fashions

NOT too quiet,
Not too loud,
Not loud enough
To draw a crowd.
Not too somber,
Not too gay,
Not gay enough
To spread dismay.
Not too costly,
Not too cheap,
Not cheap enough
For mimic sheep.
Not too simple,
Not too frilled,
Just frill enough
To show your skill.
Not too forward,
Not too shy,
Not shy enough
To be passed by.
Alluring, mystic,
Full of wiles—
Such are the latest
Women's styles.

—*Ellis O. Jones.*

## His Opinion

"With the corset slaying women by the hundreds and the Rum Demon mowing down men like a pestilence," remarked the Erratic Thinker, "it is strange that there are still plenty of the former always ahead of you at the general-delivery window at the post-office, and an over-abundance of the latter who need ten dollars till the first of the month."

PRECAUTION

*Uncle Cyrus*—'Tain't rainin'; what you carryin' that big umbrella for?
*Topsy*—S'pose I wan'er git a'l tanned up like a brack niggah?

## Some Features of Miss-directed Energy

Eye service.
Lip worship.
Chin music.
Tongue lashing.
Brow beating.
Ear piercing.
Nose wringing.
Jaw breaking.
Hair splitting.

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

## Sure Sign

*Howard*—How do you know Higgs's car is a cheap one?

*Coward*—He never can remember it's make.

## The Difference

"The chronic bachelor smiles at matrimony."

"Eh-yah! But the married man knows it is no joke."

WILL NOT TAKE FLIGHT

*Angel's mother*—Gracie, are you a darling angel?
*Mother's angel*—Not if it 's anything to get ups airs?

## The Conquering Hero

[For he (Coriolanus) had what Cato thought a great thing in a soldier, not only strength of hand and stroke, but also a voice and look that of themselves were a terror to the enemy.—*Plutarch.*]

THINK not, my son, that you may lead
By lesser men attended,
Or be accounted great, indeed,
And hailed as truly splendid,
If modesty within you lies
Or if your ways be quiet.
Proclaim that you are great and wise,
And few will then deny it.

Think not, my son, to awe the throng
By soft and gentle speaking;
Your argument will not be strong
Without a deal of shrieking.
Unless you strut and learn to let
Your chest have full inflation,
The talent that you have will get
You little admiration.

Your gifts may be superlative,
But few will flock about you,
Unless you have the look to give
A chill to those who flout you.
The blatant blusterer ascends,
While modest Worth sits dreaming;
For greatness, as of old, depends
Much on the outward seeming.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

## After the Premiere

"You're a gay kind of a friend!" said Whimper to Wigglesworth. "Laughing like a hyena all through the first act of my tragedy!"

"Tragedy? Tragedy?" echoed Wigglesworth. "Why, Whimper, old man, I really was trying to help you! I thought all along the darned thing was a very amusing farce!"

CURIOUS FORMATIONS IN SILHOUETTE

# That Divine Discontent

*By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY*

"IT'S A BURNING shame, that's what it is!" cried eraldine hotly.

"What has Reginald done ow?" queried grandmother. hough not quite up to date, she ad learned that most of the burning shames" were perpetrated by usbands.

Granddaughter flushed guiltily. "Nothng—er—that is, I wasn't referring to im. I meant throwing Adam and Eve ut of the Garden again."

"I was not aware that they or any of heir descendants had ever gotten back n after the first expulsion."

"Well, perhaps not," said Geraldine.

"Anyway, it was a snippy trick for hat publication society to issue a new Bible, in which the parents of the race re called Man and Woman. After all he trouble the poor things have had, vith a wayward son and being blamed or everything that has happened since heir day, why couldn't they be let alone?"

"What a queer sentiment for a modern voman to express!" exclaimed grandnother, in surprise. "Some of you want to improve one thing and some another. I didn't suppose there was anything that you considered 'well enough' to let alone."

Geraldine cogitated, without much success. "We—we're satisfied with the solar system."

"Except," murmured grandmother, looking through half-closed lids back to her own girlhood days, "when, sharing with the young man a cozy seat in the shrubbery, you count the shooting stars. Then, a scarcity of stars, with its consequent dearth of kisses, forces you to supply the stellar deficiency with fireflies."

"How dreadful! But I presume girls have done such things," said Geraldine demurely.

"And always will," predicted the old lady, "unless, out of present conditions, a sexless woman, a neuter gender, is evolved."

"Even should that happen," opined Geraldine, "she will still demand a tribute of some kind; if not to her sex, to her brain or her skill with the broadsword."

"It's mighty little homage a woman receives these days, and she was never more discontented than now. I can't help believing that she was happier cuddling a man's head than she is cuffing it."

"As evidence of her versatility, it may be mentioned that she is good at either."

"It must be awful," said grandmother slyly, "to be dissatisfied with everything but the solar system!"

"While not exactly pleased with the laws of nature, she has, so far, made no effort to repeal them," hazarded Geraldine, after desperately racking her brain.

"No," came the quick retort. "She suspends them. Now, the law of gravitation—isn't she thinking of revising or amending that?"

"Oh, no!"

"Humph!" scornfully sniffed the granddame. "Isn't the woman who tries to sup-

part two hundred pounds of female loveliness upon a pair of three-inch French heels juggling the rules of physics?"

"Certainly not. She is just demonstrating that she possesses two of the requisites of good breeding—poise and balance. Give her credit for being too wise to tackle the impossible."

"There!" cried grandmother triumphantly. "You admit that woman has limitations, and is, therefore, man's inferior. Man, since he harnessed the lightning, conquered the air and invaded the depths of the sea, acknowledges no impossibilities, except"——

"What?"

"Putting woman back in the humble position which she once contentedly occupied. 'All the king's horses and all the king's men' might be able to put her back there again, but they could not make her contented with her situation."

---

The man who "takes hold" without thinking has a hard time to "hang on."

NOT AEROPLANING

*Tourist*—Now I understand why the farmer smiled when he told me this was the road "as the crow flies."

## An Editor's Side Issues

"I WOULDN'T think that publishing a newspaper in a little town like this would have enough in it to pay a man very much, especially if he had a family," said the commercial traveler, who had fallen into conversation with the editor and owner of the Beaneville *Blast*.

"Well, it wouldn't have if a man had to depend on the paper alone," was the reply. "But, then, I have a number of side issues. My wife keeps boarders and runs a millinery shop, and in the summertime she serves tea to auto parties and does a little plain sewing to sort o' help out. Then I repair bicycles and do something along the line of doctoring sick horses, and I keep fifty or sixty hens and canvass for three or four magazines. Then I am a justice of the peace and a notary public, and I do something along the line of fire insurance, and I repair umbrellas; and with two or three more little side issues like that, I manage to keep the *Blast* going, with the help of a little job printing."

## The Slash Skirt

I am no prude, but I'll admit
The sight of it unnerves,
When I see women wearing it
Who haven't any curves.

## No Change

"Wa-al, I dunno," said old lady Corntossel. "It don't seem to make much difference what party's in power down there to Washin'ton—Demmycrat, Republikin or wotnot—these here reeseats fer chickin potpie an' tomater ketchup in the Bosting newspapers runs on jest abaout the same's they did back in th' old days o' Andy Jackson—no better ner no wuss. I guess the country's putty safe in most anybuddy's hands."

## A Conviction

"I always believed," she said, as she searched the trousers again to see that nothing had been left, "that a man should keep nothing from his wife."

AND HER TOILET WAS COMPLETE

*Wife*—Jack, dear, how do you like my new gown?
*Hubby*—Where is it?

## When Nancy Cooks

WHEN Nancy cooks, she lifts with care
Her pet utensils from their hooks
An artful cap adorns her hair,
When Nancy cooks.

Demurely fair and wise she looks,
As o'er some compound richly rare
Her busy dimpled elbow crooks!

Entrancing savors fill the air—
She knows a charm not won from books
Serene, we wait ambrosial fare,
When Nancy cooks!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain*

## You Can't Phase 'Em

"You can't expect us to accept stuf like this," said the indignant literar editor. "It isn't poetry at all—it's sim ply gas!"

"I see," said the unruffled poet, as h meandered toward the door, "somethin wrong with the meter!"

---

Luck never responds to beckoning.

IN LIEU OF A TIP?

*Waiter*—How will you have your steak, sir?
*Minister* (absent-mindedly)—Well done, good and faithful servant.

THE MAN WHO PROFESSED TO BE AN ATHEIST

## The Man of It

HE TIPPED his beaver—the gay deceiver!
I saw him leave her and join the crowd.
My breath came thickly; my heart beat sickly.
I smiled up quickly; he blankly bowed.

And yet, on beeches and hidden breaches
And blue-stone reaches, our names are cut.
In love-knot tether they cling together
And face the weather—enduring—but

He passed me standing among the crowd.
I smiled up quickly; he blankly bowed!

—*Jane Burr.*

## A Heroine

*First bachelor maid*—What's your idea of a heroine?

*Second b. m.*—A mother of ten children.

## Mr. Skinnem Explains

"I SEE, father," said Mrs. Skinnem, who had become vastly interested in automobiles, "that the Wank-Wank car is sold for five thousand dollars f. o. b. What does f. o. b. mean?"

"Well, my love," said Mr. Skinnem, "if I bought it, it would be an abbreviation for fine old bust. Why don't you and Mabel go for a trolley ride this afternoon?"

## Things in Keeping

"Can you build me a piano and leave the bark on the wood?"

"I guess so," opined the piano salesman.

"I want it for my hunting lodge. We rough it up there, you know."

## Suit Yourself

OBSERVE yon man! He's far from gay.
It seems his wife has gone away.

Yon other man is bowed with woe.
It seems his wife declines to go.

We dodge the moral, as it were.
Pick out the moral you prefer.

*Mrs. J. L. O'Connell.*

## Not Given Away

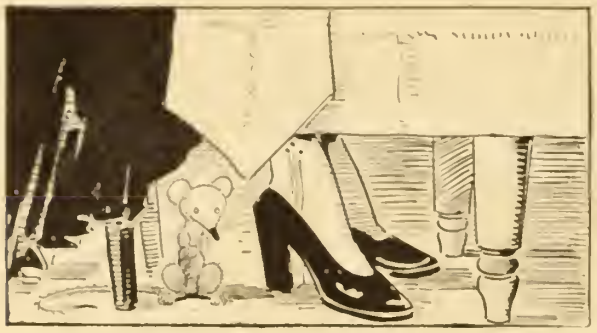
"Ah, yes! And who gave the bride away?" inquired the able editor of the Goshkonong *Gazette*.

"Nobody," replied Tobe Sagg, who was relating the details of a recent wedding in high life. "If there was anybody present that could have done so, he never said a word."

## The Rude and Uncultured Mouse

THE TALENTED editor of this page (sounds of loud laughter and boisterous conduct on the rear seats) has noticed by the papers that a Kansas wife is suing for divorce because her husband often brings home live mice and turns them loose in the house.

No husband should act in this way. We wish it known that we frown upon the practice of bringing unknown mice home and turning them loose, to wander where they may. In our mind's eye we can picture the feelings of the wife, as she stands in the middle of the floor after her husband has liberated the well-known and familiar quadrupeds. No doubt she has just laid in a fresh supply of groceries and is wondering if the rodents will gnaw through the pasteboard box and get into the oatmeal. There is nothing more humiliating than to open a box of oatmeal before company, to find that an ill-mannered mouse has taken up quarters in it and built a bungalow of odds and ends of waste paper. Then, when your indignation is aflame and you most want the mouse, it is gone.



"WHEN A MOUSE IS UNDER THE TABLE"

Even though you saw the mouse scampering across the floor of the kitchen, you could not be sure that it was the guilty party. If you advanced upon it to teach it a lesson and laid it out quivering in the middle of the floor, you could never be quite sure that you had caught the right one, and ever afterward you might be haunted by the fear that innocent blood was on your hands.

There is nothing more humiliating, when you are lingering at the table after a meal, discussing the affairs of the day, than to have a mouse run across the floor and under the table, out of sight. Even though you have had the mouse a long time and can trust it implicitly, you cannot be certain that the little creature will return quietly to the kitchen. There is always the haunting fear that the mouse may have grown callous and may begin gnawing the slippers of a guest. A mouse gnawing a guest's slippers is enough to make even the most placid temperament nervous. It makes no difference how much you have come to trust the mouse, you are bound to feel that it might do something unworthy of its better self. A hostess cannot help picturing the surprise that would come over the face of her guest when she gets home and finds that a part of her heel is gone.

The strain, when a mouse is under the table selecting a heel, is bound to tell on a sensitive and refined wife.

Personally, we do not blame the wife for getting a divorce. A husband who will bring strange mice home is no gentleman.

## A Substitute at Work

THE OTHER night a delicatessen store proprietor in Omaha, Nebraska, smelled gas. Arising, he lighted a match and started to search for the leak. His wife is now waiting on the customers.

## Left-handed Happiness

THE MEDICAL men have discovered that training the left hand exercises the right lobe of the brain and tends to make people more cheerful.

A man in the flat directly over us has very little use for his left hand. He has never cultivated it. It is virgin soil.

He takes his sadness out on his wife. Whenever we hear a disturbance on the floor above as if they had come for the piano, we know that our neighbor is being sad. He has a way, when a wave of sadness strikes him, of throwing the kitchen utensils down the airshaft. When an egg beater goes, we know that things haven't been very bright that day, and when the roasting pan goes, we know that every cloud in the business has had its silvery lining stripped bare and thrown over the back fence into his neighbor's chicken yard.

Often in a fit of melancholia the man throws the sugar bowl at his wife. We hold that this is no way for a husband to act. It has been our experience that in the more cultivated homes this is not well thought of. We don't care who disagrees with us, we are firm in our belief that no husband with the highest ideals would hurl a sugar bowl at his wife or pull her off the sofa by her hair. We wish it known that we frown upon the practice. Our trenchant pen shall ever be directed against the custom.

There is no use in bringing influence to bear against us—we shall remain firm and continue to wield our vitriolic pen against this institution. We are adamant. There is no need to cavil with us. You had just as well save your cavil. We will continue to fight the practice as long as there is breath in our body.

"WE KNOW THAT OUR NEIGHBOR IS BEING SAD"

We wish somebody would tie the gentleman's right hand down to his side. The melancholy man is thick through the shoulders and has red hair. On the day that the experiment is tried out, we will be busy and cannot attend; but our columns will always be in the forefront to praise the good work.

# A Lesson in Matrimony

*By J. A. WALDRON*

MARGERY WHYTEWAY was nervous as she entered the talian garden at Hope House with ıer son, Hugh Gorringe, who resemıled her no more in appearance than ıe did in name.

"Why aren't you going back to Harvard this autumn?" she ısked.

"I flunked in several things. I've had enough."

"But in athletics?"

"They wouldn't even let me sub in football. Said I was ›ig enough, but couldn't think fast. That lets me out of all ›ports."

"Are you as stupid as that?"

"Well, I didn't take after you. Was my father stupid? Or maybe I'm like some ancestor."

Mother and son hadn't seen each other twenty times since ne left "home" first for a boy's school. He was the fruit of a calculatingly clever girl and senility. Margery, nee Jones, when she was eighteen, had married old Gorringe, with one foot in the grave, and Hugh was a posthumous child. Margery had been called Margaret until she was widowed. She had kept Hugh out of sight as much as possible. Every calculating woman who has beauty has some faults. Hugh may have been stupid, but his father had left him rich, with certain restrictions, as he had left Margery rich with no string to the money.

"Oh, I didn't mean that, dear!" said Margery, with more show of feeling than Hugh had ever seen in her.

"Well, my first stepfather said I was. And I suppose my second stepfather thinks I am. He and I haven't had much conversation on any subject, as you know."

"No."

"And I suppose you brought me out in the garden so that I shouldn't meet him this time, eh?"

"Why, Hugh!" Margery was offended.

"Well, I don't care about meeting him. I dislike him as I did Abingdon," said the young man.

A year after Gorringe's death, Margery had married Charles Abingdon, a sporty, good-looking fellow, who wasted in the Street the bulk of a considerable patrimony from which Margery had managed to subtract all that the law would allow before she divorced him "for cause."

Margery had a tropic beauty that appeals to many men, and no one of his sex had blamed Eugene Whyteway, who was somewhat her junior, for becoming her third husband and sharing with her the burden of inherited wealth. But after their honeymoon Whyteway had shown impatience whenever Hugh was mentioned, and at sight of the youth fell into abstraction.

"But what are you going to do, Hugh, if you cut college?"

"Do? I don't have to do anything but enjoy myself."

"Why don't you go abroad?"

"I'm thinking of it."

"Alone?"

"Not exactly."

"With whom, then?"

"Oh, I'm going to get married."

"Married!"

"Yes. What is there strange about that?"

"It can't be you're going to marry that girl you—that college widow?"

"College widows don't get married except in plays."

"Who is it, then?"

"Bessie Blue, of the Gayety."

"What! How can you think of such a thing? A—a chorus girl! What will my friends say—what will Eugene say?"

"I don't care much what anybody says. There's a bunch of fellows who'd marry her in a minute."

"She's only after your money."

"She said she'd marry me if I hadn't a dollar."

"And you believe that? You don't know anything about matrimony—its seriousness—its responsibilities!"

"I know I don't. But I'm going to learn."

SPORTS OF A BIG CITY—TAKING THE HURDLES IN THE SUBWAY

## Just So

"Society has little use for a man when his cash is gone."

"No; but while his money holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

## Eugenics Up to Date

After Jennie wed 'Gene, their eugenical bliss
Quite brimmed the hymeneal cup;
Though never a child Jennie had, 'Gene he bought
Her the cutest eugenical pup!

WOMAN TO WOMAN

*Crafty milliner* (coaxingly)—The white feather on the hat makes madam look about twenty one.

*Mrs. Sprite* (eagerly)—Yes, yes. Why not put on two or three more?

## The Size of It

"THE TOWN row which flourishes in almost every hamlet in the land," commented the Erratic Thinker, "is the logical result of what he said and she said and I said and they said, and what he said about what they said and I said about what he said and we said about what she said, together with his criticisms on her pastor and their animadversions on my lodge and politics and my outspoken opinion of the banker and the church's serious doubts about the ultimate destination of anybody but its own members, and the panning the Social Circle gives everybody not present, and the assaults made by the popular evangelist on everybody and everything that does not contribute to his purse and glory, augmented by the idle and ineffectual remarks of the town loafers on what few subjects and individuals the rest of us accidentally overlook—the whole, in my humble opinion, going to show that all of us talk exceedingly too much."

## Where She Fails

There are many things that a girl can do,
If she's genuine suffragette through and through;
But she fails—and the records show it clear—
Again and again, as an auctioneer.
She never can learn to say with ease,
"Now, gentlemen, make me an offer, please."

## The Commercial Mind

"I see that the new British ambassador's name is Spring-Rice," said Bildad.

"Well, what of it?" growled old Moneybags. "What interests me is September wheat."

The latest slashed skirt seems to be split fifty-fifty.

*THREE ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE*

## The Parables of Pifflicus

### Of the Young Woman Who Sought an Husband

NOW IT came to pass that there dwelt in the land of I-o-wa a certain maid who would fain have taken an husband to wed.

But none came seeking her, whereupon she was downcast with much sorrow and took counsel of the Heart Problems Department in the Monthly Scroll.

And she applied herself diligently unto books and gat great learning concerning Poetry, and the Drayma, and the Suffrage Question, and a multitude of things like unto these.

But no man sought her out.

Then she said in her heart, I must be Musical and know about Art.

And she learned how to play the Beeth-Oven sonata on the family harp and gathered unto herself much wisdom pertaining unto Light and Shade.

But no man tarried at her abode beyond the ninth hour.

And she was sore discouraged and retired unto the kitchen, while it was yet at the time of harvest, to help Mother out in a pinch.

And it came to pass that a Prince journeyed that way and sat down to meat with them.

And when the dessert came on, he was filled with great joy, saying,

Who hath baked this scrumptious Cherry Pie?

And the maiden answered him with many blushes, saying, Even I.

Whereupon he arose from the table without more ado and embraced her with great gusto, exclaiming, Verily, I shall take thee to wed, even this night.

And it came to pass that he took her to wife, even as he had said, and they lived happily ever after.

And she that had tarried long said within herself, Let the foolish virgins worship at the altar of Art if they desire; but how shall a man eat the Poems of Brown-ing or be sated with the sonatas of Beeth-Oven?—*W. Kee Maxwell.*

## Virtue's Reward

MR. PUMPERNICKEL, the florist, was sick with a malady that made his face red. Another florist met Mrs. P.

"What ails Mr. Pumpernickel?" he asked.

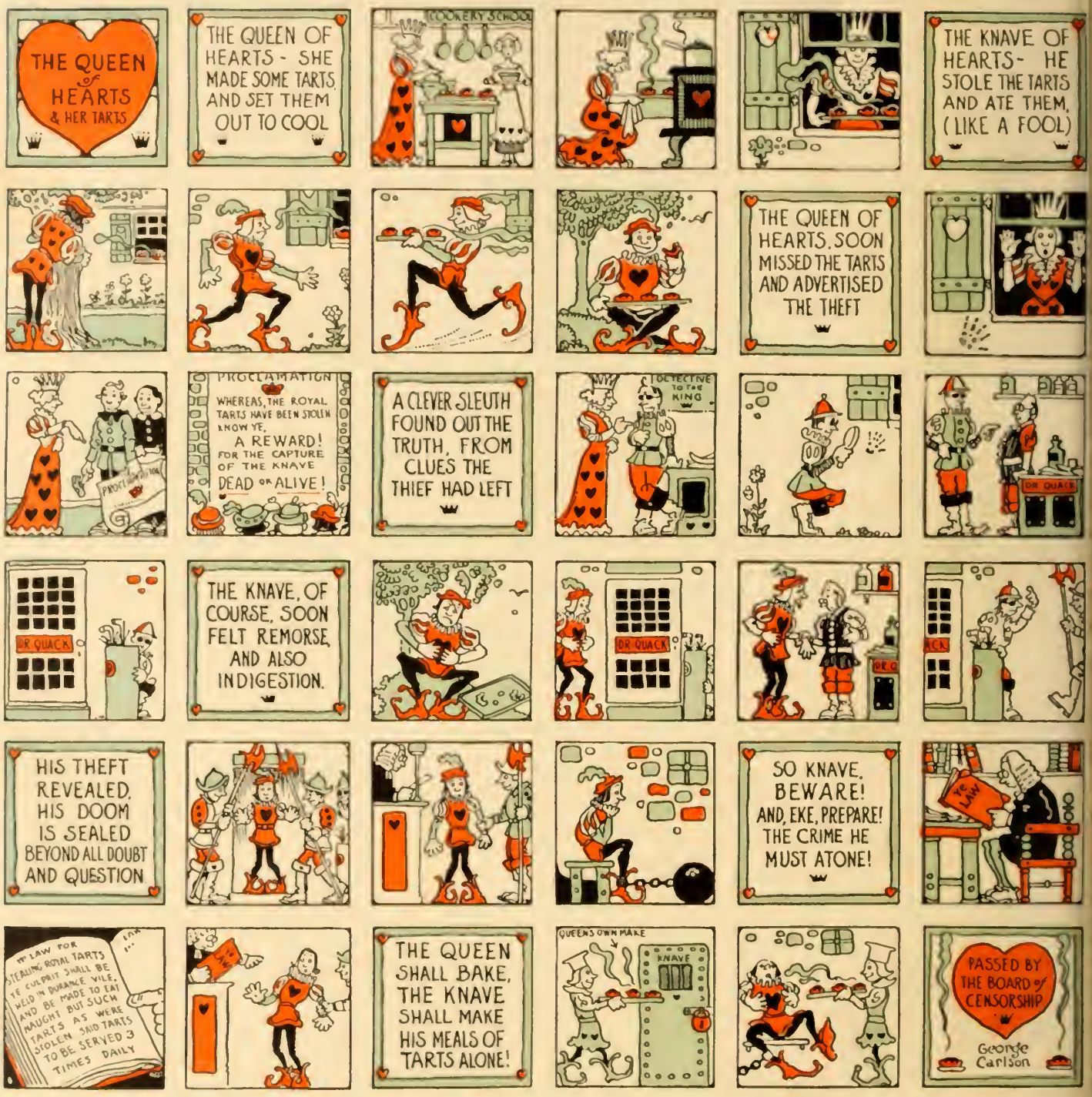
"The doctor calls it acne rose-acie," she said.

"Well, that is not so bad," he replied. "It advertises business."

SELF-EVIDENT

"See here, Arabella, did you tell your mother I was one of of the biggest chumps in the world?"

"No. She knew it."




The Queen of Hearts: or, Make the Punishment Fit the Crime

## Defined

*Tommy*—What's a settlement worker, dad?

*Dad*—One who finds the silver lining to the other fellow's clouds.

---

The bare truth is not in any danger of arrest for indecent exposure in the evidence given at trials in criminal cases.

## Turn About

From praising country life with energy
He couldn't refrain,
And oft I've heard him boast how easily
He caught the train.

But once he had to run quite hard for it,
And—sequel grim!—
The fast two-thirty mussed him up a bit
The train caught *him!*—*Nathan M. Levy.*

## Where Did They Get It?

*Hobson*—I understand that Uncle Sam doesn't pay living wages.

*Dobson*—That's funny! Most of the office-holders seem to be rich when they get out.

---

The slit skirt uncovers a multitude of slims.

# The MODERN WOMAN

## Curbside Comments

*By OREOLA W. HASKELL*

ith bugles and with banners, the suffrage cohorts go,
d I, a watcher on the curb, look out for weal or woe,
d note what word the gaping world in passing may bestow.

### The Dependent

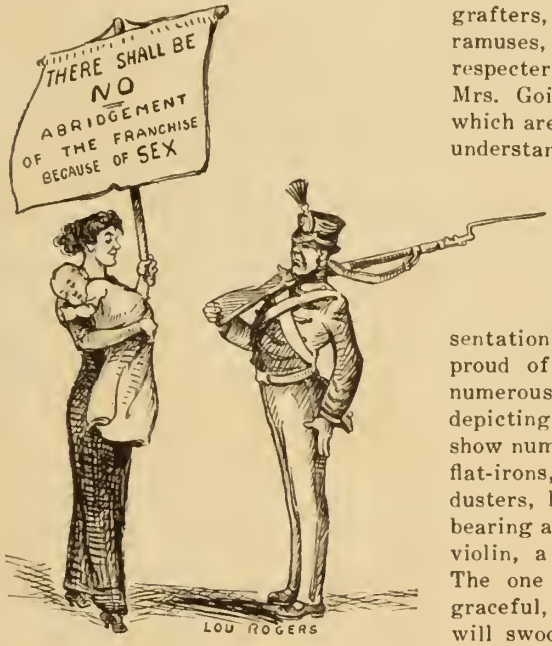
HAVE no cash account nor need
A checkbook, so I'm told.
ave a bank called husband,
To furnish all my gold.
d when he doth my wants ignore,
lyly look his pockets o'er.
is makes of me a thief, they say?
t I must get the coins some way.

win my points I'm often forced
To gloss the facts a bit.
little flattery is sure
To make a telling hit.
aggeration, falsehood, too,
e helpful from my point of view.
liar? I? This course convicts?
t every trade must have its tricks.

ıen, in the larger work I do,
I want a law or bill
fill a need or remedy
A quite conspicuous ill,
lead and pray with tears and smiles,
r legislators like such wiles.
slave takes just such means to please?
e world gives me no powers but these.

### Direful Proof

FTER ten months of enfranchisement, the suffragists of California have ıved to the entire satisfaction of the tis the truth of the predictions that re made as to the evil effect of ballot- upon the female mind and soul. at voting has utterly destroyed their nderness of heart, womanly pity and ısideration for others may be seen by ir support of a minimum wage bill, an ployers' liability act, health certifi- es for marriage, teachers' pensions, y for the work of prisoners and annual omes for the infirm and indigent old. e mother instinct has also decamped, , instead of concentrating all their ection on their own broods, they have en warmly interested in the matter of es and dress for school children and in eping children from being separated m their parents because of poverty. eir housewifely predilections have for- r departed, for, instead of focusing all ir attention on their private supplies linen, they have tried to make things an and sanitary for strangers, by ımpioning a bill regulating the size of ets to be used in hotels. Their eco- nical traits, too, have been crushed, for they have recklessly approved of many appropriations for commissions to investigate conditions with a view to remedying wrongs. May the good women of other States never deteriorate like this, but ever continue to devote their leisure to uplifting subjects like bridge and broaches.




ANSWERED

*Soldier citizen*—But, madam you cannot bear arms.

*Woman citizen*—Nor can you, sir, bear armies.

### Resting Voters

A NEW thing has been discovered and exploited by the anti-suffragists. It is the voter's vacation. To enjoy it, one must be a man and a resident of a State where women have the ballot. We find that the men citizens of California have been vote vacationists for ten months, and the men of Colorado have been resting thus politically for almost twenty years. For the antis tell us that all the legislation in the enfranchised States, all the political scandals and mistakes, are due to the women, are supported by them, and a direct expression of their frenzied notions about statecraft. The male voters are in a delightful comatose state, oblivious to both men and measures. Thus we have a modern and modified reincarnation of the matriarchate.

### *Extracts from "The Antiquary"*

A weekly journal edited and published by real ladies and opposed to female enfranchisement

*Announcement*—There will be an anti-suffrage parade in a month or two, and all the faithful are called upon to prepare for the gorgeous event. We shall march by divisions, such as the gamblers, the society lights, the back numbers, the grafters, the minions of vice, the ignoramuses, the frivoliters and the non-self-respecters. Our indefatigable worker, Mrs. Goit, is planning some novelties, which are to be sprung as surprises. We understand one is called Our Political Peers, and that she has secured a choice idiot, a harmless lunatic, an amiable criminal, a cherubic minor and a rich non-residenter to combine forces and make this a truthful representation of existing conditions. We are proud of this feature. There will be numerous floats of great beauty. One, depicting The Inferiority of Woman, will show numbers of the female sex holding flat-irons, mops, scrubbing brushes and dusters, kneeling at the foot of a male bearing aloft in his outstretched hands a violin, a picture, a book and a sword. The one called Fragility will be very graceful, as one of our young beauties will swoon every five minutes, to show the utter helplessness of the feminine sex. The bands will play "We're No Good and We Know It" and other favorite songs. All in all, this is an occasion to look forward to and to work for with unceasing energy.

Mrs. Slavinski came into our office this morning and exhibited her ten children. We think of raising funds to put up a monument to her. How far such as she, a mother, surpasses the unmarried, childless Jane Addams type! We'll need extra funds, however, for we might use some doctoring the children, as one has the rickets, another has a cough, a third a crooked spine and a fourth the St. Vitus dance. Mrs. Slavinski says she'll march in the parade and show her offspring, that all the world may see antis are home bodies and multipliers; but she wants a wagon for the children, as none of them feel equal to the walk. We hope some rich friend will loan an ambu—er—automobile.

---

Mrs. Booth should have credit for her work in Illinois for female suffrage.

# WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Charity

"Est-il seulement sourd-muet?"
"Je ne sais pas—c'est lui qui le dit."

"Is he really deaf and dumb?"

"I don't know. He says so."—*Le Sourire* (Paris).

"Hurra ein Seehund!"

"Hurrah! A seal!"

"Ich geb euch gleich einen Seehund!"

"Just wait till I seal you!"

—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Philosophy

"Tu adores la vie, toi"
"Je l'avoue."
"Tu ne peux pourtant pas rester eternellement jeune?"
"Je me contenterais de rester éternellement vieux."

"You love life, don't you?"

"I confess I do."

"But you can't stay eternally young."

"Well, I'll be satisfied to remain eternally old."—*L'Illustration* (Paris).

A Miracle

"Im Grunde genommen ist an diesem Lustspiel gar nichts. Wie können Sie nur den Utor göttlich nennen?"
"Nun ja, er hat eben, wie ein Gott; etwas aus nichts gemacht."

"Taken all in all, there is nothing to this comedy. How can you call the author divine?"

"Why, like a god, he has made something out of nothing."—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

Dress

*Gorgeous individual* (visitor at se side, running across resident friend) Thanks for your note, old chap. I'll delighted to dine with you to-night.

*Friend*—That's good! By the way, think I said, Come as you are; but you mind *dressing?* We're such plai simple people.—*Punch* (London).

Despair

"Um Gotteswillen, Adolph, du hast doch die Schlüssel zum Koffer!"

"For heaven's sake, Adolphus, and you've got the keys of our trunk!"—*Jugend* (Munich).

Superfluous

"Siehst du, Mieze, ich find' das goldig, so am Stra und alles,—bloß was das dumme Wasser soll, verste ich nicht!"

"You see, Mieze, I think it's fine, b ing on the beach and all that. Only can't see why the stupid water should there!"—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

THAT'S WHAT HE WOULD DO

*Hattie*—If you were president of Mexico, what would you do first?
*Mattie*—I'd buy a balloon, and put it on the roof of the palace.

# The Telepathic Miss Treacy

*By KATE MASTERSON*

T WAS on the terrace of Sheap· herd's, at Cairo, with the usual idwinter crowd of tourists from l over the earth. Nowhere but Monte Carlo do you strike such picturesque group, many of the asterners wearing the costumes of their country, in contrast the staid tweeds and serge of the English and American men.

It was a delight to Miss Treacy, whose wild hunger for ad·nture and deep study and cultivation of the occult had long ·en penned up in the insufficient field of a Brooklyn public hool, where she instructed a boys' class ten months of the ·ar. Now she was having a taste of Paradise, "Cooking" it rough the East.

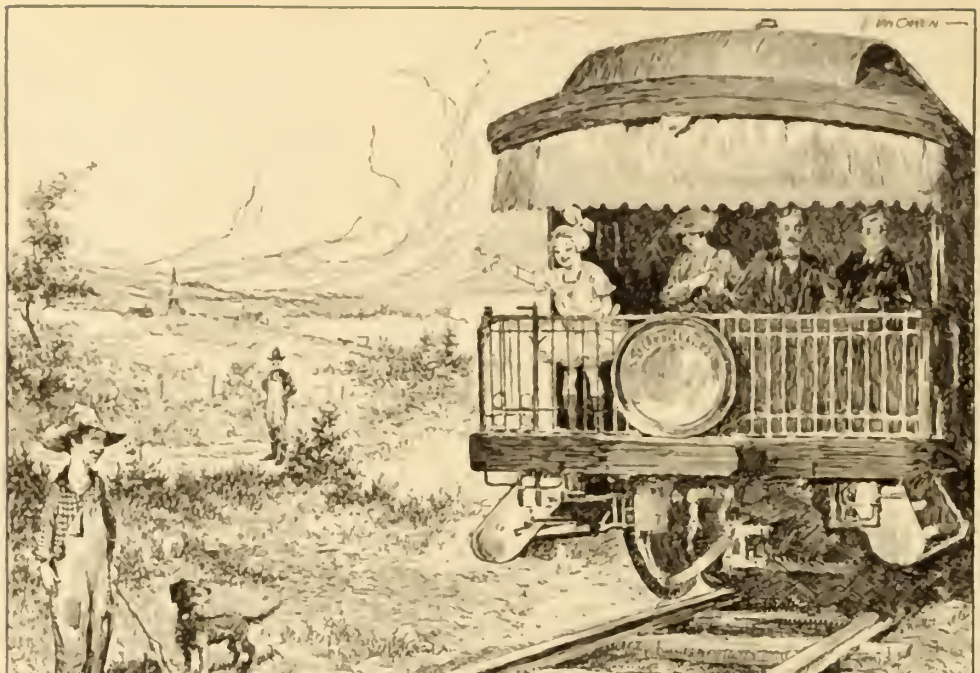
A swarthy Oriental, drinking coffee from a small, delicate ıp set in filigree gilt and smoking a preposterously long che-ot, was attracting attention. He wore a fez, and a wide, lken sash of the same deep crimson bound his waist over a m of a shirt like a woman's veil.

Miss Treacy was told that he was a wealthy gem merchant ' Constantinople, and again she thrilled. Jewels had her in ıeir net. She always knew she would commit a crime under ıe desire for some splendid gem. She never dared to go in welry stores at home. She eyed the Turk, fascinated. His ack beads of eyes glittered a consciousness of her interest.

Some one said that he always carried on his person the ost famous of his possessions, and that Pinkertons were nong the men who traveled in his suite, dressed as native servants. As he smoked on imperturbably, yet quite conscious of the attention he excited, the girl suddenly felt the impact of another glance meeting her own.

Looking about her, she saw a

Twinkle, twinkle, cheap cigar, how I wonder what you are!



ROMANCE

handsome, powerfully built man, lounging over a copy of the *Sphinx*, watching the Turk across the top of his paper, which he was not reading. Possibly one of the Pinkertons, she thought? But, no—this man looked like a Syrian Arab. He was almost too well groomed and dressed, with a cruel gleam of power in his big, amber eyes as he watched the placid Turk.

She stepped lightly to a gold-laced major-domo at the entrance to the lounge and made a polite inquiry. The watching man was a son of the desert, Mahoumat Bey, just in from a house-boating trip on the Nile—fabulously rich and a citizen of the world, known in Newport as well as Nice in their seasons.

Miss Treacy, failing in her manners, continued to observe the Egyptian's eyes glued on the figure of the Turkish merchant, who, with what seemed a touch of vanity, put aside his smoke and took from an inner pocket a flat, leather case. Opening it and adjusting a glass, he casually examined the contents.

Miss Treacy felt that she was reeling as she saw the Egyptian's face grow ashen to the lips, while his eyes flamed with greed. In this case, then, was contained the reason for the close scrutiny of the watching man. The Moslem snapped it shut, rose and walked into the hotel.

That night, with her party, she went to view the Sphinx by moonlight. And, as she stood entranced and awed in the spell of the scene, a caravan wound its way into view. Nearer and nearer it came. A camel, led by a tall courier, lurched along under a heavily tented palanquin. Donkeys, bearing servants and luggage, followed lazily. It was the Turkish gem dealer on his way across the desert.

And, gazing at them, Miss Treacy wondered if he carried his precious wares with him throug the Egyptian night. She though again of the silent watcher on th terrace. And something struck a her brain like a bell, and, lookin close, she knew that the tall ma who led the camel was none othe than Mahoumat Bey—in the dres of a camel boy. She shivered i the silver light. What did th night hold?

Later, at the hotel, she dreame heavily. And this is what she saw A halted caravan—guides, servants donkeys, all stopped for rest at i little spring. The tall Egyptian who seemed in authority, was dis pensing fruits, wine, food, sleepin robes. The Turk, as he drank, en tered into good-fellowship with hi courier. They spoke in French.

One by one the serving men fel into an apparently drunken sleep The Turk and the Egyptian, observ ing them, discussed this disgusted ly. By degrees the Turk began t nod, falling over on his side awk wardly. The Egyptian bent acros his body and took from his boson the leather case, pressing it to hi lips delightedly.

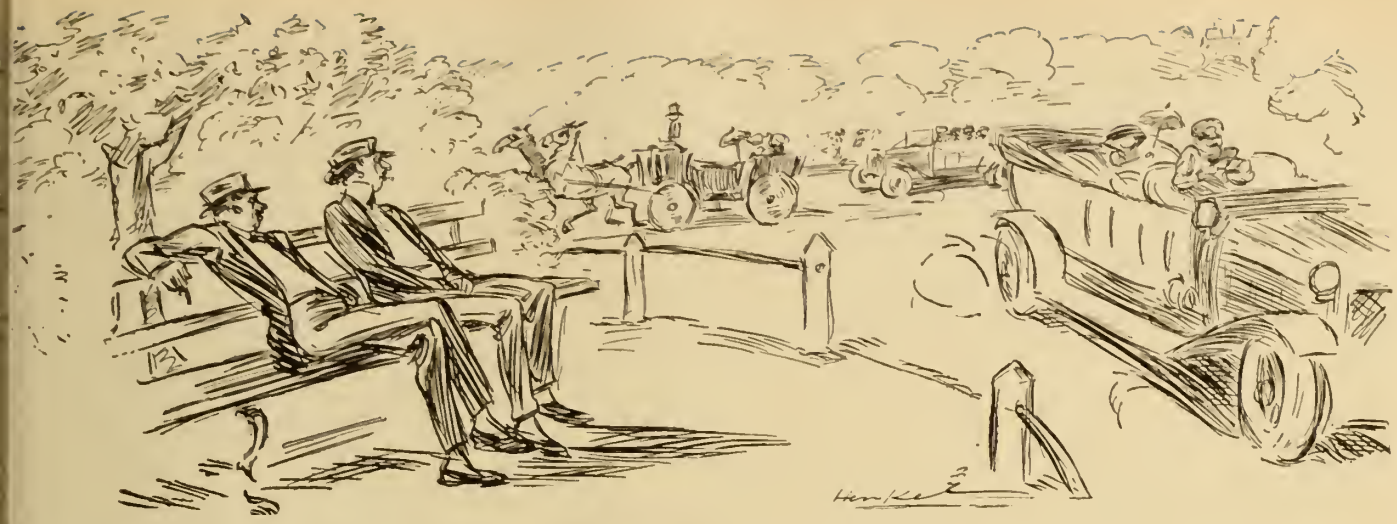
Hastily he untethered an mounted one of the donkeys and started back over the path h had traveled through the desert. A shaft of dawn lit his fac with haggard joy. He opened the case and gloatingly held i up to the first keen ray from the east. Then Miss Treacy sav what it contained. It was a box of American cigarettes!

## Tobacco

**N**ebulous fancies of this goddess bor**N**
**I**nconstant as the drowsy clouds of incens**E**
**C**urling serene in curious ring and cus**P**
**O**pen to man the gates of paradis**E**
**T**he clouds of earth, like smoke-clouds empyrea**N**
**I**nspired of thee, all swiftly take to fligh**T**
**N**erve-calming nymph! What marvel you enravis**H**
**E**arth's weary sons! Lo! with one touch you sooth**E**

—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

"I am not fussy as to brand," said J. Augustus Stoke; "But give me one without a band. I like a quiet smoke."



TROUBLES OF OWNERSHIP

*S Kidder*—Is that Wantley's automobile?
*Pete Rol*—He calls it his. First he put a mortgage on his house to buy the car; then he put a mortgage on the car to pay for repairs; and now he 's figuring how to raise money to purchase gasoline.

## When One Day

OT WHEN you first have proudly drawn the curtain
'o hide a fast-increasing length of limb,
r when your years have, piling up, made certain
That "kid" for you is no fit pseudonym;
Not when you first turn hot and cold all over,
And blush and cough, and laugh a foolish laugh,
Because a pretty woman calls you "lover"
In joke, although full well you know it's chaff;

t when, arrayed in faultless new tuxedo,
Fou first disport yourself in giddy dance,
smoke a cigarette and take no need o'
The fact that dad on smoking looks askance;
, nor when you first find widows charming
And see in them attractions all their own,
cast them out, with vehemence alarming,
n order your friend's sister to enthrone;

t when one day you linger after dinner—
Perhaps you scent your destiny afar—
ur father thinks, "He has grown up, young sinner!"
And, thinking, takes his after-meals cigar;
d then he turns (within his eye a burden
Of mirth suppressed), extends the case,
"Have one?"
joice! On you he has conferred the Guerdon,
And now at last you are a man, my son!

—*Valentine Howell.*

## Smoke and Smoke

A NEW YORK physician, who is a cigarette fiend, was undergoing a grilling from a Pittsburgh friend, also a physician.

"Stop it! Cut it out!" said the Pittsburgh man. "You know what a cigarette smoker's lungs look like, don't you?"

"Of course I do," retorted the New York man. "They look just like the lungs of a Pittsburgher who never smoked a cigarette in his life."—*W. J. Lampton.*

## Smoke Up!

WITHIN a maze
Of mystic haze,
I saw a form divine—
A charming girl,
With teeth of pearl
And features angel fine.

She smiled at me,
This phantasy
I'm telling you about—
I knew the bliss
Of one sweet kiss,
And then—my pipe went out!

A pipe dream? Yes;
But happiness
It brought past power of pen,
So I shall scratch
Another match
And light my pipe again!

* * * * *

In this old earth
The chap of worth
Who makes the winning fight
Laughs when fond schemes
Prove but pipe dreams,
And strikes another light!

—*Lida Keck Wiggins.*

---

When you put "that" in your pipe and smoke it, of what use is the residuum?

## Evidently Not

THE fellow who said, "One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives," evidently did not exist in a period of Ladies' Aid Societies, Thursday Afternoon Whist Clubs, Ladies of the Round Table, Sewing Circles, and like organizations.

## In New York

*Manhattan*—Don't you hate a trick people have of reading one's newspaper over one's shoulder in subway trains?

*Bronx*—No one ever bothers me that way. My paper is printed in English.

---

The man who kicks against receiving short weight does not always deliver full value for his money.

POVERTY OF IDEA

*Madeline*—Why, Mrs. Benaway! Are you back?
*Mrs. Benaway*—Yes, dear; are you?

## Manana

*By WALT MASON*

THE WEEDS in the garden are growing, while I'm sitting here in the shade; I know that I ought to be hoeing and doing some things with a spade. I know that I shouldn't be shirking in pleasant, arboreal nooks; I know that I ought to be working like good little boys in the books. They tell me that idling brings sorrow, and doubtless they tell me the truth; I'll tackle that garden to-morrow—to-day I've a yarn by Old Sleuth!

The fence, so my mother reminds me, needs fixing the worst kind of way! So it does; but, alas! how it grinds me to wrestle with fence boards to-day! I ought to do stunts with a hammer, and cut a wide swath with a saw, and raise an industrial clamor out there at the fence by the draw. The punishing fires of Gomorrah on idlers, ma says, will rain down; I'll fix up that blamed fence to-morrow—to-day there's a circus in town!

I ought to be whacking up kindling, says ma, as she fools with the churn; the pile in the woodshed is dwindling, and soon there'll be nothing to burn. There's Laura, my sister, as busy as any old bee that you know, while all my employments are dizzy, productive of nothing but woe. I'll show I'm as eager as Laura to make in the sunshine my hay! I'll split up some kindling to-morrow—I planned to go fishing to-day!

I've made up my mind to quit fooling and do all the chores round the shack. Just wait till you see me a-tooling the cow to the pasture and back! I'll show that I'm willing and able! I'll weed out the cucumber vines, I'll gather the eggs 'neath the table, and curry the horse till he shines! A leaf from ma's book I shall borrow and labor away till I fall! I'll surely get busy to-morrow—to-day there's a game of baseball!

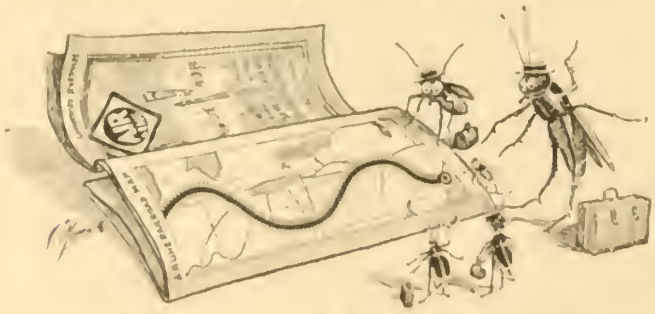
## The Way It Goes

"I S'POSE, o' course, you're going to the Female Minstrels at the Op'ry House to-night?" helpfully insinuated the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern.

"No, sir!" firmly replied the recently arrived washing-machine agent. "The show is degrading, and"——

"Are ye sure of that?" eagerly interrupted the landlord.

"Yes. I saw the performance at Whillersville and Torpidtown, and again at Wayoverbehind, and I guess I ought to know!"



A MOST EXCELLENT PORTRAIT OF OUR TRAVELING FRIEND, MR. THOUSANDLEG WORM

WHY NOT HAVE A MONUMENT ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE PUMPKIN PIE?

## Pipe Dreams

HE HAD a wondrous castle in some fairy realm of old;
Its marble halls of splendor hung with trophies rare of go
He reveled in the beauty of its changing tint and gleam,
Until he let his pipe go out and found it all a dream.

He owned a yacht and sailed the seas for islands of the west
Where strains of silvery music lulled his weary soul to rest,
Upon a bed of roses fair that bloomed beside a stream;
And then he let his pipe go out and found it just a dream.

His board and room rent were paid up for ten years in advanc
His landlord passed him with a word of cheer and kindly glanc
But suddenly his blissful joys were quickly put to rout,
For when he tried to fill his pipe, his smoking had run out!

*George B. Stoff*

## How To Move Them

*First rector*—I am going to preach to the Four Hundre
How can I move them?

*Second rector*—You'll have to move them in limousines.

## The Difference

"What's the difference between speculation and investment

"When you lose, it is speculation; when you win, it investment."

"Be up and doing" is all right as a motto and should followed, if you are doing the right thing.

# FOND MEMORIES

## The Human Lyre

'HE HUMAN lyre is an instrument strung with vocal cords and capable giving forth chin music. The most famous other kind of lyre was a harp that belonged to a dude named Orpheus. It played such tender music that, when its owner went to Hades after his honeybunch, he made Tantalus forget he was thirsty, stopped Ixion's motor cycle, caused the ıghters of Danaus to quit sieving ter, and had all the ghosts boohoo- ; as if their hearts were busted. But ıt lyre doesn't stand deuce high with 360-degree human lyre. Under his lodious strains an insurance policy ınds like a Poem of Passion, and a :-rich-quick swindle assumes the airs La Poloma or the Sextette from cia. His dulcet intonations woo long green from a wallet, just as spilled molasses wooes the billion-germ-footed flies. There is no score too hard for such a genius to play, and beside his basso profundo Truth's treble is absolutely pianissimo. The genus increases with the increase of big business, and it seems that he, like the poor, will be ever with us. He wears no trade-mark, and it is no use trying to label him, for while you would be attaching the label he would sing you into believing he is a benefactor of humanity, and you would forget your job and hand him a twenty-dollar gold piece to moisten his horn. The best thing to do is to put a padlock on your pocketbook and let him sing.—*G. W. Parker.*

## At Eventide

"Night brings out the stars,"
The chorus, too, and then,
In whizzing motor cars,
The tired business men.

## Sometimes

"A cigar is like a Christmas present."

"Why?"

"Because the wrapper's the most expensive part of it."

## A Managerial Dilemma

*Friend*—What's the matter?

*Theatrical manager*—I'm debating whether to put on a play that's recommended by doctors or one that's approved by the clergy.

---

A dollar bill looks larger after being laundered, but it buys no more.

FEMININE FINANCE

*Dad*—What! Another new dress?

*Mabel*—Yes, father; but I bought it with my own money, which I earned by selling your last winter's fur coat.

## Child Prodigies

SOME people will never learn that a stitch in time will save an hour's mending.

We refer to Mr. and Mrs. Leander Griffin, of Los Angeles. They have a daughter, whose name is Lora. She is a child prodigy. They have known this for years, but have remained sedentary.

"LORA'S BENT IS VERSE"

Lora's bent is verse. When she was four years old, she wrote her first poem. It had four lines. It was to a caterpillar. Her mother laughed light-heartedly at the time and thought no more about it. She just let the matter go.

Now, just the other day, when the girl was fifteen, she wrote a poem of one hundred and ninety-two lines. What this will lead to by the time she is forty, no one can foretell. We can only hope for the best.

The parents alone are to blame. They knew about this tendency on the part of their child, yet they took no steps. If they had remembered about the stitch in time, all this could have been patched up.

Now that they have made their bed, let them lie in it.

It's no distinction to be a child prodigy these days. This country is being overrun with them. They are a drug on the market. It's a pretty poor family now that hasn't at least one child prodigy in it.

Normal children are getting scarcer and scarcer every year. Soon an average child will be a sensation.

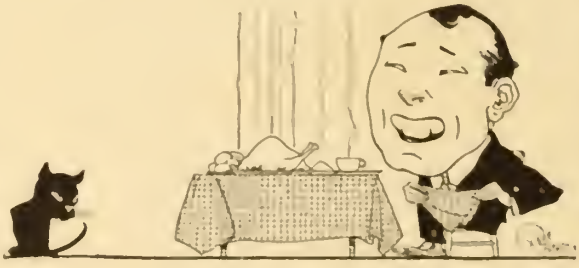
We pity a prodigy in its old age. When a prodigy grows up, it becomes just like anybody else. Or a little more so.

We are gladder every day that we were not a prodigy when we were a child. We are just beginning to appreciate what we owe our father and mother.

## A Timely Warning

BEFORE this falls under the eyes of our vast legion of readers, the mental giant who pens this page each week will be on his way back to the old swimming hole. We're going back there for three weeks and pull pa's table against our wishbone. Hotel life in New York is all right, but, after all, no table in the world fits a person so well as the one back home.

We have written our folks that we are coming, and already the chickens are beginning to wear a harassed, worried look.



"WE DEARLY LOVE A CHICKEN"

We dearly love a chicken when it lies quietly on the table, with its knee joints pointing upstairs. When there is a chicken in such an attitude on pa's mahogany, we linger long. We love to be thrown into the society of a chicken when it is quietly lying on its shoulder blades, studying the ceiling.

So if you see a good deal about Missouri on this page for a couple of issues, you will know that we are out there, admiring pa's Plymouth Rocks.

Maryville isn't very large, if you are passing through; but you can tell it, all right—there wo be many chickens down by the tracks.

If you should see any, just notice they aren't headed toward Iowa.

## Watermelon Friendship

SINCE we got home, we've been spe ing a lot of time on the back por with watermelons. We like to be l alone with a watermelon. We never g lonesome with a watermelon as a bos companion. After we have been alo with a melon half an hour, we like meet another one. We can meet a wh party of them and still feel well dispos toward them; but after we have gone bed, we often regret that we met so ma of them. Sometimes we have to call a doctor to help us share the regret.

## What To Do with a Yawn

A WELL-KNOWN beauty doctor recommending the use of the yaw He says that the yawn, followed by stretch, will make a person taller.

The yawn will not be popular arou us. We have no yearning to any taller. We bump our head oft enough the way it is. We will n be in the market from now on f yawns, no matter how fresh and a tractive they are. Even the be budded variety will have no attra tion for us. Even if the dew is st on them, we don't want them. Fro now on we are strangers.

A yawn may look innocent, but are not going to take any chances with From now on we're going to smoth every yawn in its infancy. If smothe ing won't accomplish our purpose, we hold it under water.

"WE'RE GOING TO SMOTHER EVERY YAWN"

# The Eternal Boy

*By J. A. WALDRON*

HIS BOY lived in a small town, where ambitions are few and between; but he would have been t the same in the crowded marts tradé. Environment but retards nspires the Boy.

This Boy happened at a slaughter house one day when his ents thought him at school. Immediately it was his ambi- ı to be a butcher. He experimented to this end for a min- and forty seconds with his ma's bread knife and an able- ied male cat owned by a neighboring spinster. The doctor l some of the Boy's wounds would leave no scars, but as to ers he did not depose and asseverate. The ambition to be a cher, however, had disappeared.

Then the Boy saw a blacksmith shoeing a horse and was red to emulation. He borrowed a calf from a neighbor's d, tied it to the fence behind the smoke house with his ther's clothesline, and sought to get the animal's left hind t in the posture he had seen the blacksmith hold the horse's hoof. A calf is not given to conversation, and its only method of dissent has been pregnant with surprise to unnumbered generations. They fished the Boy out of the well, a scant rod from the scene of his experiment, and by the light of lanterns found the calf three miles away in the woods just after midnight.

No great ambition now stirred the Boy until he saw his first circus, whereupon he all at once tried to become a bareback rider, a tight-rope walker and an acrobat. The next quarter's bill rendered by the family physician—who always furnished his own splints, liniments and other professional paraphernalia —kept the Boy's pa awake three nights.

It was not long before the Boy was inspired by the great ambition of his life. The Boy's pa got a new pipe one day and put his old one away to season. The potency of most old pipes needs qualification by leisure. This pipe was quite ripe when the Boy saw his opportunity. With his faithful little dog

Sport, the Boy went away out behind the barn with this fine old, ripe old pipe of pa's, a box of matches and some cut plug tobacco he had borrowed from the paternal archives. Then the Boy smoked a bit.

Sport was wont to participate in all his little master's pleasures, but this pleasure of the pipe was denied him. Yet Sport knew something was the matter, and whined and barked in pure sympathy. The Boy's reprobate life, checkered with all manner of atrocious mischief and heinous wickedness, rose up before him in startling colors and infinite detail, and he wept aloud as one sorely injured. He promised himself that forever thereafter he should so behave that persons on the street would turn and look as he passed and ask who that Model Boy might be.

Yet boys are forgetful. It was not long before this Boy was fooling with a cigarette.

## The Way of a Woman

FOOLISHLY he asked her for a kiss; naturally she said "no"; bravely he took it, anyway; angrily she put him away; scornfully she told him what she thought of such action, and meekly he stood for the same old bluff.

"I am surprised and mad at you!" she said, and she looked every bit of it. "I don't think a gentleman would do such a thing; and now, if you are going to stay here this evening, I don't want you even to touch me, but let us sit here and talk like sensible people."

Thoroughly cowed, he agreed.

Seeing, however, that she had carried her little bluff too far and he was taking her seriously, she made use of a bright idea.

"Will you promise to be good now?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, let's shake on it."

Solemnly they shook hands.

"Now," she said, with a cunning and meaning little twinkle in her eye, "you have touched me already and broken your promise. So, being as you have gone that far, you might as well go ahead and break the rest of your agreement."

Curtain!

*Roy G. Booker.*

"HE WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS TRASH"

SARCASTIC

*Michael*—D' ye feel like a bite o' somethin' now, Maggie, or would ye rather take a spin through the Park first t' git up a appetite?

## A Parable

ONCE upon a time there was a Young Man who had urge literary aspirations, but nothing to say. In his extremi he went to the Sage and asked him what to do about it.

"Write, my son, write," advised the Sage.

The Young Man followed this advice. He wrote diligentl and, lo! his writing became very popular and his name wa famous throughout the land.

"How do you explain it?" asked a Critic of the Sage on day.

"It is very simple," replied the Sage. "As the Young Ma had no ideas, there was nothing to distract him from a stri attention to literary style, which he developed to a point perfection.

"But what is literary style worth without ideas?" queri the Critic.

"Everything to the populace; nothing to the philosopher, declared the Sage. Moral: Vox populi vox populi.

## Getting Even

A New Yorker who weekly travels into New Hampshire, an for a part of his journey takes a train for a short connectin run, pays fare for this short distance to the conductor, a usually there is no time to get a ticket.

"This reminds me," said the conductor one day, as he too the fare and punched a slip, "of a farmer who used to rid with me frequently on this road. The farmer always ha time, as I suppose, to buy a ticket for his journey, but invar ably he waited until on the train and paid me.

"'Why don't you get a ticket?' I asked him one day. 'Wh do you always wait to pay me?'

"'Wa-al,' he replied, 'it's just this way, you see. I've allu lived along this road, an' one day a train killed a fine cow o mine. I sued the company, but they beat me out in court An' then an' there I vowed I'd never give 'em another cen as long as I lived.'"

TAKING AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE

## The Flirtatious Cigarette

I SWIRL and curl in banquet halls,
Join fumes with dazing wine;
The famous and the infamous
Are devotees of mine.

I rise and fall in filmy wreaths
Where soft lights shed their beams,
And add a breath of incense rare
To dopeful dizzy dreams.

* * * * * *

I've long compelled companionship
Witb lofty men and low;
Ambition-spurred, I now essay
To dazzle as a beau.

Successes are attending me,
With conquests and caresses—
I kiss Marie, I flirt with Rose,
And reek in Tessie's tresses.

—*Hubert Kotterman.*

## Different

*Gramercy*—So your wife is going to e for a divorce. Did she meet her finity while away in the country?

*Park*—No. When she came back she et mine.

## Pellets of Pessimism

THE village millionaire is a gent with ten thousand dollars and a redundancy of abdomen.

An epigram is a sneer in evening dress.

It is an automobile to the luckless few who have none, a touring car to the fortunate many who have.

Expurgate—To take the fun out of.

Reformer—A disappointed patriot.

The pessimist is convinced that it cannot be done because he is unable to give it his personal attention.

## Insatiable

There was a young lady from Michigan,
To meet her I never would wishigan.
She would eat of ice cream
Till with pain she would scream,
Then order another big dishigan.

## A Submarine Discussion

"Won't these tight-skirt bathing suits scare the fishes?"

"No, indeed! It's a fashion the mermaids set."

## A Hero's Sacrifice

"GOODNESS gracious alive, George!" exclaims the wife, when her husband appears at her side on the street, attired in a sleeveless undershirt, short unmentionables, oxford shoes, a hat and nothing else. "Have you gone crazy? Why, look how the people all stare at you and talk about you! You are making us ridiculously conspicuous."

"That's all right, darling," the brave man answers. "I've got so darned tired of the way other people rubber at you in your thin clothes that I concluded to do something in the same line and distract their attention. At that, I've got pretty near as much clothes on as you have."

## A Smoker's Paradise

A quiet nook from all life's blare and bluff,
A jimmy pipe and plenty of the stuff
With which to weave a wealth of golden dreams
Is all he asks for, and is quite enough!

Smoke rings never get in bad.

SOME THINGS OF INTEREST TO HOME MAKERS

## No Smoke without Some Fire

Old Testament Records

HERE is no new thing under the sun. Eccl. 1:ix.

'ipe and wine are in their feasts. Is. 5:xii.

Who is the wise man? Eccl. 8:i.

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot. Job 41:xx.

The house was filled with smoke. Is. 6:iv.

Weeds were ıpped about my head. Jonah 2:v

ı thick cloud of incense went up. Ez. :i.

ınd the house was filled with the cloud. 10:4.

'our old men shall dream dreams, your ng men shall see visions. Joel xviii.

'ormer troubles are forgotten. Is. xvi.

ıs the cloud is consumed and van-eth away. Job 7:ix.

## I Care Not

CARE not if my friends be true,
Nor if the world with battle rings,
· if the skies are black and blue,
Nor if a bird no longer sings.
airs of state may all go hang,
'he cost of living purses swipe,
busy bomb may burst with bang,
o long as I may smoke my pipe.

wife may coax my bottom cent,
ly landlord raise my rent a peg,
s may indulge in merriment,
'or votes the "girls" may pull my leg.
· world's a spot of pleasant choice,
Jo matter what keen crime is ripe;
uplift no protesting voice,
o long as I can smoke my pipe.

—*A. Walter Utting.*

## In the Smoking Room

What's in the wind? I fancy I ·ll a rat."

No, it isn't a 'rat.' It's one of fer's choice Havanas."

## His Way

"'PEAHS like, fum what he says 'bout hisse'f, Brudder Bulginback am a pow'ful 'dustrious pusson?"

"Uh-well, sah, it's dis-uh-way wid Brudder Bulginback: He works 'bout two hours endurin' de day and putts in de yudder eight uh-braggin' 'bout it."

## That 's Where

"Oh, where are the girls of yesteryear?"
Sighed the sentimental mutt.
"They're mending the hose of the girls of to-day,"
Answered the neurotic nut.

## In the Spotlight

*Mrs. Gramercy*—I thought your divorce case was coming up this month?

*Mrs. Park*—I had my lawyers get a postponement, because my new gowns wouldn't be finished in time.

## Reckless

FULL many a drink he took
And many a smoke did smoke,
And he was inclined to look
On the rules of health as a joke.

His candle he burned at both ends,
And he ate what he wanted, you know,
Despite the advice of his friends,
Who oftentimes bade him go slow.

He took not an atom of care
Of himself, but he went on his way
Like one who was ready to dare
The piper to call for his pay.

But now he has quit it for good,
And his life is a finished page;
For he died, as you'd know he would—
In the ninety-fifth year of his age.

—*Walter G. Doty.*

## One Theory

If at first you're not believed, lie, lie again.

VALUES ARE RELATIVE

One little spring costs fifteen cents at the factory. Here 's a man who 'd give a hundred dollars for it, but the factory is two hundred and fifty miles away.

*THE MODERN MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMBS*

## A Reminder

LIVES of suffragettes remind us
That, as long as hist'ries note,
We have always had some trouble,
More or less, about the vote.

A THOUGHTFUL PARENT

*He*—I have your permission to call this evening?
*She*—I shall be very pleased; but don't forget that father switches off the light at ten o'clock.
*He*—That 's kind of him. I 'll be there promptly at ten.

## The Sensation

*Knicker*—These are said to be times of great moral uplift.
*Bocker*—I know it; but I don't like to ride in an elevator all the time.

---

To be "up with the lark" is a very good thing if it is not one of the college kind.

## Tommy's Logical Inference

IT WAS little Tommy Watkins's first visit to his Uncle Bob's farm. Uncle and nephew took a stroll over the place.

"What's that, Uncle Bob?" asked Tommy, pointing toward a great field of long-leafed plants.

"Tobacco."

In a moment Tommy was in the field, inspecting the plants and calling to his uncle.

"Where are the little cigars, Uncle Bob?"

## An Upset Proverb

When Greek meets Greek this modern day,
No hard-fought tug of war ensues;
Instead, they figure out a way
To start a shop for shining shoes.

—*Hinton Gilmore.*

## A Wonderful Woman

MY WIFE, oh, wonderful is she!
Though not versed in philosophy
Or anything like that.
No fluent German does she speak,
She knows no Latin, knows no Greek;
To her I lift my hat.

She's penned no popular romance that
Would make too small her too large h
She has not courted fame.
And I can testify as yet
She is no fighting suffragette,
For which I bless her name.

She's wonderful, but, I confess,
Just why she is you'd never guess;
And it's no catch nor joke.
A thing that you would least expect
Of her; for, lo! she can select
Cigars that I can smoke!

—*Will Herber*

ENVY

*Miss Rocks*—Reggie gave it to me, so that I should be constantly reminded of him.
*Miss Knocks*—Goodness! How did he manage to find one that looked like him?

# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Curbside Comments

*By OREOLA W. HASKELL*

th bugles and with banners, the suffrage cohorts go,
d I, a watcher on the curb, look out for weal or woe,
d note what word the gaping world in passing may bestow.

### Scenery

HE suffragists are like the streams
That ever onward flow,
ring rich soil to banks and fields,
hat flowers and grains may grow.
lecting heaven, yet serving earth;
eeking from height or lea,
pools in quiet places,
ut humanity's great sea.

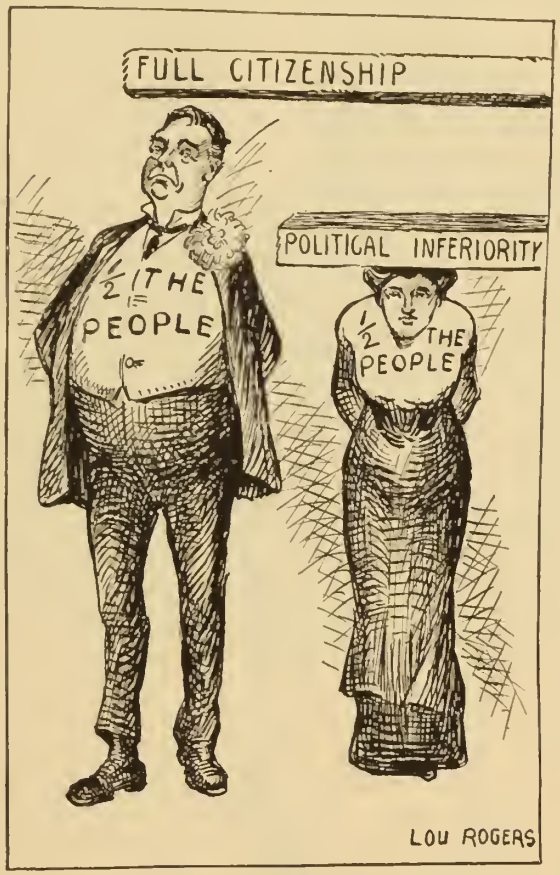
antis are like hillocks,
hat fixed and stolid stand,
ing fair verdure to their slopes,
ut naught to all the land.
rdians of little vales they are,
hrough years of storm and shine;
oft the swift, resistless streams
he still hills undermine.

### Numbers

AM OPPOSED to woman suffrage," said Representative lin, of Alabama, recently. "Nineths of the women of the world ot believe in it." This, of course, les the question. Once upon a e, nine-tenths of the women did believe that they should be eded. Since the ignorant and the endent invariably know what is d for themselves, it is too bad that ner Heflins were not strong enough keep females unlearned. Moreor, no cause can be just or worthy consideration unless it is backed he majority of humankind. Peoand not principles must be the ndard by which it is judged. king back through history, one s that every cause that we now complacently to our bosoms met with antaneous approval from society. nings, persecutions, imprisonments, cifixions, denunciations, jeers and es were only the playful methods pted by the world to hide its secret at the idea of change and to prevent llen craniums on inventors, authors, ntists and reformers. Let us stick umbers, because in so doing we may ge the headaches that come from ught about real issues.

### Letters

N UNREASONABLE woman in Springfield, Mass., complains that er a rule of the Post-office Department no efforts need be made by the clerks to deliver to a married woman a letter on which the street and number are missing, unless the sender has written on the envelope the first name of the husband and not that of the wife. When will women understand that they are of small importance as individuals, and only of consequence when they are legally attached to men? Having extinguished herself under the name Mrs. John Smith, Jane Smith must remain there if she wants to hear from forgetful or careless correspondents; and since a man has thus ruled, let her bow her head in a becoming and silent acquiescence.




CITIZENS OF THE SAME FREE COUNTRY

*Little Newslettes*—On an election day in one of the Western States, two people were run over by automobiles, a tree was struck by lightning, five men repeated at the polls and one woman stole an umbrella. This shows the pernicious effects of giving women the vote.

### Chivalry

A FOOLISH citizen of North Carolina has written to the National Child Labor Committee, saying that in two counties in his State he saw women and children working eleven hours a day, while men in the same communities worked in the same factories only ten hours, and he calls this a "butchery of the laws of chivalry." Poor man! He doesn't understand that nowadays chivalry concerns itself mainly with important things like opening doors and picking up handkerchiefs for women, but rarely or never influences the commercial exploitation of women and children or the relations existing between men and women who are below them in class. Manners are more important than morals, so let us keep on preferring delicate, slightly musty sentiment to the cold, impartial reasoning of that modern interloper, Justice.

## Citizens with a Difference

*By ELINOR BYRNS*

"ALL PERSONS born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside." And women are persons. The Supreme Court has decided that. It has also been decided (in a case where a woman wanted to vote) that suffrage is not necessarily one of the privileges or immunities of a citizen. That decision came after male citizens had been carefully provided with votes and safeguarded in their sacred right to cast them. The chief privilege of women citizens—the only one in which they have always been tenderly protected by the courts—is that of implicit obedience to the laws made for them by men.

No wonder the male citizen in the cartoon on this page looks so complacent! He has things all his own way, and yet makes himself believe he is being kind to woman. And no wonder woman is dejected! She is suffering not only from the disabilities of a subject class, but even more from self-contempt. For she knows that, when she has learned to respect herself, she will have courage and strength enough to rise and shake off the burdens which man and his laws have thrust upon her.

# WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

Another Anti-fat Cure

"Sie haben merklich abgenommen in den letzten Monaten, liebe Freundin; machen Sie eine Entfettungskur durch?"

"Bewahre! Das kommt ganz allein durch den Aerger, den ich mit meiner neuen Köchin habe!"

"Und der kündigen Sie nicht?"

"Selbstverständlich! Bis auf siebzig Kilo will ich mich noch herunterärgern, dann fliegt sie naus!"

"You certainly have grown thinner in the last few months, my dear. Are you taking an anti-fat cure?"

"Goodness, no! It's only the anger the new cook is causing me that does that!"

"And are you not giving her notice?"

"Of course! But I want to worry down to seventy kilos. Then out she goes!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Modesty

"You might let me have the car for an hour, uncle."

"All right, my boy, you can have it."

"And, I say, can you let me have the price of a couple of fines or so?"—*London Opinion.*

Naivete

"Herr Graf, vor ungefähr vierzig Jahren—al noch 'Naive' am Zentraltheater war—boten Sie Ihre Hand an. Meine Grundsätze verhinderten damals, Ihren Antrag anzunehmen. Jetzt hab mich ander besonnen—da bin ich!"

"Forty years ago, count, when I at the Central Theatre and still 'naive you offered me your hand. At that t my principles prevented me from acc ing your proposal. Now I have chan my mind—here I am."—*Fliegende Bl ter.* (Munich).

The Sinner

"Hast Du Deiner Frau nach Hochzeit nicht Dein ganzes Forlesen gebeichtet?"

"Nein, so lange hat unsere Ehe nicht gedauert."

"Didn't you confess all your former life to your wife after the wedding?"

"No; we weren't married long enough for that."—*Jugend* (Munich).

*Landlady* (to applicant for apartments with sea view)—There, now! What do you think of that for a sea view?—*Punch* (London).

The Mother-in-law

"Jules, maman t'embrasse."

"Tu vois, jamais elle ne perd une occasion d beter!"

"Jules, mother sends you kisses."

"You see! She [illegible] nisses an oc sion to pester m[illegible] *urire* (Par

ed of
ed like

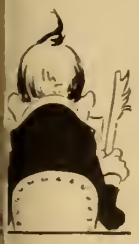
FORGETFUL

*Newlywed*—I met Tom Hyland on the street to-day, and we had a jolly chat.
*Mrs. Newlywed*—Did you tell him you were married? *Newlywed*—I forgot it for half an hour.

# Sweet Sympathy

*By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY*

ARN the luck," mourned Papa Peduncle, slumping down in his chair until he rested upon his back collar button.



Mamma looked up absently from her notebook. She was preparing a paper for her club. Daisy, absorbed in the "Heart Cheeps For Chickens," by Aunt Henrietta, didn't hear father at all.

"I knocked my glasses off today," la-ited Papa, when nobody would ask him what was the mat-

"Smashed both lenses."

"You ough to wear spectacles," scolded Mamma. "if they not look so well. Such vanity in a man of your age, is urd."

"That feather-brained stenographer jumped her job to get ried," fretfully resumed Papa after a morose interval. nd we are up to our necks in work."

"Why don't you hire a man?" asked Mamma, secretly delighted. Goldilocks was far too pretty.

"A man!" snorted Papa. A man indeed! Not while there were any good looking and—er—sympathetic girls to be had. Sympathy, thought Papa, that is what a man wants. And he never gets any at home, where he needs it most.

"In a week a man would be telling me how to write my letters," declared Papa, feeling that some reason should be given.

Mamma received the explanation with a salt shaker in each hand.

"Then don't complain," she admonished. "You know that with a woman, work is merely a stop-gap."

"Marriage is the same," sighed Papa. "It's just a bridge to the presidency of the Mother's Club, or something else that she wants.

"Mamma was a looker," he mused aloud, as his debating partner left the room, "but if I were choosing now I'd pick a

sympathetic girl no matter if her face made my eyes hurt. I could wear smoked glasses."

"Shame!" cried Daisy, who had finished the heart throbs and was starting upstairs to dress for a caller.

"A sympathetic girl." The phrase buzzed through Daisy's head as she got into the gown with the snuggest skirt and least corsage. "I wonder if that is a wireless from the Oracle, or another of Papa's hallucinations. Still," she confided to her mirror, "I can do no worse than to investigate. Twenty-eight, and not a real prospect."

"Your poor finger! How did you hurt it, Benny?" was Daisy's solicitous greeting to her visitor.

"Elevator door," he carelessly responded, with an inward grimace. Six feet two and well beefed, he had never succeeded in dropping that despised diminutive.

"Do let me put something on it," urged Daisy, gently retaining the hand with the swollen digit.

"SWAT THE FLY"—A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE

Mrs. Billions Orr Moore, of Narragansettport, who was recently robbed of her famous jewels, put to new use her picture gallery and appeared wearing her priceless Rembrandt in place of her well-known emerald stomacher. Her diamond tiara was replaced by a Corot which, though small, cost $35,000. A charming back panel of mauve was produced by a Whistler

"Nonsense," he answered, thrusting the hand into pocket. He had fought off a fond mother, three doting au and two grandmothers at home. To change the subject: "G We are busy at the office."

"You're working too hard," softly accused Daisy.

"The boss doesn't think so," mechanically replied Ben His mother told him that every evening.

"You look tired," insisted his hostess.

"Stag dinner last night" he informed her, a trifle bor That was Aunt Drusilla's favorite delusion.

"I'm afraid you are not well. You look pale," said Da caressingly.

"Forgot to wipe the talcum after shaving," elucidat Benny wearily. He always appeared pale to Grandmoth Hartis.

"Has this been a bad day—everything go wrong?" co Daisy, spurring herself. Sympathizing with Benny was uphill work.

"Not worse than usual," he denied, beginning to feel oppressed. Aunt Prudence was sure that every day was a bad one.

"Wouldn't you like the morris chair? It's more comfortable for a tired man," coaxed the sympathetic Miss Peduncle.

"No, no," protested Benny hastily, almost wildly. He hated morris chairs, and Aunt Ellen persisted in making him sit in one.

Discouraged, Daisy was about to give up when she remembered—

"Did you get your promotion?"

"No."

"You poor boy!"

Fearing, from the light in her eyes, that she was about t stroke his hair, as mother had done when he told her, Benn moved from the davenport to the detested chair.

"No wonder you feel blue." Sympathy oozed fro Daisy's tones in large, sticky drops as she seated herself upo the arm of his chair. "I'm SO sorry."

"I hardly expected it this month," he said.

SHE PROMISED HER MOTHER SHE WOULDN'T GO IN BATHING

th a strangling sensation in his t he waited for Daisy to put her arm around him and pat him upon the head, as had Grandmother Jones. Instead she did worse.

"I'm going to make you a hot toddy," she announced, leaving the room. "Back in a minute."

rriedly, stealthily, as soon as he alone, Benny rose, secured his hat vanished. Hot toddy, which he ed, was Aunt Ellen's prescription, ust then one would have choked him eath. Daisy, returning with the , saw that her visitor had gone, and stood.

ne more lesson learned," she wept, orting herself with the steaming . "Never unload sympathy upon n until he advertises for it."

## Spoiling Their Pleasure

*pa Microbe*—The board of health has ed to abolish the roller towel.

*orus of Baby Microbes*—Boo hoo; we can't have any more fun looping oop!

## The Slender Maiden

IN OUR grandmother's time, a maiden's attire
No less than today bore the critic's fire,
And when the slenderest maid appeared
Some fleshier lady would tell what she feared:
"I do not care how fair her face is
I'm very much afraid that she laces!"

At the present time, when a sylph-like form
And a winsome face bring praises warm,
Some stouter dissenter is certain to say,
In exactly the tone of our grandmother's day:
"Her face may be beautiful, but I note
That she hasn't the sign of a petticoat!"

*—Grace McKinstry.*

## Vocational

*Edna*—She is a very devoted church member.

*Edith*—Is that so?

*Edna*—Yes; never misses a fair, sociable or charity bridge.

## The Real Revelation

"A famous lecturer says that the slashed skirt shows whether or not woman is qualified for the ballot."

"Huh! He means the ballet."

## Original Beginnings

"Great oaks from little acorns grow,"
The proverb apt relates;
And, let us add, divorce decrees
Have surreptitious dates.

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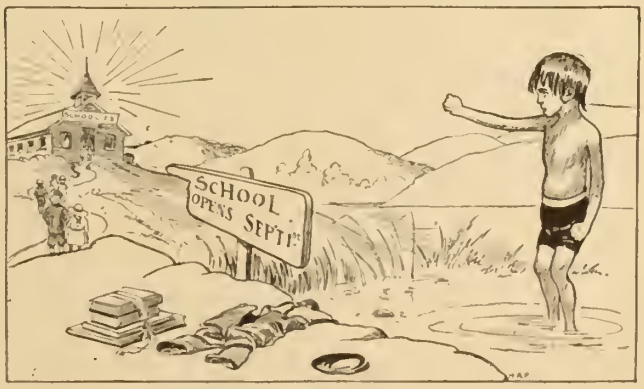
With the mosquitos entertaining, hammocks are not as enticing as they were.




SEPTEMBER MORN

GETTING READY FOR THE SUNDAY PUSH

## Reno-vated Proverbs

*(From the New Woman's Exchange)*

For Men (embracing women)

ONLY a fool never changes his wife.

The Love of Matrimony is the root of all evil.

Money makes the pair go.

A fool and his wife are soon parted.

A good name is rather to be refused than great riches.

The wages of sin is boredom.

Love laughs at wedlocksmiths.

Man's love is of man's wife a thing apart.

'Tis better to be loved and lost than never to be loved at all.

The course of free love never runs smooth.

Circumstances alter kisses.

Successive money troubles; Matrimony, Parsimony, Alimony.

The course of true love is the dullest way home.

He who weds and runs away, may love to wed another day.

It's a rocky road to doublin'.

Where there's a till there's a way.

Desperate faces require desperate remedies.

To wed is human, to divorce is expensive.—*Carolyn Wells*

*Mrs. Gibson*—What do you think of mothers' clubs?

*Mrs. Hibson*—Why, really, all I ever need is a small switch.

OBVIOUS

*The one on the right*—I say, old man, did you miss it?

*A LINE OF HARDWEAR*

## Reassuring

NOW Myrtle with her eyes of blue
Once more adorns the Avenue—
A coat of tan upon her cheek,
And freckles playing hide-and-seek
Amid her dimples, and a share
f summer's sun caught in her hair—
sets my very soul astir
o walk the Avenue with her.

ut jealous thrills come o'er me when
he bows and smiles on sundry men
Vho pass along—one, two, and three—
n endless line they seem to be—
n number quite a score, or more—
ll brown as she, and all have got
manner that me liketh not!

Who are these crowds of grinning apes
n sundry guises, forms, and shapes,
Vho beam, and gleam, and smirk, and smile,
ike Indians in single file?"
uoth I, with growing rage within,
or it hath made me mad as sin
o note the rather easy air
Vith which they greet Myrtilla there.

My Summer Cohorts," she replied—
et snuggled closer to my side.
I missed you so down by the sea
had to let them comfort me"—
O faithless jade"— thus I began
s passed the twenty-seventh man.
Nay, dearest," she replied, "I'm true.
t took 'em all to equal you!"

—*Blakeney Gray.*

## Proof

"My hand," said Polly, holding out
nat exquisite member, "is a good deal
maller than yours."

"Yes," said Mabel. "I can see that
t a glance. That ring Reginald gave
ou was always too tight for me."

---

The successful man wastes no time dis-
ussing another's failure.

## Method in Their Madness

"I NEVER in my life saw such an astonishing collection of freaks in one village as you have here!" declared the hypercritical tourist. "For instance, look at that ramshackle fellow who has been sitting over there on the horse block all the afternoon, whittling wooden chains and expectorating at a mark! Down back of the lumber yard a grotesque gang have been pitching horseshoes for hours, interspersed with ejaculations like 'Gol-wind my watch!' 'Dad slap a rat!' and so on. Others are continually parading around with the queerest walks and quaintest whiskers I ever beheld. Is it in the air, or something in the water, or"——

"Nope!" replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "It's the result of careful cultivation. They're waiting to be noveled. A famous author came here two years ago and wrote several fellers up as characters in a novel, and ever since then a considerable number of our citizens have been hoping for him to come back and do it again."—*Tom P. Morgan.*

## The Great Divide

*Tourist*—Have you many different classes in this country?

*American*—Only two; those who own autos and those who don't.

---

"What did you learn from that problem novel?

"How easy it is to fool some puhlishers."

## Chips

*Decker*—Here's some money I won at poker last night.

*Mrs. Decker*—Thank you, dear. I'll buy a chip hat with it.

---

A lazy man, like an automobile, has his tire troubles while on the road.

A CRITERION

*Mrs. Mode*—But, monsieur, I really couldn't wear this gown—it's indecent!

*Mons. Worth*—Nowadays, madam nothing is indecent but to show the tips of one's ears

A LADIES' AID SOCIETY

# Eating in a Dining Car

*By HOMER CROY*

COMING back to Missouri the other day on my vacation I went into the dining-car and gave the waiter all the money I had.

When he held the chair and the train threw me into it I tried to look as though that was my favorite way of sitting down, but all the time I wanted to get my hand back and scratch my hip pocket. I never saw such a sad looking person as this waiter was. He placed a pad and pencil beside me and stood there as though waiting for me to sign the document that would send him to the chair. He looked as though he had just heard that all his immediate relatives had perished in a mine disaster and that he was braving himself for a fuller account listing the second cousins. As he towered beside me I saw that it would not do to order what I could afford, so I hastily wrote down what I thought would suit him. When I looked up he was still grieving over a third cousin, so I added ice tea. Ice tea is fifteen cents a glass. I don't like ice tea--at fifteen cents a glass—but I must keep his favor.

When the butter came on I started to speak to the colored waiter calling his attention to the debris in it, but my courage gathered up its skirts and fled. I ate the butter shot with sediment greedily —until the waiter was out of sight; then I set the butter plate over on the window sill and tried to raise the screen, but the screen had a mind of its own. I stood up and took both hands to the screen and struggled till I felt the blood gathering behind my ears and that everybody in the dining-car was watching me. As all this lifting was doing no good, I put out my tongue; still that did not solve the question. Ordinarily when I get my tongue out I am something of a derrick, but I found that I had no influence with the window. Just then the butter rolled against the screen and smeared out as though a large butterfly had gone to its final rest. I saw the waiter coming and sat down guiltily. Then I discovered that a corner of my napkin had been dangling in the soup. I hastily stuffed the wet corner into my shirt and turned around to pretend that I was looking at the scenery. A freight train was passing between the scenery and me.

Every time I go to call the attention of a friend to a particularly beautiful scene a freight train always hurries up and gets on this side of the scenery. Oftentimes I have stuck my head out the window to make sure that there wasn't a freight between here and Milwaukee, then touched my companion on the sleeve to call his attention to what the lavish hand of Nature had put along the railroad track for the edification of the weary traveler when a freight would rush up and obscure the scenery until in disgust we would move to the other side of the train. Then we would find that we were peering into the dull depths of a clay bank.

When the waiter came back I told him that I would like a roasting ear. He carefully bought back another pat of butter and a silver mounted ear of corn. I balanced a large slice of butter on the point of my knife and reached over to deposit it on the cob. Just then the train lurched and the butter disappeared. I looked around for the butter but it was gone, hide and hair. I looked under t table, but I could find no trace of it. pretended to be in a brown study so th the waiter would not accuse me of ar thing unworthy, when I felt somethi moist in my sleeve. The mystery w solved; the butter had gone down sleeve. I picked up my napkin and w just getting ready to remove the butt when I saw the sad waiter's eyes fix on me. I knew that it would never for him to know that I had treated butter that way, so I asked for my bi paid it, thanked him for the use of road-bed and slipped back to the ch car. I removed it with feeling a thought to get my mind off the butter looking out the window at the scene When I turned a freight train was pa ing.

A dining car would be more popul with me if it were built on the cafete plan where a man could go up to t desk, order what he wanted, then sne over into the corner and eat it out sight of the waiters.

## Noticings

A NEW cult is advancing the theo that gentle sleep best knits up t raveled sleeve when a person lies the right side. But suppose a person in politics?

A missionary just returned from Bra says that he drove back a pack of hung wolves by singing to them. We know number of people who keep the wolf fr the door by singing. There is a wom in the flat overhead that uses this metho We sometimes wish that wolves were so sensitive to melody.

# An Exceptional Case

"THEN my daughter sent you to me to talk it over, eh?" asked Thaddeus Rowland.

"Aw—yaas, if you will honah me," replied Lord Rythe, who had been lounging at the Wildwood Club, awaiting Rowland's return from the links.

Rowland had accumulated one of America's master fortunes. Once he had hoped he might be able to get hold of all the money in the world, though he was by no means niggardly; but dyspepsia intervened. Golf had put him on better terms with his digestion, broadened his vision and improved his temper.

Lord Rythe had figured in various romances and in other ways maintained the traditions of his kind. Once he had been fairly caught. Infatuated with Miss Flimmie Flam, a limousine member of the chorus in London, he had married her only to find cause for divorce within a year. This episode was everything from soup to nuts for the sensational newspapers, but one scandal treads on another's heels, so fast they follow. The press forgot Lord Rythe's experience with Flimmie Flam, and it was ancient history when he came to New York to look about for a wife—money, of course, being an object.

"Are you sure my daughter will marry you?" asked Rowland, looking shrewdly at his visitor after sipping his Scotch highball.

"I think she will if we—aw—you and I—aw—come to an understanding, don't you know."

"Um. Um. Yes. Let's see. You have a title and, I suppose, an estate?"

"I have a title, which is something," replied Lord Rythe.

"Abroad, yes, and with some people here. You can point with pride at a long line of ancestors, whose portraits, no doubt, adorn your ancestral halls. Of course you've got the sheet-iron apparel some of them wore when feudal chiefs with a few vassals went to war occasionally on their own hook, eh?"

"Aw—yaas—armor, you mean, and all that sort of thing. But my estate, as I was about to say, is a bit encumbered."

"Mortgage?"

"Something of the sort."

"And you haven't tried to reduce or pay off the mortgage? I mean by hustling about in an industrious sort of way."

"Why, my deah sir, I pay no attention to mattahs in the category of trade or the like!"

"Exactly. But have you increased the encumbrance?"

"Aw—I cawn't say. Possibly. But my solicitors, to whom, as extremely honorable persons, I can refer you as to any arrangements we may make, have told me I must raise—aw—some half a million pounds sterling, don't you know. I mention this in all candor, as we—aw—are considering a business mattah."

"Yes. I see. Purely business. But that means some two million five hundred thousand dollars."

"Aw—does it? I've no gift for figures. I thought, don't you know, my deah Mr."——

"Rowland."

"Yaas. I thought, my deah Mr. Rowland, that an advantageous marriage such as we—aw—as I—contemplate would leave the subject of money, except generally, don't you know, faw future consideration."

"But we are talking business, and you place money above mere sentiment or the prospect of a happy life?"

"Aw—I say—I don't just get you."

"Your first thought is of money?"

"Aw—aw—aw"——

"Do you love my daughter?"

"I think she is chawming! Love, don't you know, is a mattah—aw"——

"And I think she is charming. But if you hadn't information that I'm worth about fifty million dollars, you wouldn't have thought of matrimony in connection with my daughter?"

"Aw—aw—my dear Mr.—aw—Rowland! Why should we theorize?"

"I'm no theorist, Lord Rythe. And I'd rather my daughter should marry some able-bodied, mentally alert, industrious chap without a dollar than"——

"Beg pardon, sir," said a club servant, handing Rowland a note, meanwhile becoming acrobatic in deference to Lord Rythe

"And happily," continued Rowland, "I'm not alone in my notion," as he handed his visitor this:

DEAREST POPS: Please don't take Lord Rythe seriously. I don't! BELLA.

—*J. A. Waldron.*

THE ORCHID CRUSHERS

*Clarence*—Beastly bore, this having to dance with one's hostess, isn't it?

*Claude*—I don't know. With these new steps I rather like to get a duty-dance off my chest, as it were.

## Every-day Philosophy

WHEN a woman says nothing is too good for her husband, the remark is ambiguous, to say the least.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but that is a poor excuse for our adding to the number.

A jealous woman may love her husband, but it is strange how disappointed she invariably appears whenever she searches his pockets and fails to find any evidence against him. —*Will S. Gidley.*

## To Date

Peter, Peter, punkin eater,
Bought and used a carpet beater.
Now the doctor's down the street,
Beating microbes out of Pete.

—*Lurean Sheldon.*

## All Sorts of Shapes

A flat rate.
A level man.
A round robin.
A square deal.
A smooth chap.
A straight tip.
A parallel case.
An upright life.
A crooked nature.
A pointed remark.
An even disposition.
A circle of friends.
The eternal triangle.
A mind bent on something.

## A Reminder

Lives of husbands oft remind us
That our very best defense
Is to give in at the outset
Of incipient arguments.

## Then and Now

IT USED to be the naughty men
Would seek the corners, rainy days,
And, from an awning's shelter, then
Would rudely gaze and gaze and gaze.

But now the rainstorms drive them in;
The sunshine brings them on the run,
And, with a bold and brazen grin,
They calmly gaze against the sun.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

## Willing To Find One

*Mother*—Don't you think that a boy of your size could take the tacks out of this carpet if he wanted to?

*Small boy*—I guess so. Shall I go out and see if I can find a boy who wants to?

## General Directions

*Mrs. Youngwife*—How do you make mince pie?

*Mrs. Matron*—Oh, out of anything!

## Genealogical

There was a man in our town
Who found his name was Mud;
He ran into a family tree
And lost one half his blood.
And when he found what he had done,
With all his might and main
He ran into another tree
And got it back again.

—*McLandburgh Wilson.*

A bald-headed man and his hair are soon parted.

A BRILLIANT DISCOVERY

"She 's a copyin' this one!"

HIS MOVE NEXT

*Claude*—You must have been aware of my intentions before this, Miss Goltin.

*Claudia*—Oh, yes; I was prepared for the worst.

Parted at the Altar; or, No Wedding Bills for Him. A thrilling tale of love and hate

## The Compliment

"My wife paid me a fine compliment this morning!" triumphantly stated skimpy little Mr. Hennypeck. "She said I was almost as big a fool as her first husband!"

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Fools laugh at Fate. The wise are dumb.

## After the Interview

"WELL, Henry," said the fair maid, "did popper ask you if you could support me in the style to which I am accustomed?"

"No, dear," said Henry. "He merely informed me that he couldn't, and gave me his blessing."

## Indorsed

*Hobson*—Are you in favor of that cur few law?

*Dobson*—Yes; I'm in favor of any lav that reduces the number of dogs.

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The return of the prodigal is fore shadowed by his appeal for a p. o. m. o.

# THE MODERN WOMAN

## Curbside Comments

*By OREOLA W. HASKELL*

With bugles and with banners, the suffrage cohorts go,
And I, a watcher on the curb, look out for weal or woe,
And note what word the gaping world in passing may bestow.

### Women Workers

IT IS gratifying to see that some things are done in the proper way in these days of ceaseless change. The industrial board of the State Labor Commission met recently in conference with employers from seventy-five canning factories, and calmly and coolly settled matters affecting many women workers, who were delicately absent. The State officials unanimously adopted a resolution changing the maximum hours a week that women may be employed in canneries from sixty to sixty-six, and provided that girls over eighteen may be employed between certain dates up to twelve hours a day. Females with a distorted vision might ask why the women affected were not consulted as to these changes, and why they were not invited to send a representative to confer with the lords of their destinies. But was it not more fitting with the ideal State lauded by the antis that they should sit afar with folded hands and accept meekly whatever was prescribed for them?

### The Browbeaten

OF COURSE it is a well-known fact that only men who have been coerced by women would champion the suffrage cause. But how many browbeaten males there are! There are city, State and national leagues of the crushed creatures, who are parading, speaking and writing to uphold the votes-for-women idea. Nor is that all, for a large group of prominent men in Washington have organized to help the women in their fight to have Congress pass a constitutional amendment in their favor. It is sad to see the manhood of the country inoculated with such a deadly virus.

### Women in the Wilds

MISS MARY JOHE is scheduled to take a trip through Alaska and through the inaccessible wilds of northern British Columbia. She has been preceded in these feats by many pioneer women, the wives of trappers, prospectors, sailors and missionaries, who not only penetrated into uninhabited regions, but lived there for many years, rearing their families. In all parts of the world and in all ages, woman's fragility has been equal to such slight things as inclement climate, sterile soil, physical hardships, loneliness, sickness, unremitting toil and the hostilities of savage peoples; but let us not crush it forever under the greatest burden of the ages—the toils and terrors of voting. Let us continue to send our delicate sisters into the wilds, but nobly protect them from the ballot box.

SETTING UP NEW MILESTONES FOR THE HUMAN RACE

## The Road of Progress

*By ELINOR BYRNS*

THE trouble with the Woman's Rights question is that everyone has to be "shown". Does a woman want an education? Let her produce incontrovertible evidence that it will not keep her from having babies. Does she demand a vote? Let her prove beyond reasonable doubt that she, and every other woman, has already mastered all political questions.

Such a demand is inconvenient and illogical, but women are doing their best to prove a priori, that they are capable of voting. How? First, by learning to recognize a political question when they see it. It is only recently that women have realized that pure milk is as important a question for legislation as an elastic currency, that the tariff affects home making as much as it does money making, and that good government should concern itself as much with little everyday things—like garbage collections—as with battleships.

The next step has been for women to think in terms of politics—that is, to learn to reason in some such fashion as this: "Granting that these things—the protection of children, conservation, the cost of living and all the rest—can be dealt with by the state better than by individuals, how will votes for women enable us to get the state to concern itself with them?"

The third step—the practical application of this new knowledge and new reasoning—few women have been allowed to take until recently. But now nearly 4,000,000 women through the ballot have an opportunity to reach the third milestone—that of mastering politics.

## Birth of the Woman's Club

A Phantasie

THERE'S a crimson star on field of white,
And 'twas fashioned for "poster" roomy,
This lovely old quilt of the long ago
That Grandmother's will left to me.

Many's the year since her fingers deft
Cut out the gay little patches,
But her skillful work a token left
Which nothing that's modern matches.

Her "blocks" completed, and neatly joined,—
Her lips a lullaby lilting,
She set up frames in the sitting room,
And asked her friends to the quilting.

They came in their pretty starched calicoes,
And worked with fair faces glowing—
So happy that under their fingers white,
A beautiful thing was growing!

Today as I look at that star decked quilt
I see in those days departed
When each worked for all and all for each
The Woman's Club getting started.

—*Lida Keck Wiggins.*

---

Senator Tillman in a speech opposing suffrage for women, sadly admits that the "old fogies" cannot stop it.

SUCCESSFUL COAST DEFENCE BY THE MOSQUITO FLEET OF NEW JERSEY—HYDROPLANE AND AEROPLANE

"Are you out for types, too, Jack," he retorted indifferently, "or are you suddenly become clairvoyant?"

"Oh, 'never mind the whys and wherefores,'" the poet quoted in return. "My cards!" He shuffled the pack. "Cut!"

The Western train moved swiftly across the prairie. The three friends played for an hour. The poet won.

"Now for the question!" he cried jovially.

"The question!" The artist threw down his cards.

"Well, boys"—the winner turned and nodded across the aisle, where a blond pompadour rested conspicuously against the linen cover of the chair back—"and, mind, this is also your question, Willie. So tell us, Crenshaw—why was she mad?"

"She? Who?"

"Don't be so dense, dear boy! The lady opposite. You handed the tall blonde what she dropped as you passed, and with such a winning bow! Why was she mad?"

"Out with it, Crenny! Why was she mad?"

Crenshaw grinned. "Did either of you fellows see what it was that the young woman dropped?"

"Not I!"

"Not I!"

"It was—a short, crisp curl of yellow hair that had fallen off when she rose to put her hat in the rack."

SUPREME CONTEMPT

*Superior child*—Say, mister, it wouldn't cost you much t' play with fresh eggs, would it?

## Compensations

I HAVEN'T been a-summering at Narragansett Pier,
But my jewels lie in safety on my little bureau here.
I didn't go to Newport with the gay Casino set,
But my snap-shot picture hasn't looked the homeliest they could get.
Bar Harbor may have missed me from the functions of the gay,
But my name has not been coupled with a scandal, anyway.
The roadways of the Berkshires have not known my this-year's car,
But I've trollied down to Coney, where the Scenic Beauties are.
So, on the whole, considering I'm just the common sort,
I haven't spent much money but I've had a lot of sport.

—*Frederick Moxon.*

## Guilty!

*Wife*—There must have been some punishment for King Solomon.

*Hubby*—There was. He had a thousand mothers-in-law.

## The Limit

*Jennie*—I hear she fell overboard in her street clothes.

*Minnie*—Yes, and she was arrested for being in the water in an indecent costume.

---

The average boy prefers the country tan to the tanning he gets at home.

WHY NOT?
Bathing suit for dog

## Unbiased Criticism in Patriarchal Days

I BROUGHT him word. Josh. 14:vii.

That mine adversary had written a book. Job. 31:xxxi.

And cried with a loud voice. Ez. 11:xiii.

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee." Gen. 13:viii.

"Publish it not in the streets of Askelon." 2 Sam. 1:xx.

And he answered and said. Is. 21:ix.

"How are they increased that trouble me!" Ps. 3:i.

Of making many books there is no end! Ecc. 12:xii.

"I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand." 1 Sam. 24:iv.

And to others he said in mine hearing. Ez. 9:v.

"Strength is decayed and there is much rubbish." Ne. 4:ii.

Written in the book. Josh. 10:xiii.

In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin. Prov. 10:xix.

The foolishness of man perverteth his way. Prov. 19:iii.

Beware I pray thee. Jud. 13:iv.

Touch not, taste not, handle not. Col. 2:xxi.

Let not the buyer rejoice. Ez. 7:xii.

That which is sold shall remain in the hand of him that bought it." Lev. 25:xxviii.

And when he had spoken this word. Dan. 10:xi.

I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me. Job. 31:xxix.

—*Geo. B. Morewood*

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Luck comes to many a man in the shape of poverty.

A BETTER BLOWER

*Waiter*—Jest a moment, sir, an' I'll turn the 'lectric fan on yer soup.

*By WALT MASON*

ALONG the forest's virgin aisles I walk in rapture, miles on miles; at every turn delights unfold, and wondrous vistas I behold. What noble scenes on every hand! I feel my ardent soul expand; I turn my face toward the sky, and to the firmament I cry:

"*The derned mosquitoes—how they bite! The woods would be a pure delight, would lure all men back to the soil, if these blamed brutes were boiled in oil! They come forth buzzing from their dens, and they're as big as Leghorn hens, and when they bite they raise a lump that makes the victim yell and jump.*"

What wondrous voices have the trees when they are rocked by morning breeze! The voices of a thousand lyres, the music of a thousand choirs, the chorus of a thousand spheres are in the noble song one hears! The same sad music Adam heard when through the Eden groves he stirred; and ever since the primal birth, through all the ages of the earth, the trees have whispered, chanted, sung, in their soft, untranslated tongue. And, moved to tears, I cry aloud, far from the sordid madding crowd:

"*Doggone these measly, red-backed ants! They will keep climbing up my pants! The woods will soon be shy of guests unless the ants and kindred pests abolished are by force of law; they've chewed me up till I am raw.*"

Here in these sylvan solitudes, unfettered Nature sweetly broods; she'd clasp her offspring to her breast, and give her weary children rest, and say to them, "No longer weep, but on your mother's bosom sleep." Here mighty thoughts disturb my brain—I try to set them down in vain; with noble songs my soul's afire—I cannot fit them to my lyre; Elysian views awhile I've seen—I cannot tell you what they mean; adown the forest aisles I stray, and face the glowing East, and say:

"*It must have been a bee, by heck! that stung me that time on the neck! It's time I trotted back to town, and got those swellings doctored down! With bees and ants and wasps and snakes these husky groves and tangled brakes are most too fierce for urban bard—I rather long for my back yard!*"

## His Excuse

"Loogy yuh, Brudder Bagus!" severely said good old Parson Bagster, on a recent Monday morning. "What was de 'casion for yo' 'sturbin' de whole cong'egation last night by snawtin' dat-uh-way and den gittin' up and trompin' out'n de church wid all de ferocity of a blind hoss?"

"Uh-well, to tell de troof, Pahson," answered the culprit., "I's amphibious."

"Wha-what's dat yo' specifies? Yo' is what?"

"Amphibious, sah. I walks in muh sleep."

—*Tom P. Morgan.*

## Quite So

"Are you superstitious?" asked the bachelor.

"Well," replied the father of a large family, wearily, "I certainly think it's unlucky to have thirteen children."

## Her Answer

THEN be a sister to me,
Cried the rejected suitor.
The damsel snickered sweetly

And looked a trifle cuter—
"Yes, I will be your sister,"
She stammered, with a blush,
"I said I'd wed your brother,
Last night." Said he, "Oh, Slush!"—*Margaret G. Hays.*

## Favorite Foods

Policemen—Beets.
Gamblers—Steaks.
Jewelers—Carrots.
Rounders—Chickens.
Hunters—Preserves.
Yeggmen—Crackers.
Historians—Dates.
Comedians—Capers.
Critics—Roasts.
Plumbers—Leeks.
Surgeons—Spareribs.
Alienists—Nuts.
Chorus girls—Johnny cakes.
Lovers—Mush.

ALTERATIONS AS THEY SEEM TO A SENSITIVE EAR

## One or the Other

"Lester," said old Uncle Feebles, who was tied to his chair by rheumatism. "Go to the window and see if that's the fire company making a run or just some feller dragging a lawn-mower along the cement sidewalk!"

## Expert Angler

*She* (after a quarrel)—You were a struggling young man when I married you!

*He*—I'll give you credit for landing me.

## Too Ostentatious

*The Tall Blonde*—Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

*The Short Brunette*—But the Lima, O. man who shot off fireworks when his wife went away on a vacation made a vulgar display of his affection.

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After paying the summer hotel bills, dad starts in to accumulate for Christmas.

## Much Needed

LIVES of famous men remind us
Though our deeds may be sublime
Old Oblivion, right behind us,
Hides us in the sands of time.

Brief the hours which represent a
Time of cheering o'er our name—
Let us sit down and invent a
Safety-pinnacle of fame.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

## The Triangle

"Despite the scandalous gossip about Mrs. Van Fickle and young Spotleigh there may be nothing between them."

"Only her husband; but he doesn't amount to much."

## A Reckless Shot

He was telling her, "I didn't half try;
'Twas my first shot, too, and I hit the bull's-eye."
"Oh, dear! What an awful thing! You see,
You'll have to pay for the bull!" said she.

## The First

"Did you ever really love any girl before you met me?" asked the beautiful one.

"No," replied the titled foreigner, "you're the first girl I have ever known who had money in her own right."

UNEXPECTED

*George*—Cynthia, rather than remain single, would you marry the biggest fool on earth?
*Cynthia*—Oh, George! This is so sudden!

## The Cave Man

THE Cave Man must have been a mutt
Say those who've conned his occiput.

Bewhiskered, hairy and uncouth,
He was a sorry sight in sooth.
Whenever he felt need of gruh
He sallied for it with a club,
And when he'd got it, tooth and paw
Reduced it while he wolfed it raw.
If mate he wanted, forth he'd fare
And drag a damsel by the hair;
While if a rival he should meet
He'd methods use now obsolete.
The things that make life happy here
He never knew—and yet I fear
The Cave Man, were he with us now,
Some of our ways would disavow.
He never knew of fancy booze,
Or safety razors, or tight shoes.
Although his hair may have been greased,
He did not have his trousers creased.
When Summer on its job was bent,
He loafed and dreamed and naked went;
In Winter he thought not of coal,
But hibernated in his hole.
No modish clothes or social ways
Brought worried nights or weary days
No market tape or politics,
Or book purveyors, or gold bricks
His mind disturbed, or worry that
He needed massage for his fat.
He did not twist his neck awry
To glimpse a slit skirt passing by:
He surely lacked some things of worth—
But then the Cave Man had the earth!

—*J. A. Waldron.*

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The fall in the price of ice and the rise in the price of coal evens things up.

## He Saved the Day

ONE OF the best known criminal lawyers of Topeka, Kansas, some months ago was called to defend a Swede accused of murder. The case was tried at Council Grove. The county attorney was no match for Waters as a lawyer, but he was a game little cock, and he had all the evidence and facts on his side. Things looked pretty bad for the defendant. Waters, however, was not discouraged. He was an adept at turning on the waterworks. He had never yet failed to impress a jury by his pathetic appeals for mercy, and on this occasion he did his very best. His highly colored and emotional address was having its effect on the jurors, as evidenced by the expression on their faces.

Pretty well toward the close of the speech, attention was drawn for a moment from the orator by the actions of the county attorney. He had taken off his shoes and was rolling up his trousers.

"What are you doing?" demanded the Judge.

"Your honor," replied the little man calmly, "I am getting ready to wade out."

Everybody saw the point and the laugh which followed turned the heart-stirring appeal into a burlesque, and a conviction followed.

HIS MISTAKE

*Mrs. Enright*—She says small checks will be in fashion for new fall suits
*Mr. Enright*—Thank heavens!

## Smashing the Record

"SHE broke the trotting record,"
Said he, "all clean and slick.
"Say, talk about your steppers!
She made the rest look sick."

"What horse was that?" I asked him.
"My daughter 'twas," said he.
"She broke the record lately
For the turkey trot, did she."

—*Walter G. Doty.*

## An Affecting Plea

"My Plea," said the proud young lawyer, "seemed to deeply affect the jury."

"Yes," replied the judge, "I was afraid at one time that you would bring about the conviction of your client in spite of his innocence."

## Her Pet Aversion

*Sarah*—The Bible speaks of people who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

*Clara*—Well, I think I'd rather swallow a camel myself. I just hate bugs.

## Lovely Woman

While styles have changed, by fashion led,
She's still a theme for jest,
Although in truth it must be said
She's no more overdressed.

## Sad, Isn't It?

Slow fare the fair to hastening ills a prey,
Who see their frocks grow tighter day by day.

GOOD ENGLISH?

*Her husband*—Say, Lillie isn't that light awful dark in there?

# What the World Said

*By HATTIE LEE MACALISTER*

TO BREAKFAST with her husband, Mrs. Conscientious Youngwife arose betimes, mornings.

The husband must needs hasten downtown at an early hour, for there were affairs of moment that required his attention while the day was yet young.

When she had kissed her other self good-by, Mrs. Youngwife turned to and cleaned up her not too big house; for she felt that she could afford but one maid. The Youngwifes were just starting out in the world, you know.

When the house was set to rights, Mrs. Youngwife washed and dressed her child and escorted the small one to the kindergarten.

Then she fared forth into the marketplace and, in person, purchased what the inner Youngwifes would need for the next twenty-four hours.

Then she went home and stitched up a child's frock.

Then she went out and brought her child home from the kindergarten.

Then she sat on the back porch and worked the buttonholes in the little frock, while the child played in the sand pile, under its mother's eye.

Then she washed and dressed the child again and sent it out with the one maid (when the luncheon dishes were out of the way).

Then she arrayed herself in gay garments and fared forth to card parties and such women's doings as pleased her fancy.

Mrs. Grundy, living across the street, watched all these comings and goings. She shook her head and said,

"That Mrs. Youngwife is forever on the street. No wonder the young husbands of to-day can never raise their noses from the grindstone!"

And she ran in to ask the next door neighbor if she had noticed the sad case of the Youngwifes. The next door neighbor had. It transpired that all the women in the neighborhood had and were very sad over it—so sad that they could not leave talking of it, and freely predicted what the outcome would be. Afterward they told these predictions for the truth, and it became rumored that Mr. Youngwife was sadly tied up in a business way because his wife was forever on the street.

And so Mr. Youngwife found it very hard to get some business accommodation that he needed, because men who could furnish such accommodation said among themselves that it was better to beware of a young man with a foolish wife.

The lack of money hampered the young man very much for a time; but when his wife saw that he was troubled, she told him not to mind—that she could get up a little earlier and stay up a little later, and let the maid go and only have a woman come in for the heavy cleaning, till business was better and they sailed into smoother waters.

That cheered up Mr. Youngwife so much that he dug down into his brain deeper than he had ever been before, and brought up something much more valuable than borrowed money, and made a great business success, and bought an electric runabout.

And the neighbors said,

"At last that foolish young woman has her man on the last lap toward ruin!"

And they wagged their heads sorrowfully and were secretly glad.

But the Youngwifes flourished as a green bay tree—in spite of the neighbors.

N. B. Mrs. Youngwife was a very pretty woman.

A PEACH O RENO

## A Fair Extremist

*Mrs. Cooke*—I like to keep in touch with the styles, all right, but that young Miss Flightly carries things to extremes.

*Mrs. Frye*—In what way?

*Mrs. C.*—Were you in the room a few moments ago when we sang "America?"

*Mrs. F.*—"Yes. Why?

*Mrs. C.*—Well, when we came to the line, "I love thy rocks and rills" she put her whole soul in the music and fairly shouted, "I love thy frocks and frills."

## The Requirement

Poem, picture, sketch or story,
Dance, or song, or show,
If they hope to win wide glory,
Hope to be a "go,"
It would seem from records recent
They must just be quite indecent.

—*Susie M. Best*

## A Tale of Tangled Threads

UNCLE MOSE was seated in Rittenhouse Square dejected and gloomy.

"Aren't you working now, Uncle Mose?"

"No, I ain't workin' no more, no more. I'se done tell yo' how it kem about."

"Yo' see, I had a job in de match fact'ry an' de phospus is mighty sociable wid hisself around dar climbing all over yo' pussun till yo' smell like fireworks.

"De fust day, when I kem home in de evenin', Mandy sez, 'Mose, what am dat fum'ry yo' got on yo' pussun? Yo' sure am a badly infumigated niggah.' "

"Mandy, dat ain't fumigation, dat am phospus."

"After I dun tol' Mandy what dat was every time when I kem home in de evenin', she would say, 'Mose, yo're gettin' too infumigated to live and yo's better get out dat fact'ry.' "

"An' I done tole Mandy I couldn't get sech a job every day, an' I was goin' fo' ter stay till I done get anuther one."

"Dat was in March an' one night I hed to work late, an' 'twas a dark, calamitous kind of a night, an' when I kem uted de fact'ry, I seen my clothes was sheddin' ob light like de picture ob de ole Moses on de mountain of Transfiguration dat de bible talks about. I 'spected it was my piousness shinin' fro' the gloom till I reckoned 'twas the phosphus in my clothes. When I kem up South Street, I heard the boys hollerin' 'Debble, Debble'

"I knew dar was boun' to be trouble. Man, dem ar' de vilest chil'in in dis town. I said to 'em in a kin' way, 'See here, chil'in, I'se Unck'l Mose.'

"Now dose boys warn't goin' to b'leve dat. When de boys cried, 'Debble, Debble,' it floated around dat street like thistledown on de air and from all sides dey frew bricks an' bottles till I was buried out of sight, and my po' head was patty near fractioned.

"De patrol wagon done come an' took me to de hospital, an' fo' four weeks I was flat on my back, and den de coons in my chuch done hel' a meetin' and expelled me for bein' a witch.

"O, man, I hed to giv' up dat job."

—*Marion Wanfield Hussey.*

UNFASHIONABLE

*Sara*—The first thing we want to do, Mabel, is change the design of that flag.

*Mabel*—What for?

*Sara*—Why, you know perfectly well, that stripes aren't in style this year!

HOW, INDEED?

*Hubby*—Every cent I make goes on your back! *Wife*—How can you say that, dear?

## Synonyms

*Annie*—I saw you at the millinery opening yesterday. It was a perfect jam.

*Fannie*—Yes, wasn't it sweet!

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Settlement houses are not used for the relief of unhappy creditors.

THE SHIP'S MASCOT

## A Plunger

"Yes, sir, boys, if Joe Higgins ain't ittin' to be a regilar plunger I can't ay it!" said old Ab Tansy to the crowd ssembled on the station platform to enoy the excitement and exhiliration of eeing the train come in, an event of onsequence that occurred twice a day in Iempville.

"Yes, sir," continued Ab, "if Joe on't stop his plunging' he'll soon need gardeen to look after him. Went over o the county fair in Pillsburg yistiday n' paid fifteen cents apiece for three chances in a drawin' for a watch an' never drawed it. Then he paid a quarter for a chance to turn a kind of a hand pointin' to figgers on a board an' you don't git nothin' onless a kind of a finger on the hand stops on a certain figger an' it didn't stop on no figger when Joe turned it an' he was out a quarter. Then, as if that wa'n't enough to learn him wisdom, what does he do but pay fifteen cents for a chance to throw two or three balls at a nigger with his head stuck through a hole in a curtain an' he never come nowhere near hittin' the nigger so he never got no prize for that fifteen cents. By this time he'd got the plungin' fever so bad he couldn't stop an' he puts up a dime for a chance to throw a ring over some knives stuck in a board an' he lost that dime. Then he took to speckillatin' in other ways until he'd lost sixty cents more an' on the way home he traded knives sight unseen with a feller he met on the road an' he got an old one-blader not wuth more'n a quarter for his good two-blader he'd paid fifty cents for. I tell you, boys, this plungin' is dang'rous bizness. You git the fever once an' you never know where to stop!"

—*M. M.*

Superstitious Sidney; or, Every Little Omen Has a Meaning All Its Own

## Dry

*Guzzler*—My life was a desert until I met you.

*Miss Caustique*—Ah! at last I have an explanaton of your marvelous thirst.

Mere popularity seldom pays on the investment.

## The Lynx-eyed Sleuth

"What's them fellers joshing constable Sam Slackputter about?"

"Aw, you know he prides himself on being just as good a detective as any of them city cops. Well, he went to the circus yesterday and couldn't pick out the clown!"

## His Chief Concern

*Mrs. Hemmandhaw*—If another ma should win me would you sue him for m love?

*Hemmandhaw*—Yes—just for spite.

The small boy looks sadly toward th September home-coming.

## An Attractive School

*By HORACE DODD GASTIT*

[Brides are taught at Columbia how to make a good home.—*Daily paper.*]

JUST how to be a Housewife fine—now that's the thing to teach! How best to bring perfection to a soft and dainty peach! To take her talents rare in hand and show her what to do to keep the romance of her life imperishably new! So many sweet romances have been spoiled by maids unwise who wed without ull knowledge of the way to use their yes to keep old Hubby on the string ears after they were wed, and for his lub joys make him love the sweets of ome instead.

The teacher sage in optics, he will how her how a glance will fill the blase eart of man with an unending dance. He'll show her how to cast them down in he demurest way when she's a bill for Easter hats she wants her hub to pay. He'll teach her how to seem to flirt with undry other men and thus bring back he waning love of her old man again. 'd like to have that job myself to teach he maiden true the wondrous possibilities of two deep eyes of blue!

Then there's another member of this appy faculty who'll teach the maiden ll the arts of the philosophy of soft nd sweet caresses, such as weary hubies crave when they return at night rom toil along life's busy pave. Ah, I hould muchly like a class of maidens weetly fair to teach them how to pat man's cheek, and how to stroke his hair; just how to meet him at the door as he returns at night, and what to do the moment when he ambles into sight. I should not care to have the class in cooking. That's a job that doesn't stir my heart at all, or make my pulses throb; and as for marketing, I'd leave that work for other folk who give more time and thought to things 'neath the domestic yoke. But in the arts of holding hands, the use of fingertips, the many most effective modes of fashioning the lips—I'd gladly take the chair in these, and teach with all my art just how the lips and fingertips are used to cheer the heart.

I'd like to teach some maiden rare the many kinds of smile that make a home attractive full of innocence or guile. I'd like to coach her in the craft of laughter silvery to keep her husband's love as fresh as once it used to be; and how to pout, and how to frown, and when to use a tear to keep the home like a machine that's never out of gear. At any time I'm needed I will be professor of the scientific method of the art of making love.

## While the Poet Dreamed

The poet dreamed of naiads and of dryads
  and of fays
And of little brooks that babbled gently
  down through woodland ways.
While the poet sat there dreaming she
  who had to share his lot
In the kitchen pressed his trousers,
  nearly melting on the spot.

## The Very Man

*Marjorie*—She's going to have her picture taken in her transparent skirt.

*Madge*—Why doesn't she go to one of those X-ray photographers?

## Naturally

Get into trouble, and you will arouse interest among your acquaintances. Become a success, and the details will only bore them.

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There is not so much tainted money in circulation now since the treasury laundry has been working.

HIS ONLY CHANCE

*Jane*—Do you know you talk in your sleep, John?
*John*—Well, do you begrudge me even those few words?

FOR ABOUT FIFTY DOLLARS

*Mrs. Bailey*—Hats are to be simply trimmed this year.
*Bailey*—How about husbands?
*Mrs. Bailey*—Simply trimmed also.

## Jones Caught

JONES usually caught the five-thirty train out of the Grand Central for New Rochelle. This day, however, he had met a friend and remained over to renew acquaintanceship. He was plainly up against it, but finally managed to get the following wire off to Mrs. Jones:

"Missed the five-thirty. Don't keep dinner waiting. Will be a little late tonight."

It was long after midnight when he left the train at New Rochelle and ten minutes later before he reached home.

Mrs. Jones met him at the front door.

"You got my message, darling?" he asked, pressing a box of bonbons into her hands.

"Oh, yes!" quickly returned Mrs. Jones. "I got it all right. But I would like to know why you sent a wire at four-thirty, telling me you had missed the five-thirty train."

Jones couldn't.

## The Trifler

He loves to lie beneath the tree,
  Warmed by the light of Myrtle's eyes.
Outbursts of love he pours; ah me!
  The while he lies, and lies and lies.

## Not in His Line

"Pa, what's a contre-temps?"

"I don't know. I've never learned the names of all these automobile parts."

# WITH FOREIGN FUNMAKERS

### Logic

Eleve Lharicot, si je coupe un bifteck en deux, puis les moitiés encore en deux, qu'obtiens-je?
Des quarts, m'sieur.
Bien! Et puis encore?
Des huitiemes!
Tres bien! Et puis encore?
Des seiziemes!
Parfait! Et puis encore?
Des trente-deuxiemes!
Et puis encore?
Le Gosse, (impatiente)—Du hachis de boeuf!

*Teacher*—Pupil L'Haricot, if I cut a beefsteak in two, and then the halves in two, what do I get?

*Boy*—Quarters, sir.

*T.*—Good! And then again?

*B.*—Eighths.

*T.*—All right! And then again?

*B.*—Sixteenths.

*T.*—Exactly! And then?

*B.*—Thirty-seconds.

*T.*—And then?

*B.*—(impatient) Hash! *Le Rire* (Paris).

### In Style

*Chemann*—Was, mit diesem verrückten Kostüm willst Du auf den Ball gehen? Unmöglich! Das kannst Du höchstens als Strassenkleid tragen!

*Husband*—What! You want to go to the ball in this crazy costume? Impossible! At best, you might wear it as a street dress.—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

### Then Everything Went Smoothly

*Husband* (to ample spouse)—For heaven's sake, don't flop about like that, Martha if you don't want to be left a widow. Every time you go under I'm out of my depth.—*Sketch* (London).

### His Little Fiction

"Sei hahen am Stammtilch erzählt, Herr Oberförster, ich hätte Ihnen einen Kuss gegeben; das ist aber doch nicht wahr!"

"Sei zufrieden, Lenerl, 's hat mir ja auch keiner geglaubt!"

"You said at the social table, Mr. Oberforster, that I had given you a kiss. That is not true."

"Don't worry, Lena. Nobody believed me!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

### The Beggar's Plea

"Schenken Se mir nich zu reichlich, Herr! Bei fünf thausand Mark Einkommen werd ict ja sonst zur Wehrsteuer ranjezogen!"

"Don't give me too much, sir! With an income of five thousand marks, I might be called upon to pay a tax!"—*Jugend* (Munich).

### The Servant's Revenge

"Vous cassez tout, ici—je vous retiendrai ca sur vos gages!"

"Madame me retiendra-t-elle sur les gages du mois dernier, ou sur ceux d'il y a deux mois?"

"You are breaking up everything here, I shall deduct it from your wages."

"Will madam deduct it from last month's wages or from those of two months ago?"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

### Malice

"Ich finde hier hinter der Adresse der Frau Doctor Schmidt, die Zahl 42. Nun weiss ich nicht, ist es ihr Alter, oder ihre Telephonnummer."

"I find here, after the address of Mrs. Dr. Smith, the number 42. Now, is it her age or her 'phone number?"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

### A Traffic Mix-up

*Policeman* (on point duty, to inquisitive stranger)—I wish you wouldn't worry me when you see I'm busy. Just look what you've done!—*Punch* (London).

"EYES RIGHT!"

## The Animate Club

CLUBS must be respected—that is, respectable clubs must be respected. And surely a club is respectable when it possesses all the animate virtues of the modern club, which is a composition of

A drinking club, a feeding club,
A thinking club, a reading club,
A rambling club, a running club,
A gambling club, a gunning club,
A boating club, a writing club,
A voting club, a fighting club,
As well as a mother's club—which is certainly moral and upright, if memory serves regarding boyhood days.

—*A. Walter Utting.*

## Overheard at the Club

"Young Muchcash must think that time has more lives than a cat."

"How so?"

"He kills it regularly every day."

## Coming

SHE slipped off her shoes as soon as she closed the door, and tried to get upstairs without awaking her husband. But she found him waiting for her.

"It's three o'clock," he said.

"I went from the club to see a sick friend," she explained.

He reached into her pocket and pulled out a note.

"Sick friend!" he sneered. "Then what are you doing with this mash note from a chorus man? Another time you go to the club I'll go back to father or—er, I'll have him here."

---

While the postman may not be a flirt all the girls get love letters from him.

NOT QUITE!

*Mr. Enright*—Gladys, suppose I were to die, what would you do?
*Mrs. Enright*—Why, I would simply go crazy.
*Mr. E*—Marry again?
*Mrs. E*—Oh, not that crazy?

THINGS SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM
*Affable club waiter*—Looks like rain.
*Grumpy old lady*—It does; but it smells like soup.

# Inculcating Democracy

*By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY*

"WE'VE organized the loveliest club," gurgled Geraldine, removing her hat.

"You must have been elected president," surmized Grandmother shrewdly. "A woman generally enthuses over her clubs in proportion to her official position."

Geraldine's expression was a tacit admission. "The object of the club," she continued hastily, "is to spread the spirit of democracy. Our roster," she added naively, "will include only the cream of the social register."

The old lady choked. "I presume you will hire a man to do the spreading," she remarked, when she could speak.

"The idea! Why?"

"Because," was the calm reply, "women average about one thimbleful of democracy per thousand head. Shall you invite Millie Burr to join?"

"My seamstress!" cried Geraldine horrified.

"Millie would be just as much shocked," chuckled Grandmother, "at the idea of asking a laundress to join her club. Did you ever willingly permit another woman to copy your hat?"

"That hateful Tessie Arleigh copies everything I get" asserted Granddaughter indignantly.

"Such exclusiveness! And you a democrat! I suppose now you will cease snubbing Mrs. Giltmore?"

"I sha'n't. She's the worst kind of a climber."

"So would you be, if your mother hadn't done some tall climbing. If you are a true democrat, all women are your sisters. Shall you continue to turn a pale green every time Reginald chats a moment with one of his women friends?"

"I shall," admitted Geraldine sulkily. "Some bold thing is always ogling him."

"Democracy," said Grandmother, "is a conservative form of socialism, a leveler of class distinctions. Do you intend asking your maid to dine with you and Reginald occasionally?"

Too scandalized for words, Geraldine shook her head vigorously. "When I tell the girls what a horrid, low thing democracy is, I'm sure they will have nothing more to do with it."

"Of course not. Exclusiveness is woman's shibboleth."

"But what shall we do with our club?" cried Geraldine dismally. "We've a perfectly good constitution, by-laws and everything."

"You might turn it into a Daughters-of-the-Something-or-Other," suggested Grandmother, her eyes twinkling.

"We could, but," Geraldine shrugged her shoulders disdainfully, "those Daughter societies are so common. There must be fifty of them."

## The Sign

*Husband*—Ah, my love, I see you've been making cake again.

*Wife*—Why, John, how can you tell that?

*Husband*—From your battered condition.

UP-TO-DATE
*Percie*—On my way over, I happened to glance into the barber's and saw Reginald getting his head shampooed.
*Mindart*—What were they using, dear, a vacuum cleaner?

SPLITTING EVEN
*Visitor*—Peter, I hear you 've had four wives.
*Peter*—Yes, sir; an' what's more, two uv 'em wuz all right.

REVENGE IS SWEET

*Autoist*—Hooray! That 's the old skinflint who soaked us ten dollars last week for pulling us out of the ditch!

## Meaning

WHEN you hear some man say: "I think
That I'll take one more little drink."
Mark well his words, and keep your eye
On him, my friend. I'll tell you why;
'Tis not his intent to deceive
You, so a little he will leave
For you to guess. As like as not
His slight remark don't mean a lot,
But he means more!

f you don't know you've overstayed
Your welcome, and a pretty maid,
Between a row of yawns and sighs,
Says: "Goodness, gracious, tempus flies!
t's twelve o'clock. I didn't know
t was so late. Oh, do not go!"
Weigh well her words. As like as not
Her slight remarks don't mean a lot,
But she means more!

—*Howard C. Kegley.*

## The Proper Term

*Tall blonde*—You wouldn't call this costume suggestive, would you?

*Short brunette*—No; I'd call it exclamatory.

## The Perfect Car

"THIS story of yours is all right," said the editor, "but your description of the hero's automobile is simply impossible. If there was an automobile made as perfect as the one you describe, I'd buy one tomorrow. Where in the world did you get your ideas?"

"That was easy," replied the author. "I got my friend, Bragley, to describe his new car."

## A Superfluity

"Ah-ho! So yo' is gwine to be muh son-in-law, is yo'?" inquired old Brother Buckaloo.

"Yassah; dat's what it 'mounts to," replied the semi-educated young colored swain. "But dat isn't what I'm marryin' Looella Maud for. Yo' am purely incidental to de emergency, sah; purely incidental.

---

A vacuum cleaner will never work successfully on a man who has demonstrated the fact that he is possessed of brains.

## Sad Truths

A WORD to the wise is impossible. The wise talk all the time.

Whom you do—do well.

One touch of graft makes the whole world skin.

Gossip comes, but scandal lingers.

Avoid the appearance of evil. It is harder to live down than evil.

AN EVENT

*Mamma*—Tommy, what do you say to Uncle Titewadd for giving you the penny?

*Tommy*—Gee! I 'm too s'prised to say anything!

AN AUTUMN-MOBILE

## At the Patriarchs' Club

AFTER thou hast lost, the other shall say again in thine ears (Is. 49:xx) "The treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously, yea, the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously. (Is. 24:xvi). Provide me now a man that can play well. (1 Sam. 16:xvii). The reward of his hands shall be given him (Is. 3:xi) out of the spoils." (1 Chron. 26:xxvii.)

Then shalt thou say (Deut. 6:xxi) "I know the things that come into your mind (Ez. 11:v). There was with us a young man, (Gen. 41:xii) he is such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak with him." (1 Sam. 25:xvii).

He will say (Hab. 2:i) "Go and spy out where he is, that I may send and fetch him." (2 Kgs. 6:xiii.)

And the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play (Fx. 32:vi.) And they drew (Gen. 37:xxviii). Jonathan strengthened his hand (1 Sam. 23:xvi) 'the mower' filleth not his hand; (Ps. 9:vii) But the youth drew not (Jud. 8:xx).

And when they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid (Gen. 42:xxxvi) and they call not (Ps. 14:iv). And Joseph gathered up all the money that was found (Gen. 47:xiv). And nothing in his hand! (Eccl. 5:xiv).—*Geo. B. Morewood.*

AT THE ARMY CLUB

*Cynthia*—Lieutenant Mauser proposed to me last night. Oh, such beautiful language! Wish you could have heard him.

*Muriel*—I have heard him; but that was before he had had so much practice.

## The Stuff

"I wonder if he'll succeed. What sort of timber is he made of, anyhow?"

"He's just a plain wooden man, that's all I know!"

## The Cause

*Black*—I heard the audience wept after young Ranter's death scene in the third act.

*White*—Yes—We all knew he was still alive.

## Fielding versus Fielding

ARE you interested in Fielding?" said the Smith girl to her suitor—

She was reading English novels from a critic's point of view,—
He was on the team at college. Baseball was his major study
And he answered her at random never pausing for a cue:

"It's all right," he stammered bravely, "and we couldn't do without it;
It's a thing of great importance, I'll agree with you in that,—
But though Fielding may be splendid, yet you can't depend upon it—
For a team amounts to nothing without good men at the bat."

—*Hazel G. Dwyo.*

## Their Mission

A large crowd had gathered at the station to receive the famous statesman. The reporter indicated a group in the foreground. "They are personal friends, gathered to see him about speaking here," he explained.

"Is it necessary to use persuasion to induce him to speak?"

"Not at all; they are going to try to prevent him."

## Seasonable Romance

She met at the Summer Casino
A Count who played roulette and keno;
They kissed and embraced,
Then married in haste,
And now she's repenting in Reno.

—*J. J. O'Connell.*

AT THE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB

*Taurus*—Did I understand you to say you were going to hit the bull's eye?

# Humorists at Peoria

HEAVEN is supposed to be a place of felicity and desirable as a permanent residence. Peoria, Ill., is not in its class, and this fact may account for the comparatively small attendance upon the Annual Outbreak of the American Press Humorists, some twenty of whom found their way there chiefly because it is the home of George Fitch and he is proud of the town.

Not that any city now known can enter into competition with the place which is the ultimate ambition of the good, nor that Peoria will suffer in comparison with the average town of its size. Peoria, in fact, is superior to many larger cities for so many reasons that it is useless to enumerate them. It is the stopping-place of several lines of railroad and the general terminus of corn, a field of which some four hundred miles in length I laboriously made my way through to get there.

If George Fitch hadn't hypnotized Peoria for the event, the city will go down in the records and memories of the Press Humorists as the most hospitable on the continent. Possibly other sojourners there not favored by acquaintance with Fitch may not find it so genial. Heaven is somewhat select, for St. Peter looks over credentials with no partial eye and permits no entry on mere pretense. Everybody suspected of being a humorist was welcomed at Peoria with open arms and music.

Entertainment at the Country Club, golf, river excursions, automobile and trolley journeys, baseball, banquets and even the circus that timed its show to the convention were on the list of entertainments. Peoria has three newspapers that seem to work in harness without competition or jealousy for the common good. They at least worked together for the good of the humorists, though they may have resumed the competitive hullabaloo common to newspapers after the boys left town.

Peoria makes more whiskey than any other town in the country, and this explains the corn field referred to. It has an insane asylum whose superintendent is said to permit his dotty guests to do

THEY ARE RESILIENT

*Arnold*—Yes, that 's a garter snake.
*Minnie* (innocently)—What! that little thing? Why, it 's much too small.

ANOTHER DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
Smoking his first cigarette before the family.

as they please, with no serious comeback. And it has a place where persons who neglect its fine water supply for its chief commercial fluid may recover their equilibrium. A few of the humorists inspected the greatest distillery in the world, under the guidance of R. D. Clarke, who was so candid in his disclosure of marketing methods that those among them who had not signed the pledge at once set out in search of a notary public. George Fitch stands personally as a bulwark against booze, and in spite of this eccentricity is locally popular. If this is not a tribute to genius, somebody should furnish the answer. George, however, makes one concession. The Fitch Punch, which was served occasionally to the humorists, looks like booze, and it requires an analysis to distinguish it from joy liquid.

The six days of fun experienced and promoted by the humorists at Peoria would make a best seller in book form. Fitch, always with the appearance of one conducting obsequies, touched buttons here and there, and a host of the best citizens did the rest. George never seemed to labor at entertaining, yet was always the spring of action. No djinn of the fabled lamp could have done so well. Every master of ceremonies must have an aid, and W. Kee Maxwell worked with Fitch as though his machinery had been oiled.

The flow of wit and humor and the reeling off of anecdote and story never ceased. Cy Warman, who looks like a captain of industry without injury to his vocation, peppered the occasion at intervals. For most of the time he was dancing attendance upon the fair. Douglas Malloch, "The Poet of the Woods," seasoned every contact with wit that had an electric quality. Dixon Merritt, of the Nashville *Banner*, with all the graces of the South, clothed in white, purred a joyous wisdom in jest and verse. "Ted" C. M. Robinson, of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, with his boyish laugh and his philosophic eye, was everywhere a magnet, for no one knew just when he would voice his unique poetry. George Bingham, of the *Hogwallow Kentuckian*, with a head and front like Artemus Ward and with the most original humor of his time, converted some of the boys to the theory of reincarnation. Eddie Guest, of the Detroit *Free Press*, bubbling with fun, always ready with a speech—and, unlike most persons who are always ready, with something to say—left few intervals between laughs. Charles Leedy, of the Youngstown *Telegram*, somewhat reserved for a converted showman, was never without a smile or the stuff that makes smiles. Strickland Gillilan, who came in for a day or two, canceling a Chautauqua or two to do it, was a continuous scream. He ought to be in a Broadway show but probably finds the rural circuits more profitable. W. J. Johnson, the philosopher of humor who operates in the Swedish dialect, looked almost as solemn as George Fitch, but hilarity was working beneath the surface. Walter Utting, of the New York *Tribune*, was in every funny mixup, and Homer Croy, when he was not folding his gothic frame in an effort to attain an appearance of ease in the immediate vicinity of some pretty woman, was explaining in characteristic language why he stood on his head after an attempt to drive a golf ball at the Country Club in competition with one who knew how to do it. Mason Warner, who has not let the writing of ads destroy his humor, contributed to the gayety, and "Deacon" John W. Carey, of "Hoo's Hoo" fame, played his serio-comic part to the general joy.

There were others there, all bent on making Peoria jocular, and there will be a greater number next year at Cleveland, which has already begun to plan entertainment. —*J. A. W.*

## Journalistic Inaccuracy

The Gallic war reporters
May have been a truthful lot,
But I've always had a notion
That a few of them were not.
For instance, lauding Caesar
In a jesting way, perhaps,
"The die is cast," they quote him,
Though he wasn't shooting craps.

—*Hinton Gilmore.*

## The Under Dog

It is all right to sympathize with the under dog if you are sure he didn't start the fight.

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There are not many redskins left, but during the summer vacation the country is full of wild indians.

REBELLION
*Masculine voice* (from clothes closet)—No, madam, I will not unlock the door and come out. I am the boss in this house!

# Incompatibility

*By J. A. WALDRON*

THEIR honeymoon had ended. They were still fond of each other, of course. But not too fond.

The wisdom of the ages has had something to do in naming matrimony's early period the honeymoon. The moon changes, and honey cloys.

In this case there was a revival of individuality, habit and the ego. Hugh Thornbray was a figure in contemporary life, and he knew it. Vocationally he was a story writer, developed from that nursery of literature, journalism. He wrote for a public that knew him, and not for posterity. The writer for posterity gets no royalties.

Thornbray's avocations had been ranching, broncho-busting, globe-trotting, war chronicling, and generally pushing his way into the limelight. At half a dozen clubs in town he was the arbiter, referee, or appellate judge on all questions related to the fields of his activity.

Thornbray had been a hero to the fair of more than one region, but he described the lover better than he acted the part. Enthusiasm does much for a man in this field, and infatuation does more. Thornbray fell in love with Miss Lulu Dingle, a comedienne with a vogue. She had always said she would live alone for her art, but he laid such a siege that she capitulated, as she was a little proud of the conquest. And they were married.

As the honeymoon waned, Hugh began again to write. He had said he was at work on his masterpiece, and that their happiness would color the tale. When he read Lulu the first few chapters she thought it was "lovely."

One evening after dinner Lulu seemed a bit out of sorts. She assumed a negligent—yet a habitually graceful—attitude on a sofa, as if undecided whether to sit or stand as Hugh approached from the other side.

"Were you going out?" she asked.

"Why, dear," he replied, "as you seemed a bit ennuye, I thought I would run over to the Mummers' for an hour and then come back and write a little. Or would you like me to read to you the sixth chapter of the story?"

"I don't think the fifth chapter is very interesting."

Hugh looked at Lulu in bewilderment and took a long breath.

"Oh! Ah! my dear, what is the matter with it?"

"It's like so many stories. Too full of impossible love-making. And I think you have extravagantly idealized the hero."

"What about the heroine?"

"Am I supposed to be the original?"

"Well—ah—you know, my dear, I have had you in mind."

"Oh, she's all right, I suppose. But do you know, Hugh, really I can find more pleasing things about me in my book of press notices?"

"So?" said Hugh with a sigh. "No doubt." The atmosphere became a little chilly. "You've no objection to my going to the Mummers' for a while?"

"Not the least, dear."

Hugh went. Lulu, with a suspicious celerity, took from a drawer in a cabinet her book of press notices.

And, so, after a little, they were divorced.

MOTOR-CYCLE CLUB MATES

As they were inseparable companions, Damon carried the headlight and Pythias the taillight.

# Wholly Impersonal

"DO YOU think you could be happy as the wife of a man who did not think you the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"Isn't that," she asked, looking down at her pretty foot, "rather an awkward question?"

"I don't mean to be at all personal," he explained. "It is merely an abstract proposition, you know. Let us assume that a man who didn't regard you as the most beautiful girl in the world asked you to marry him. Would you?"

"But if he didn't think I was the most beautiful girl in the world he wouldn't ask me, would he?"

"He might. Men don't always love women for their beauty alone. They sometimes love them for their good sense, their gentle dispositions and all that sort of thing."

"Do you think so? I don't. I think every man thinks the girl he loves is beautiful, no matter what others may think."

"No doubt you think, then, that I'm not married merely because I have never seen any girl whom I considered beautiful."

"Goodness! How far you can jump to reach a conclusion! And I suppose you think I think any girl you happened to consider beautiful would be glad to accept you if you asked her."

"That's some jump to come down plop on a conclusion, too. I am merely speaking hypothetically. The fact is that if the most beautiful girl in the world would have me, I'd start after the engagement ring before"—

"I thought you said a moment ago that we were to consider the matter from an impersonal standpoint. As I said before, I don't believe any man would fall in love with a girl unless he thought her beautiful."

"Don't you think a man could love a girl because she was witty or wonderfully clever?"

AT THE CLUB DINNER—OPEN AND ABOVE BOARD

*Small boy*—I'll sell ye a rockin' horse cheap, mister.

"I suppose he could; but he would think her beautiful, all the same, if he loved her."

"Well, now, to go back to the original proposition. Let us suppose that a man could love a girl without thinking her beautiful. Let us suppose, for instance,

that a man should say to you, 'I love you, Constance, not for your beauty, but because of your sweet disposition, because of your intelligence and your refinement.' Would you consent to be his wife?"

"What a foolish question! No man would ever propose in such a way. Besides, you haven't explained whether this imaginary man is old or young or hand-so[illegible] [illegible]ise or foolish."

[illegible]e it simple, we'll sup-[illegible]an."

"In that case, I should most decidedly say no."

"Hm! But suppose I told you I loved you because you were the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"Then I should think you had gone crazy, and call for help."

With a hopeless look he got his hat and started for the door, where she succeeded in overtaking him. After a minute or two of silence, during which they were too busy to speak, he asked,

"Don't you want me to tell you you are the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"No; but you do think it, dearest, don't you, even if this is all hypothetical and impersonal?" —*S. E. Kiser.*

## The Home Town

YOU MAY raise up your praise to old London,
Or the show and the glow of "Paree";
You may rattle and din on the sights of Berlin,
Or of Venice, once queen of the sea.

You may prate and relate of Vienna,
Or the wonderful ruins at Rome;
You may hunt out and stir up each city of Europe,
But there's only one town that is home.

It may not have a lot of attractions,
Maybe just an old Main Street and square;
But it's full of the dreams of the past, and it seems
Of all of earth's cities most fair!

—*George B. Staff.*

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You cannot play upon banjo signals.

## Like Lots of Us

HE STARTED in at the foot of the ladder
And stuck right to it and kept stout-hearted
And, laboring diligently, succeeded—
In staying just about where he started.

HER ENGAGEMENT RING

How it seems to her the first time she wears it.

How To Get Rich; or; Always Get the Best End of a Bargain

## Apparently

"DOES your son intend to take a full course in college?"

"It looks that way. His liquor bill for the first month was over thirty dollars."

Wedding rings are not as evanescent as smoke rings, and last longer.

## Fashionable Mistake

*Mrs. Trippler*—My husband is frightfully careless!

*Mrs. Rippler*—How is that?

*Mrs. Trippler*—Why, he thought the material for my new skirt was mosquito netting and he actually tacked it up at the windows.

## He 's Willing

"IS HE a man you can trust?"

"I should say he was. You can always trust him for everything he gets if you want to."

Some men are like patent medicines—they will surely do you good.

# The MODERN WOMAN

## Curbside Comments

*By OREOLA W. HASKELL*

With bugles and with banners, the suffrage cohorts go,
And I, a watcher on the curb, look out for weal or woe,
And note what word the gaping world in passing may bestow.

### Home, Sweet Home

WE ARE told that there are at least three hundred thousand families in tenement houses in New York City that take work from various factories to do at home, and that they perform it, especially in the unlicensed places, under not only unsanitary but even filthy conditions. Ninety per cent. of the workers are women and children, and from their crowded quarters where disease is a familiar guest, we get candy and nuts to eat, toys for our children to play with and clothing for our families to wear. Nevertheless, how much better it is for the community for our sweet "home bodies to devote their leisure to making doilies rather than to arise and fight for the protection of their own and of other people's hearths, especially since the increase of homework is due to the fact that manufacturers can thus dodge the laws that require factories to be sanitary and wages to be fair. Of course, it would never do for our wives and mothers to be so public as to war on the trademan's vaunted sphere.

### Farmerines

ONE of our leading magazines boldly makes the statement that while every Bulgarian of possible fighting age went to war last year and women had to run the farms, there was a crop increase of six per cent. Of course, this cannot be. Everybody knows that when men go to war women sit and weep. That's the part the poets have assigned them from time immemorial, and that's why, when we celebrate wars, we never mention the women. One can't raise monuments to tears. And, again, women can never beat men at anything and so how could they get better results from the soil than their agricultural superiors. If they did coax up more cabbages it must have been that old Mother Nature turned feminist to keep up with the times and was propitious for the sake of her daughters.

### Marriage

A STRONG committee of prominent citizens has been formed, to back up the insurgent women teachers who annoy the wise and worthy members of the board of education of New York City with persistent endeavors to remain in the pedagogic field after they have realized the highest bliss of the human—have been married and presented specimens of posterity to the State. These women stoutly assert that, after having children of their own, they understand all other children better and so make more sympathetic and more wise instructors. One can only marvel at such obtuseness, after all that has been spoken and written showing that matrimony and motherhood are so high and holy as to unfit women for all the other tasks of life—especially the remunerative ones.

"WHEN I GROW UP I'M GOING TO BE A SUFFRAGETTE SO I CAN PLAY WITH BOYS AND CLIMB TREES"

### Echoes

There is a working girl who is known to have interrupted an anti, when the latter was promising that the purse of the rich would ever be at the service of the poor, by crying out passionately, "We want justice, not charity!" It is of such deplorable material as this that suffragists are made.

### *Extracts from "The Antiquary"*

A weekly journal edited and published by real ladies and opposed to female enfranchisement

*Editorial*: Dear Readers, we are sure it made all your hearts ache, as it did ours, to read about the poor Brooklyn husband who came home unusually early for dinner and found his wife absent speaking at a street suffrage meeting. He was quite justified in making the public fuss he did. If his spouse had only been weeping at a matinee, slinging cards at a bridge party, swopping scandal at an afternoon tea or chewing gum at a moving picture show he would not have felt so bad, poor dear soul! Why, even we who adore the men venture to be late for the evening repast occasionally but we are always doing one of the above meritorious acts and are never shouting about so dull a thing as government. We can just fancy the feelings that agitated his manly bosom when he realized that his combination cook-waitress-washer-cleaner-wife-mother-nurse wasn't there to greet him with a worshipful smile an hour before he was expected. It makes no difference how many times he himself is wont to be late to dinner while the chops shrivel and the pudding petrifies, she, his subordinate, only created to add to his comfort, should have been on the job. How many other abused and browbeaten husbands are there in this land of many suffragists? Alas, it is a sad thought. Let us try and solace their sinking hearts. Let us form a Neglected Husbands Corps and gather them in. Let us darn their socks and soothe their souls. But be careful whom you approach for membership. We accosted one husband while his suffrage wife was on a platform speaking. "We sympathize with you," we said softly. He turned a radiant face pridefully to us. "Then you think she's the best speaker too," he said and grasped our hand in cordial joy. We fear some of them are quite crazed by their troubles.

## Why Men Loaf on Muddy Crossings

THE HIGH-SALARIED editor of this page wonders if other men have the same trouble with the slashed skirt that he has. When there is a slashed skirt

"WE CAN'T KEEP OUR MIND ON CONGRESS"

around, we can't keep our mind on Congress. Even when there is an especially attractive sunset being put on, our mind isn't on the sun. We'll have to confess that it's on the daughter.

At first, the slash was just a small, delicate one; then it grew larger, until delicacy put up its back hair and fled. Still the slash grew higher and higher. First, the slash got a foothold, so to speak, on the instep; then it climbed slowly up the tibia, until it got its fingers on the kneecap; then it swung itself up— But we must not go farther. We have the mails to think about. Personally we are glad that the slashed skirt is going out of fashion. There is no remorse in our heart, now that it is announced that the slashed skirt is doomed. When the holes in the slashed-skirt film show and the Good Night slide goes on, we won't go home sobbing till none can bring us comfort. Instead, we'll be glad to get out in the fresh air.

We suppose that we are an old fogy; but if there is anything we hate, it is a girl going around in a slashed skirt until a person can see the First National Bank.

## Dust and the Devil

ONE THOUSAND churches in Kansas have been abandoned, on account of the automobile.

This is something to cause us thoughtful persons to think. Personally there is nothing we like better than to think. We often do. It has a strange fascination for us.

We have been in Kansas. We might as well tell all: We have lived in Kansas. But we are now trying to lead a pure and noble life.

The Kansas roads are the dustiest in the world. Somebody has put so much sand on them that you can't eat a piece of pie out there without using a whisk-broom. When a person orders a piece of pie, he is supposed to return the broom to the nail. Persons carrying off the lunch-counter broom are shot at sight.

It is to be lamented that the automobile in Kansas is driving out the church. It ought to be bringing it in. There ought to be a church for every automobile in Kansas. There is no greater field for church work than among men who have to climb under an automobile in Kansas and speak to the gearing. There should be some way of making it necessary that every chauffeur be a ministerial student and making it compulsory for every man who drives his own car to attend church every Sunday morning and lead at the Wednesday night services.

We thoughtful people must get together on this and think.

"YOU CAN'T EAT A PIECE OF PIE THERE WITHOUT USING A WHISK-BROOM"

## The Old Swimming Hole

WE ARE writing our page this week from the old swimming hole back home. When we left it, it was about the size of Champlain; but now we could almost jump across it with weights. Some of the folks here think it is bigger

"AND PA'LL COME TO THE DOOR AND HANG THEM ON THE KNOB"

than it used to be; but, my goodness we could take it up with a napkin. Since we left, somebody has filled it up with rocks and stumps and turtles.

For old time's sake, we went swimming in it the other day. We don't expect to get all the mud out of our ears until along toward the end of the week. Saturday night we will take our regular bath. Just to be a boy again, we'll take it Saturday night, whether we need it or not. And we'll forget our socks again, we know, and pa'll have to come to the door and hang them on the knob. If we get soap in our eyes and step on a tack as we are getting out, it'll be old times all over, and we won't regret that we went down and risked our life in the old swimming hole again.

## Commentations

THAT'S just what we think about the weather, too—but there's another family on our floor.

A pastor at Yonkers, New York, has a swimming pool where he teaches the girls of his congregation to swim. We don't know whether he is looking for an assistant or not, but we shall inquire. If this page is not here next week you will know that he was.

## Wanting Things

I'M PRETTY sure that time will bring
Most things for which I'm hankering;
But, ere the time that they are here,
I'll cease to want them much, I fear.

Still, by that time there'll be, no doubt,
More things I cannot do without.
This wanting things you haven't got
Is what makes life worth living. What?

—*Walter G. Doty.*

## Dry

*Miss Gush*—I simply bathe in talcum powder—I do love it.

*Miss Sar-Castic*—Sort of a dry cleaning—eh?

## Not Society's Fault

*Gibbs*—How did that rich boor manage to get introduced into society?

*Hibbs*—He wasn't introduced; he was injected.

## Alike, Yet Different

The clam is silent, so's the owl—
The clam's considered cheerful.
The owl by night doth roam and prowl
And hoot in manner tearful.

And yet the owl's considered wise
Which doubtless makes it prouder.
The clam for optimism tries—
And winds up in the chowder.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

## A Foregone Conclusion

"I never say all that I think," she remarked.

"Then," he replied, being unwilling to miss the chance, "you must think an awful lot."

## Farmer Hayseed

Although he's a man of most gullible sort
And only a simple jay,
He can turn his place into a summer resort
And make the old shanty pay.

WHY DOES A CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?

## Modern Definitions

HAPPINESS—The art of forgetting.

Optimism—Whitewash for the blues.

Luck—A toss-up with the dice of Destiny.

Disappointment—The world's greatest actor.

Hope—The advance agent of Disappointment.

Moth—A married man who meets an old flame.

Glutton—A man who digs his grave with his teeth.

Fame—An entree that comes with the feast of Fortune.

Christianity—A blind faith in the power of the Man Higher Up.

An Authority—Any person who upholds the theories we have already expressed.

Theorist—A man who thinks he is learning to swim by sitting on the bank and watching a frog.

The Ideal Man—An ignis fatuus that exists only in the mind of a woman before she marries him.

Virtue—A condition of mind that enables a woman to be miserable with one man rather than to be happy with another.

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Success is the compensation for concentrated endeavor.

## Fable of the Wise Bunghole Maker

ONCE upon a time, in one of the largest cities of Switzerland, there lived a maker of Bungholes. He had a large business among the wine makers of France, and nearly all the Bungholes used in barrels in the Rhine-wine territory came from this man's factory. No other make of Bunghole could stand such pounding. Prices were low, as there was great competition, and he desired wealth to educate his growing family. At last he thought, Why waste the irregular holes? There must be a use for them. If he could find a market for them, his fortune would be made. So he put into packages small, irregular Bungholes and sold them to the Swiss-cheese makers, thereby saving them the work of making them by hand; and the very small ones, too small for cheese, he sold by the gross in assorted sizes to the lace makers and makers of peek-a-boo waists. Nearly all the holes you see in these waists come from this factory. In this way all his by-products were used and his profits increased so that in ten years he was one of the richest men in Switzerland.

Moral—There is a use for everything. Try and find it.

## It Suited Her

*First English Militant*—Do you believe in rocking the cradle?

*Second English Militant*—Sure; where are the rocks?

BAR-ROOM PHILOSOPHY

*Rohme*—Well, there 's one thing we needn't worry about. You and I won't have to pay any income tax.

*Bohme*—We won't, hey? You don't suppose for a minute them millionaires is goin' to pay it out of their own pockets, do you?

# LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS

Old Friends

*Smith* (introducing his "latest")—How do, Jones? This—er—is my sister.

*Jones*—Delighted, old man! She was mine once.—*Sketch* (London).

Supposition

"Denken Sie sich, heute früh ist dem Herrn Meier seine Frau durchgebrannt, das musz doch ein furchtbarer Schlag für den armen Mann gewesen sein."

"Just think! This morning Mr. Meyer's wife ran away! That must have been a terrible blow to the poor man!" —*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

Sarcastic

*He*—There's something you've forgotten, isn't there, my dear?

*She*—Yes, I think there is, but how did you know?

*He*—Well, you see, I've a shilling left! —*London Opinion.*

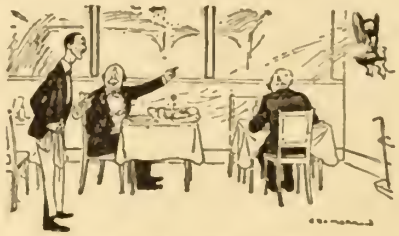
Confession

*Dienstmadchen*—Haben Sie Liebesbriefsteller?
*Gehilfe*—Selbstverstandlich; in grosser Auswahl—soll es etwas Besseres sein?
*Dienstmadchen* (verschamt) 'n Sergeant ist's.

*Servant girl*—Have you any love-letter manuals?

*Clerk*—Naturally—a large assortment. Is it to be a higher grade?

*Servant girl* (bashfully)—It's a sergeant.—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).



Rawthah Particular

*The Epicure*—Waiter, I want you to switch off that electric fan at once! It's wafting the Flavour of that Genleman's frozen ptarmigan into my soup.—*Punch* (London).

"Die Berta hat es weit gebracht—heute fährt sie zweispännig."
"Ja—es kommt nur darauf an—wen man einspannt!"

"Bertha has succeeded well. To-day she rides behind a team."

"Yes. It's only a question—as to whom one hitches up!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

The Harrassed Casino Manager

"Also am Mittwoch Tanz-Erlaubnis bis zwei Uhr—am Donnerstag bis zwelf uhr—am Freitag nischt—seit meiner Pennalerzeit hat man keinen so Komplizierten Stundenplan mehr von mir verlangt!"

"Well, on Wednesdays dancing allowed till two o'clock, on Thursdays till midnight, on Fridays not at all. Never since my school days was such a complicated hour schedule required of me!"—*Jugend* (Munich).

Sustained Interest

Besuch—Bei euch liegt ja alles drunter und drüber, da komme ich wohl grade zum grossen Reinemachen?
Ach nein, aber meiner Frau ist eine Romanfortsetzung verlorengegangen!

*Visitor*—Why, everything is upside down in your apartment! Have I just come for the great cleaning?

*Master*—Oh, no! but my wife lost the continuation of a serial.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

The Shopper

*Lady of leisure* (discarding the fiftieth hat she has tried on)—No, it's not a bit of use. I knew when I came to this shop that you would have nothing to suit me. —*London Opinion.*

THE BRUTE!

*Fat lady*—"Ah! what a beautiful landscape! Cawn't you paint me in the foreground?"
*Artist*—"What, then, would become of the background?"

## She Feared Danger.

IT WAS late, but neither the young woman nor the young man was sleepy. They had talked and talked, and still they talked.

Various subjects were broached—the latest novels, the drama, music, art. All came in for an interjection or two. There was decided opinion upon but one subject.

The young woman or the young man could hardly start a topic when the young man or the young woman would ask,

"Really, darling, do you love me?" Or it would be,

"Precious, do you think as much of me to-night as you thought of me last week?" Or this would be varied by,

"Do you think, sweetheart, you will love me as much to-morrow as you do now?"

The latest novels, music, drama and art had no chance whatever, while even the weather was not mentioned.

He had started to go seventeen times. Seventeen times he had been halted by the affectionate query, varied a little as to form. She did not have to worry about going, as she was at home.

It was some time after the clock began striking all over again when he rose with determination. "Darling," he said, "I must—really I must—be going!"

"But, dearest," she responded, "I am afraid to have you go—fearful that something may happen—that you may meet some one on the way and be"——

"Don't be alarmed, precious," said he reassuringly. "I shall meet nobody but the milkman."

IN WONDERLAND

*Messenger boy*—"I guess I won't say nothin' about this place to me mother. She 'd think I wuz stringin' her"

## The Dead Past.

The red fire crackers are covered with dust—
Untouched on the shelves they lie;
Little toy cannons are hidden by rust—
No children come now to buy.
Time was when the cannons were all new and bright,
And the pinwheels were thought things of worth;
But those were the days before folks got the craze
For a sane and a fireless Fourth.

—*Estelle May Nute.*

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Every day that a decree of divorce is filed is an Independence Day for some one.

BOOKS THEY DON'T READ.

## Where

Is the enterprising museum manager who will add to his collection the following curiosities:

A leg from the multiplication table?

A high ball from the bar of justice?

A tooth from the mouth of the stream?

A sleeve from a coat of paint?

A panel from the door of opportunity?

A strand from a chord of music?

A splinter from the board of education?

A check book upon the river bank?

Some shavings made by a high plane of thought?

A tooth from the comb of a wave?

The collar from a mantle of charity?

A leaf from the pink of propriety?

The original score of an air of bravado?

A twisted loop from the fringe of society?

The visiting card used when making the call of the wild?—*Harper's Weekly.*

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Dreams go by contraries and fire-crackers fly in every direction.

RETRIBUTION

The nation chiefly responsible for our old-fashioned insane Fourth will this year have an Independence Day of its own.

## Reckless.

"He is always ready with a long-winded Fourth of July oration."

"It's just like him! First he warns his little boys about the dangers of the day, and then he goes and shoots off his mouth!"

## Very Likely.

*His honor* (gazing at intoxicated prisoner)—"What is he charged with, officer?"

*Officer* (newly appointed)—"Oi don't know, yer honor, but Oi think it's shtraight whiskey."

## Tommy at Dinner.

Tommy went out to dine at a friend's house one evening. When the soup was brought Tommy did not touch his, and the hostess, looking over, said,

"Why, Tommy, dear, what's the matter? Aren't you hungry to-night?"

"Yes," replied Tommy, "I'm quite hungry, but I'm not thirsty."

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Pinwheels are generally stuck upon a post; so is the man who has an easy and remunerative job.

"WHEN GABRIEL BLOWS HIS TRUMPET."

THE ARTIST employs the imagination while he stimulates it. He tells the truth with a veneer of humor or a touch of satire, and it is his function to amuse as well as to provoke thought. A picture often in small compass tells more than a page of text could impart. The artist in the above picture lets his imagination play with humanity in that emergency which has been held out as a warning for ages. What will happen when Gabriel blows his trumpet? The world will be taken unawares, and here are some of the possible aspects of humanity at the trumpet's call. There are a multitude of individuals in the picture, swept instantly from a multitude of duties and diversions. The summons takes no excuse and permits of no delay. Some of the figures shown are still attending to business, while others stick as tenaciously to pastimes. Folly pursues pleasure and vanity persists in habit. The applecart man holds to his cart and the organ-grinder to his organ, their only solid possessions. And the element of surprise shown in many figures and postures illustrates the general uncertainty of destination. For the world, Gabriel is always blowing his trumpet. Every minute men and women are answering its call.

AND DRAWS CHECKS.

"Bertie didn't count much on good looks when he married that Gotrocks heiress."
"No; but he banks on them now."

# Little Conversations.

### HE WAS EXCUSED.

THE talesman had wriggled and wriggled, and finally the judge lost patience.

"Do you mean to state on oath that you don't think you have sufficient intelligence to render a just verdict on the evidence?" he shouted.

"Not exactly that, judge," said the talesman; "but the fact is that for the last ten years my mind has been made up for me by my wife and mother-in-law, and, as I understand this jury stunt, I shall not be allowed to communicate with them."

"Excused!" cried the judge. "I'm a married man myself."

### ON OCCASIONS.

"Are you superstitious about thirteen at table?" asked Mrs. Hickenlooper.

"I am when there's hardly enough food for twelve," said Mrs. Giddybody.

### A HELPFUL SUGGESTION.

"Yes," said Blobson, "when I got home there they were—twins! I was simply [illegible] We've named one of them Ann Eliza, but we're up a tree for a name for the other."

"Why not call her Paralyzer?" suggested Binks.

### THE SILVER LINING.

Mrs. Stronghead had just thrown a paving stone through a drug-store window, merely to prove that she was entitled to a vote, and had been marched off to jail.

"Thank heaven!" said Stronghead. "That settles the where-shall-we-spend-the-summer problem, anyhow."

THE RABBIT'S SURPRISE.

"Ouch! I thought my left hind foot was lucky."

### SAVED.

"Oh, John," sobbed Mrs. John, "I've done something awful, and I am almost afraid to tell you—but I must! I made a most awful mistake this morning and sent your new dress suit to the rummage sale instead of your old one, and when I found out what I had done and ran over to get it back it had been sold."

"That's all right, Mabel, dear," said John amiably. "I stopped in at the sale myself and bought it back for thirty-five cents."

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*Marjorie*—"But, dear, wouldn't love in a cottage be rather commonplace?"

*De Garry*—"Well, of course, we co[illegible] shack a bungalow."

THE MOTHER INSTINCT.

## Excess Baggage.

THERE came to the beach a rich maiden of Erie,
All stunningly coiffured and dressed up to kill.
Twelve trunks and four boxes accomp'nied the deary.
Each womanly heart felt an envious thrill.

But, leaving her boxes unopened and scorning
Her trunks that were bursting with feminine loot,
This maiden of Erie, noon, evening and morning.
Paraded the beach in a red bathing suit.

—*Walter G Doty.*

## An Everyday Tragedy.

Mary dropped her eyes on the floor as Henry burst into the room. Her face lengthened rapidly, and she finally pierced him with a glance. As his laugh rose and fell, she dropped her jaw and her voice broke.

## The Attraction.

*Ted*—"I see they are going to boom New York as a summer resort."

*Ned*—"I thought most of the visitors came here because it was a hot town."

## Ye True Fish Story.

She bought a fifty-dollar hat;
The price had little weight.
He was a million-dollar fish,
And she used the hat for bait.

THOSE TABLE BOUQUETS.

*Ephraim* (from the country)—"I say, cousin, this livin' in th' city ain't what it 's cracked up to be when you have t' make your flower garden on th' dinner table!"

## On Hand.

"Was your wife in the suffrage parade?" asked Morrowby, meeting Jelliffe on the street.

"You bet she was!" said Jelliffe enthusiastically. "Why, she is the flag bearer for her chapter!"

"Mercy!" cried Morrowby. "Do you mean to tell me that little woman carried a flag all that distance?"

"Well—no," said Jelliffe. "My chauffeur and I took turns at it."

## Naturally.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"

"Yes, I'm a cornetist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"He's a pessimist."

*Knicker*—"Is Jones in politics for his health?"

*Bocker*—"Not unless mud baths are healthy."

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

# Hasan Beg's Advice to His Son, Hafiz.

MY SON, there is a woman called the Grass Widow that I would warn thee against. Presume not from her monicker that she is like unto those country Arabs who furnish the humorists with vile jokes. Mark, oh, Hafiz, and learn wisdom. The expression Grass Widow implies (Allah knoweth) that she has gamboled on the green at least once—and I know not how many other times. She flourisheth at the courts of a desert oasis known as Reno. Give heed, my beloved, unto my sayings. Thy father (a true believer in Allah's bounty) has had many harems and knows a wife or two, albeit some mothers-in-law. If this woman look thy way, close thine eyes. 'Tis better to lose thy sight for a moment than thy inheritance in alimony. If she speaketh to thee (for she is emboldened by much experience), fly, even though, like Joseph, thou leave thy outer covering in her hand. 'Tis fairer to enter thy poor tent naked than to leave the gilded divorce court in like manner.

Beware, oh, Hafiz, of the honey guile on her red lips. Emulate the crusty bachelor and heed it not, lest thou find it to thy liking. Her brow is pale, like unto the snow on many hills. The devil—yea, many devils lurk in the windows of her soul. Heed not those midnight shallows. Let them be unto thee as smoked goggles (such as the unbelievers wear) or blind parapets. There is wisdom in such a course. Lakes they are, where many valiant love-farers have perished ere their sails were full set. Her body is like unto a maiden willow wedded to the brook. Turn, oh, Hafiz, to the advertisements of the magazines and learn how these things are acquired. Hearken, my beloved, and I will give thee an earful of wise speech.

Let not thy father's observations forsake thee nor thy sandals wander in strange paths. Should this woman defile thee—even with the touch of her lotus fingers on thy arm—wash it with tears that they may cleanse the pleasant sensation. Hafiz, priceless jewel of thy father, put a city block between the Grass Widow and thyself, for she hath a saying which is abominable and one my soul abhorreth:

"Greater love hath no man than that he giveth his wife (via the divorce court) to his friend."

Believe it not, my beloved, lest thou add to thy father's insomnia.

—Gordon Johnstone

ANOTHER APPLICATION OF THE ANNUNCIATOR

EXPANSIVE.

*Perkins* (from the gent's furnishing department)—" Hah! I like a spot like this. By heavens! a man has room to think."

## The Bathing Dress.

"I BOUGHT a dress to-day," she said,
"A most becoming blue,
All trimmed with rows and rows of braid,
And little buttons, too.
'Twas ready made, but, oh! it fits
My figure something fine!
And think! I only paid for it
A dollar twenty-nine!"

I thought, "This maiden surely is
The very wife for me;
She understands the proper way
To use economy."
I begged her, then, without delay
My lonely life to bless;
But when the knot was tied, I found
She meant a bathing dress.

—*Minna Irving.*

## Always Some Remedy.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says that poverty is a disease. Well, there is the gold cure!

## Should Have Been Prepaid.

Old Father Epicuremus the Philosopher has just sent us a lettergram stating that "some men's idea of earning a living is just answering a dinner bell." We should have welcomed the communication had the old gentleman not sent his message collect.

## Domestic Problem.

He asked, "How much did Romeo?
I always do forget!"
She answered, "That depends, you know,
On what fair Juliet."

## Why?

*Son*—"Papa, why do they call them rubberneck wagons?"

*Father*—"Because everybody stares at the people in them, my boy."

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Chicago University has just banished toothpicks, condemning them as vulgar. Westward doth refinement take its way.

## Tedious Tasks.

A couple of wayfarers stood for an hour or more in front of a market, watching employes clean fish.

"Ain't that the limit?" exclaimed one. "Can you think of anything worse than a job like that?"

"Sure I can!" the other replied. "That ain't half as bad as scaling the Alps."

## Not New.

"You should see my new typewriter," said Mr. Smart to his friend, as they went down in the elevator together; "but it's secondhand."

"Secondhand?"

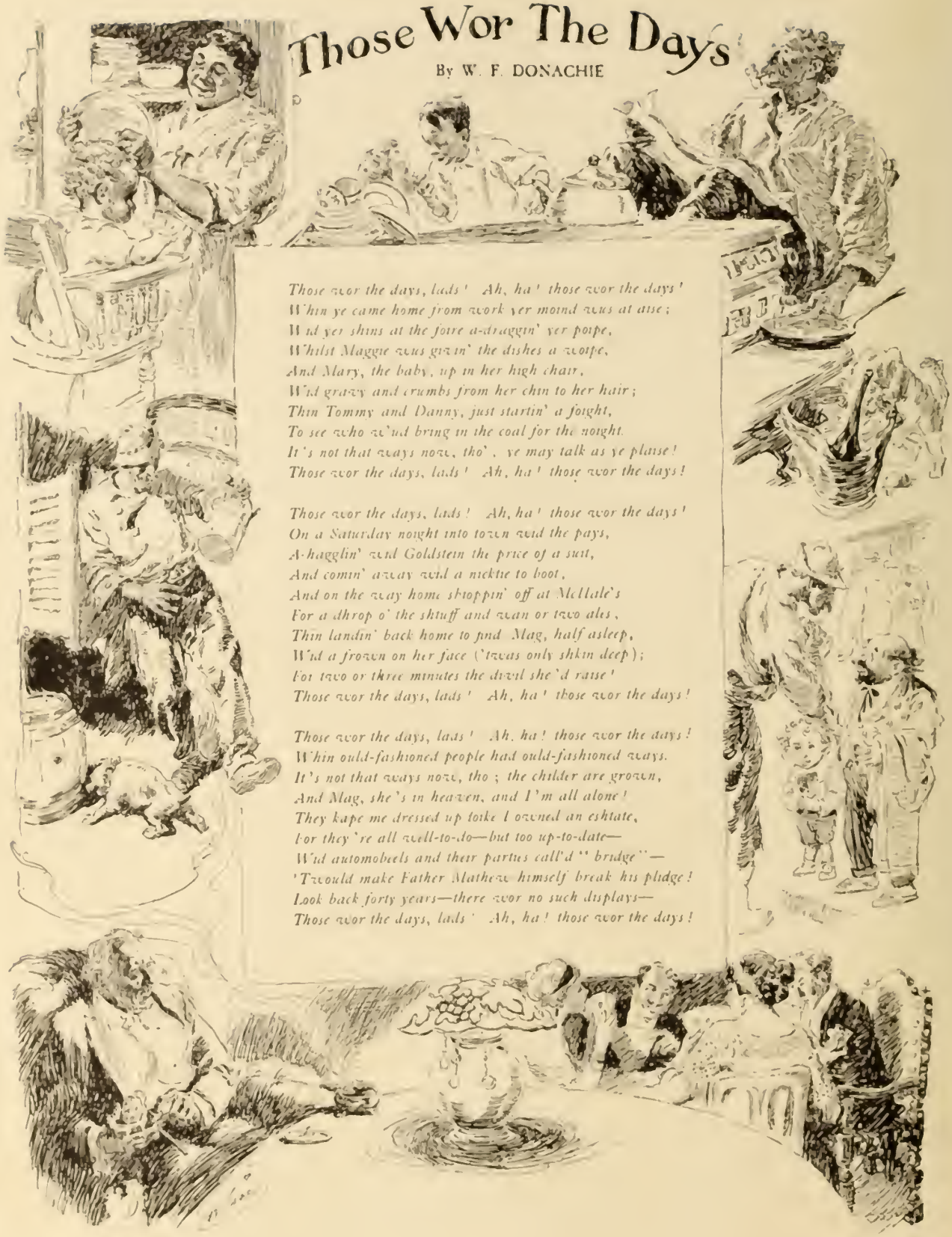
"Um-hm. A widow."

## A Paradox.

Said he, "I give my love to you.
I pray you, do not spurn it!"
Said she, "To prove that I am true,
I shall forthwith return it."

# Those Wor The Days

By W. F. DONACHIE



*Those wor the days, lads! Ah, ha! those wor the days!*
*Whin ye came home from work yer moind wus at aise;*
*Wid yer shins at the foire a-draggin' yer poipe,*
*Whilst Maggie wus givin' the dishes a woipe,*
*And Mary, the baby, up in her high chair,*
*Wid gravy and crumbs from her chin to her hair;*
*Thin Tommy and Danny, just startin' a foight,*
*To see who w'ud bring in the coal for the noight.*
*It's not that ways now, tho', ye may talk as ye plaise!*
*Those wor the days, lads! Ah, ha! those wor the days!*

*Those wor the days, lads! Ah, ha! those wor the days!*
*On a Saturday noight into town wid the pays,*
*A-hagglin' wid Goldstein the price of a suit,*
*And comin' away wid a nicktie to boot,*
*And on the way home shioppin' off at McHale's*
*For a dhrop o' the shtuff and wan or two ales,*
*Thin landin' back home to find Mag, half asleep,*
*Wid a frown on her face ('twas only shkin deep);*
*For two or three minutes the divil she'd raise!*
*Those wor the days, lads! Ah, ha! those wor the days!*

*Those wor the days, lads! Ah, ha! those wor the days!*
*Whin ould-fashioned people had ould-fashioned ways.*
*It's not that ways now, tho; the childer are grown,*
*And Mag, she's in heaven, and I'm all alone!*
*They kape me dressed up loike I owned an eshtate,*
*For they're all well-to-do—but too up-to-date—*
*Wid automobeels and their parties call'd "bridge"—*
*'Twould make Father Mathew himself break his plidge!*
*Look back forty years—there wor no such displays—*
*Those wor the days, lads! Ah, ha! those wor the days!*

IT JUST BEATS ALL!

Opening of the Bugville county fair.

## Make Good.

THE WORLD is often humbugged by the guy who has the guile;
The world is often buncoed—but 'tis only for a while.
With all who try to do things she is patient, as she should;
But, lordy! how she slams them when they don't make good!

The braggart and the boaster, they apparently get on.
To-day the world is with them, but to-morrow they are gone!
The justice of her processes they have not understood—
She has no use for any man who won't make good!

The world is often put upon, the world is oft deceived,
And many a flimsy fable for a while she has believed;
But finally her common sense deception has withstood—
No man can fool her always when he can't make good!

So, laddie, take a lesson now from one who knows the game.
'Twill save you maybe money, and 'twill save you surely shame.
The world will treat you squarely if you treat her as you should,
But don't forget she'll nail you if you don't make good!

—*Denis A. McCarthy.*

## Synonymous?

*First wife*—"What is your husband's average income, Mrs. Smith?"

*Second wife*—"Oh, about midnight."

## Not With Him.

*Mack*—"Has Skinly any conscience?"

*Jack*—"It could easily prove an alibi."

FASHION'S ADVANTAGE.

*Customs inspector*—"Pass on, Miss Darling. There's certainly nothing concealed about you."

## Advice with a String to It.

Two young men, of short acquaintance, were talking together when George, the older of the two, became suddenly very confidential.

"I am much bothered," he said. "I can marry a wealthy widow whom I don't love or a poor girl that I do love intensely. What shall I do?"

"Listen to your heart," advised his companion, "and marry the one you love."

"You are right, my friend. I shall marry the girl."

"Then can you give me the widow's address?"

## Promiscuous.

*Earnest Curate*—"Which is your favorite text?"

*Coquette*—"I like that one about being all things to all men."

## The Real Danger.

*Louise*—"What's the matter? Are you afraid to say 'How do you do' to Mrs. Talkem?"

*Julia*—"No; I'm afraid she'll answer."

THE RIVAL OF THE SEA SERPENT.

The mammoth sea spider recently seen off the New Jersey coast.

THE MANAGER'S VIEW.

*Mr. Hedgehog*—"Huh! he can't amount to much as a singer. Why, he's not even being paid for it!"

## Easy.

FRESH from college, Bill and Charley,
Joseph, Henry and the rest
To the world now grant a parley,
Ere they of it things divest.

What they don't know is a trifle,
And it can't be found in books;
That they mean most things to rifle
You may gather from their looks.

They have notions as to money
They will quickly put in force;
They know how the bees get honey,
And the game is plain, of course.

Men in trade they will astonish
With a number of new tricks,
And no doubt they will admonish
Persons now in politics.

Making way in the professions
Is a simple thing to them.
Why insist upon concessions
When you've worked your theorem?

—*J. A. Waldron.*

## In Training.

*She*—"John, dear, I do wish you wouldn't hold the baby upside down. It's very bad form and he might grow up to be an acrobat or something equally dreadful."

*He*—"Oh, that'll be all right. I just want him to be able to make good in the subway."

## Wait.

*Oldfellow*—"I just had a letter from my boy Charley. He tells me he's burning lots of midnight oil. Knowing Charley as I do, I can scarcely believe it."

*Youngfellow*—"You will, though, when you get the gasoline bill."

## Proof Positive.

*Crawford*—"Do you think he's henpecked?"

*Crabshaw*—"He never mentioned it, but I've noticed that the portraits over his mantelpiece are those of his wife's folks."

## High-priced Matches.

They tell us that charges for matches are low,
But what is their reason for thinking them so?
A million or two is about the amount
That is paid, we suppose, for a match with a count.

OH, YOU REVOLVING DOOR!

*Attendant* (as lady comes around the eighth time)—"This ain't no merry-go-round, lady!"

*Lady*—"I know; but I can't remember whether I was going in or coming out."

## Suffrajests.

### EXPLAINED.

"I HEAR Miss Strongmind has chucked poor Thompson," said Dabney.

"Sad, but true," said Wilkins.

"Why, I always thought Thompy was a brick!" said Dabney.

"He is," said Wilkins. "That's why she threw him, I guess."

### IN LONDON.

"Well, Cholmondeley," said the suffragette's father, "I know what you have come for. Marion has told me. But do you think you can support her in the style to which she is accustomed?"

"Well, I've been trying to figure that out, Mr. Plantagenet," said Cholmondeley, "and, reckoning on six months in jail every year, I fancy I can."

### BY WIRE.

"It must complicate matters terribly for Hawkins now that his wife has been sent to jail for three months," said Bland. "I wonder who will sing the baby to sleep."

"Oh, he's fixed that all right," said Blithe. "He's had the nursery connected by 'phone with her cell."

### UNAFRAID.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Wiggins, on the night of election day, "did you vote this morning?"

"I did, indeed!" replied Mrs. Wiggins. "I not only voted, but I wrote out my reasons for voting as I did on the back of the ballot and signed my name. You men may feel the need of a secret ballot, but I'm not afraid to have anybody know how I voted or why."

MODERN PIETY.

*Tailor* (to clergyman who has just left trousers for mending)—"The knees seem to be the best part of them."

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

# The Professor and the Boys.

"NOW, young gentlemen," said the professor in ethics, as the class gathered for the morning lecture, "I am going to make this morning a personal application to yourselves of all the principles you are supposed to have learned from my lectures this term. Let us take up the general theory of conduct. I will ask Mr. Slabsides to assist me. As I understand the situation, he has just been announced by your class statistician as the most genial man in the student body, having been chosen for that high honor by an almost unanimous vote. You do not object, do you, Mr. Slabsides? I choose you in the full confidence that you, better than any other man in the class, can assist me in making the full import of my teachings clear."

"Not in the least, professor," replied Mr. Slabsides, with a broad smile. "Go as far as you like. Dreadful Example is my middle name."

"Thank you, sir," said the professor. "I see you have not been chosen the most genial man in your class for nothing. Now, gentlemen, Mr. Slabsides comes of good family. On both sides he comes of an ancestry that has held its place in the social order for years, winning the esteem of all, and presumably of quiet, but none the less effective, influence in the community. At some sacrifice to himself, Mr. Slabsides, Sr., sends his son here to college, and the young man upon his arrival finds two courses of action open to him. One course is to make the best of his opportunities by devoting himself assiduously to the work to be done here, laying the foundations of an intellectual equipment that will win him the richest prizes life has to offer; missing some fun, perhaps, but winning the honor and esteem of the faculty and the admiration of the more serious-minded members of the student body. The other course, devoting himself to frivolous pursuits, neglecting the serious opportunities of the curriculum, getting all the fun out of life that he can, with no serious thought of the morrow, and ultimately filling the honored head of his sacrificing father with gray hairs. Now for the direct question—which of these two courses would you select, Mr. Slabsides?"

RIGHT

*Tired customer*—"Who's waiting here?"
*Waiter*—"Why, you are, boss."

CAUGHT SOMETHING

*Fisherman*—"I wonder if anybody ever caught anything in this blamed pond?"
*Native*—"Sure! A feller fell in here once, and caught a bad cold."

INDICATIONS.

*Skipper* (to oarsman, as they approach his yacht)—"I say, Oscar, what are the weather indications?"
*Oscar* (who has just observed the skipper's wife at the rail)—"Looks to me like a bit of a squall, sir."

"Why—er—why, the latter, of course, professor—surely!" replied Mr. Slabsides unblushingly.

"What?" cried the professor, amazed at the shameless effrontery of the reply. "You would choose that course, knowing full well that it would fill your honored father's head with snowy locks?"

"Ubetcha!" cried Mr. Slabsides. "Dear old dad! I wouldn't hesitate a minute, professor! I'd do it at any cost.

"Why," asked the professor, wonderingly.

"Well, professor, you would, too, if you could see that ivory old dome of his, as void of vegetation as a billiard ball, and realized that in the past ten years he has spent over five thousand good dollars on all sorts of hair restorers, without results. I tell you, professor, if by going to jail I could cause one single hair to sprout on the governor's nut—red, white, yellow, blue or pink—you'd find me on the job!"

## Original Sin.

*Wife*—"John, what is original sin?"

*Husband*—"Apple stealing, I think, my dear."

## Some Women.

Some women can't bear the odor of gasoline until they get an auto.

THE MODERN IDEA.

*Harold*—"Hello, Percy! What 's that pendant from your arm?"
*Percy*—"A kitchenette. Come over some day and have dinner with me!"

## A Warning.

Be careful how ye live, oh, youth so gay!
One solemn fact in life remains unshaken—
The man who saves his liver while he may
Will find in age that he has saved his bacon.

## Woman's Logic.

*Kate*—"Why do you call her a limited anti-vivisectionist?"

*Jack*—"Because she believes that a divorcee is entitled to all the male scalps she can collect."

## Freckles.

Much as most people deprecate them, it is nevertheless true that a lot of freckles on a pretty girl's cheek are very pleasant things to have around.

## The Young Idea.

*Teacher*—"What is a weather vane?"

*Pupil*—"Why—why, it's a chicken on a roof."

"COME ON, FELLOWS, LET'S GO TO THE NEXT JOINT!"

# Her Progress.

THE newly married man, as newly married men do, came home from his office happy. He was greeted, as newly married men are greeted, with a kiss, and this, in the fashion of his kind, he returned with an interest which any court in the land would declare to be usurious.

"Of course we shall go out to dinner, darling," he remarked.

"Yes, dearest," replied the happy young woman.

"But one of these days we shall have a dinner here, darling, shall we not, of your own cooking?"

The bride looked up into his eyes with a confidence that inspired half a dozen more kisses. "Of course, dearest," she replied. "I am getting along famously with my cooking lessons."

"And it will be such a change," he continued, "from the monotonous fare of the restaurants when we can enjoy home cooking—the work of your own dear hands!" There were more kisses.

"Ah," said she, "it will, indeed!"

"Did you take a cooking lesson to-day, darling?" he asked.

"Yes, dearest."

"And what did you learn to-day?"

There was pride in her tone as she replied, "To-day, dearest, I learned how to boil water."

—*J. A. Waldron.*

AN OLD SONG ILLUSTRATED.
"High Lee, High Lo!"

## My Affinity.

I DON'T know where she is at all—she may be up on Mars. It may be she has stopped to call at sundry other stars. I don't know if she's dark or fair, a blonde or deep brunette. The color of her eyes and hair I've not discovered yet.

She may be fat, she may be lean, for aught I chance to know. Her temper may be as serene as the undriven snow, or it may be as seething hot as pepper of Cayenne—these little points as yet are not at all within my ken.

She may be tall, she may be short—the truth I can't disclose. It may be she's the simple sort with freckles on her nose, or maybe she's one of those girls who have expensive tastes, who wear some sixty-'leven curls and ninety-dollar waists.

The fact is, I've not met her yet, this fair twin soul of mine; and though sometimes I feel regret, at others I opine, considering the flabby state I'm in financially, it's just as well for my soulmate and better far for me!

—*A. Sufferan Mann.*

## Modern Improvement.

When Claude Duval and Captain Kidd
Scoured heaths and swept the main,
'Twas thought no robbers quite so bold
Would ever come again;
But Claude and Kidd were amateurs,
Though clever on the nab,
And never could have pulled the stunts
Laid to the taxicab. —*J. A. W.*

## Intensely Interested.

*Suffragette*—"I read every line of the presidential convention doings. Women should know how these things are done."

*Ordinary woman*—"Of course! So did I. Weren't some of the women's costumes just stunning?"

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

*Assertive wife*—"Jonn Henry, I need a new gown, hat, shoes, gloves, lace collar, and feather boa."

*Husband*—"Oh! Why—why, what 's all that for?"

*Assertive wife*—"Tuesday next I lecture on 'The Simplicity of Dress.'"

## The Way of It.

Last month 'twas Kate, the month before
He voiced the graces of Camilla;
Last week 'twas Jean, to-day he swore
There was no maiden like Drusilla.

'Tis not that he's a fickle wight,
That one sweet lass he does not cling to;
But in his muse he takes delight,
And has to have a maid to sing to!

—*Nathan M. Levy.*

## "Exclamatory" Was Right.

Mrs. Mason's colored washerwoman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health.

"Why, is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's ve'y po'ly, ma'am, ve'y po'ly," answered the woman. "He's got the exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha," said the patron. "Exclamatory means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction; "dat's what it is. He hollers all the time."

## The Joy of the Chase.

My wife's the kind of shopper
Whose virtues I would sing—
Naught ever seems to stop her,
And she never buys a thing!

---

"Jones seems to have sworn off for keeps. How did it happen?"

"His wife had a moving picture made of his last jag and let him see it."

GOT HIS NUMBER.

*Chappie-boy*—"Good morning, girls. Don't you remember me?"
*Summer-girls*—"Oh, yes; you are quite fresh in our minds."

# An Incident of the Road.

THE WEARY tramp sauntered idly along the highway. It had been a beautifully lazy day, just suited to the uses of a dolce far niente poet like himself, and his distaste for effort increased as he passed along. His only inconvenience was that something within told him that he was hungry. It was probably his stomach, since it had not been overburdened with food for several days—not because there was not plenty of it to be had, but because he had sturdily adhered to his anti-laboring principles. Work he considered disgraceful, and he was not going to fasten a blot of any kind on his escutcheon by accepting any kind of a job if he could help it. It was a favorite theory of his that the world owed him a living, and he maintained that an honest world would voluntarily come and pay its debt and not force him to dun it like a common-garden day laborer with either an axe, a spade or a hoe. It was pretty near dinnertime as he drew near to the farmhouse, and, pausing before the kitchen window, he leaned gracefully against the sill and complimented the lady of the house who stood within upon the delicate aroma of a veal stew that stood simmering upon the kitchen stove.

"Pretty good stew you have there," said he, sniffing its fragrance with all the air of a connoisseur. "Reminds me of the kind my mother used to make."

"Ya-as," returned the lady of the house, who had a nice sense of humor. "It's stew good for them as ain't willin' to work for it."

"All the same," said he, "I'm a man of taste, and I wouldn't mind havin' a taste o' that."

"Ye can have it," said the lady of the house pleasantly, "when ye've earnt it. Can you saw that wood?"

The tramp shivered, but answered promptly.

"You'll excuse me, madam," said he, with an uneasy glance at the woodpile, "but I must correct your English. I bin a student of English all my life. What you should have said is, Can you *see* that wood, not *saw*."

"Thank ye, perfessor," said the lady amiably. "It's so long sence I went to skule thet my grammar air a beetle weak, and I accept the correction. Can you *see* that wood?"

"I sure can," replied the weary tramp. "My eyesight is as sharp as my appetite."

"Wa-al, eat all ye want of it," said the lady genially. "There's a pile of it, and more where it come from."

"But I can't eat wood!" retorted the tramp.

"No, perfessor," replied the lady; "but I thought mebbe ye had an axe with ye, so's ye could help yourself to a *chop* as ye went by."

Whereupon the hungering hobo resumed his way, cursing the day that humor was invented.

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

MORE POPULAR.

*Book agent*—"Here 's a book, 'A Million Ways To Make a Thousand.'"
*The man*—"I bought one before."
*Book agent*—"No, sir; that one was, 'A Thousand Ways To Make a Million.'"

IN CALIFORNIA.

*Tourist*—"What kind of trees are those?" *Native*—"Trees! Say, boss, that 's winter wheat you 're looking at."

# His Tender Heart.

THEY were going along the public highway at a leisurely rate of forty miles per hour, when a decrepit hen and rooster started to do the chicken specialty—cross the road.

The front and hind wheels on the right side struck the poor, old, stiff-jointed rooster amidships, and with one squawk he succumbed.

Immediately the man at the steering wheel started to slow down and to look about for a place to turn.

His solicitous wife turned to her seatmate and said,

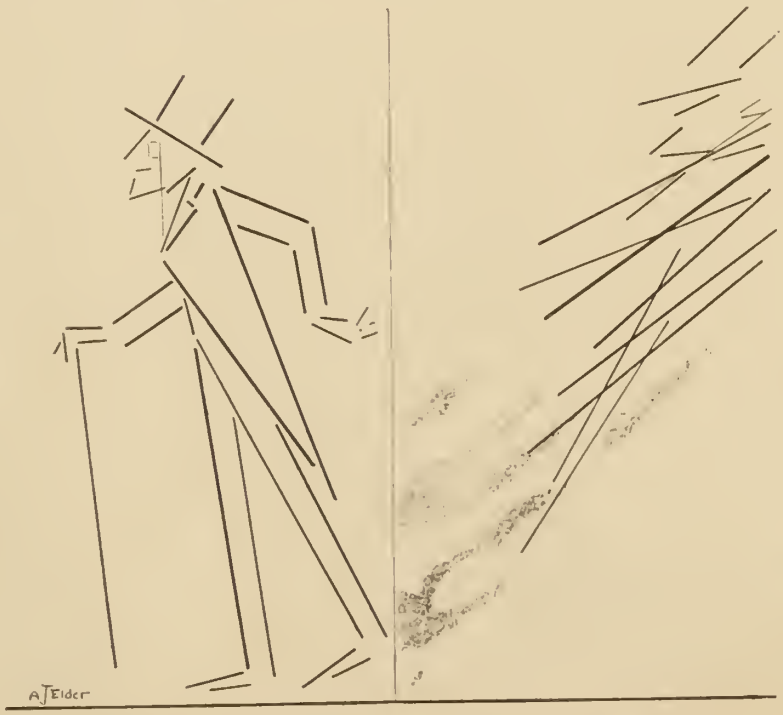
"Isn't that just like his tender heart? He won't be satisfied unless he goes back and settles for that rooster. He just can't bear to feel he has injured any one or anything."

Then louder, to her husband, she said,

"George, remember that appointment. We haven't any time to go back for anything."

Glancing at the clock near his feet and at the speedometer near by, he sighed and said,

"You're right, Jennie; but I just know, if I had turned back, I could have killed that old hen just as easy as I did the rooster!" —*Strickland Gillilan.*




A gentleman of many lines
Went walking out one day,
There came along a gust of wind
And blew him right away.

A NEW ALIGNMENT.

## Book Note.

The new edition of "Who's Who" has just come to hand, but, while it is still full of interesting characters, we must admit that it shows no improvement in the matter of plot.

## Repartee.

*Mrs. Benham*—"Do you remember that I gave you no decided answer the first time you proposed?"

*Benham*—"I remember that you suspended sentence."

HE NEVER STUDIED IT.

One language the professor overlooked

# He Didn't "Jine 'em."

"I HOPE that you and your family would not object to considerable music," said Professor De Flute, when he called to see if he could engage board for six weeks at the home of Uncle Joshua Dodd. "I am a musical composer and I would want to play a good deal on several instruments while working on some musical compositions I am to bring out in the autumn. If you are not fond of music I"——

"Put her there, perfesser!" exclaimed Uncle Josh, as he held out a hand worn large and rough by honest toil. "Fond of music! Well, perfesser, your lucky star rid high when it sent you here if you want to fall in with a fam'ly fond o' music! Music! Us object to music! Why, perfesser, you see that melodeon over in the corner. Well, if you like music, you want to hear my wife play 'Old Dan Tucker' with one hand an' 'Yankee Doodle' with the other, while she sings 'The Ninety an' Nine' at the same time! She kin do it! Then my darter Suze can outplay any one in these parts on the accordium, an' my boy Bill kin jerk more music out of a fiddle than any other two fellers in this neighborhood! My son Buck kin put a juice-harp between his teeth an' play on it with one hand, while he rattles the bones with the other; an' his sister Belle kin play on the gittar an' the banjo, an' her brother Ben kin play 'Moneymusk' on the coronet until you can't keep your feet still! I kin do a mighty good stunt on the harmonicky, an' if you want to hear music you want to hear us all git goin' on our diff'rent insterments an' singin' from Gospel Hymns Number Six! Glad to have you jine us for the sing we have ev'ry night from seven or eight o'clock to past midnight some nights!"

—*z b*

"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!"

In the Shade of a Lemonade Straw.

Tinkle, tinkle, bit of ice!
Jiminy, but you sound nice,
As you clink and clink and fade
In a glass of lemonade!

This little girl went away for the summer——

——and this little girl staid home.

# The Dog's Soliloquy.

*By LIDA KECK WIGGINS.*

I SOMETIMES really wish I knew
Just who
Invented that fool boogaboo
Called dog days!

Whate'er his breeding,
station, birth,
Or worth,
He planned for dogs
a hell on earth
With dog days!

To terriers, bulldogs, hounds and curs,
Kind sirs,
This statement equally refers—
At dog days:
Where any harmless hound appears,
Great fears
Arise, and women flee in tears
In dog days.

They lock us up in kennels hot,
Or swat
And drive us from each shady spot
In dog days.
The thought that hydrophobia's curse
Is worse
Brings constant visions of a hearse
In dog days.

And humans, with wild thoughts unchecked,
Suspect
Each canine, howsoe'er correct—
In dog days.

Few men have pity on the clown
Who's down,
And who must face the lowering frown
Of "dog days!"

He is a "suspect" of the law
Whose maw
Opes for him, and his slightest flaw
Brings "dog days."

So, tho' a dog I pity can
The man,
Or dog, beneath suspicion's ban—
In "dog days."

And if humanity should hark
This bark
And should forget traditions dark
Of "dog days,"
If each would winnow out that chaff
By half—
Then dog and men alike would laugh
At dog days!"

THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND—WHERE IS SHE?

## Too Sensitive.

"There is absolutely no use to talk to me about woman suffrage."

"Really, old man, I cannot understand why you oppose it so strongly."

"Well, I'll tell you. I was in a clothing store last week looking at some neckties when a woman came in and told one of the clerks she wanted to buy a collar for her dog."

## Ah, Yes, Too True!

"I can't understand why you wish to lavish your affection on a dog. Why don't you adopt a child?"

"Oh, I should be afraid to become fond of a child. If it should die one couldn't have it stuffed and put in a corner of the library, you know."

THE DAY OF THE DOG.

And yet affection for children is not wholly extinct.

## Mrs. Murphy's Idea.

THERE were two suitors after Mary Ann Murphy's hand. One was grocer O'Flaherty, whom her father and mother strongly urged her to marry, and the other was saloonkeeper Finnegan. Mary, herself, favored the latter and married him despite all her father and mother could say and do.

One day after she was settled in her new home she came down to see her parents and exhibited a new gold watch her husband had given her.

"Ah!" said her mother disapprovingly. "If ye took my dewice and your father's dewice, Mary Ann, 'tisn't a gould watch ye'd be havin' in yer pocket, but a good eight-day clock."

## The Standpatters.

With cooks elusive, and all that,
The helpers green and few,
It now behooves us to stand Pat,
And often Bridget, too.

## At Wife's Tea.

*Wife*—"John, which will you have? Iced tea, bouillon, cold coffee, grape-juice or lemonade?"

*Husband*—"Neither. Haven't you got something to drink?"

## True.

The man with a thirst for glory often finds it is a long time between drinks.

REFULGENT

A Pittsburgh millionaire arrives in New York on a dark, moonless night

## Stranger than Fiction:

When the doctor says, "You need no medicine."

When your wife refuses a new gown.

When a magazine accepts your poem.

When a summer girl declines to flirt.

When a vacation is a real rest.

When you have money after a honeymoon.

When a dentist can't find a cavity.

When your gold mining stock pays a dividend.

When you walk in the dark without barking your shins.

When your auto tire forgets to puncture on a hurry-up trip.

When the horse you play to win comes in first.

When it does not rain on your vacation.

When the girl you really love, loves you.

When you have a good balance of cold cash at the end of the year.

*Charles P. Shaffner*

## A Mere Maid.

"Come on out," said the sailor bold
Unto the mermaid fair;
"I would," said she,
"But, mercy me,
I haven't a thing to wear!"

THE SUMMER IDOL.

LAST CHANCE
TO BATHING BEACH
BULLETIN
TWO DOGS BITE
DEFENCELESS BONES

DOG DAYS.

"THIRD PERSON SINGULAR."

## A Query.

OH, MUSE, the future is my theme,
That day which every man forsees,
When suffragettes wear trouserette,
And shape a mighty State's decrees.
When women earn the daily wage,
Whilst household ties revert to men;
But this I fain would ascertain—
Will I be wearing trousers then?

Oh, will the sterner sex revert,
And come at length to female airs;
Will they adopt the waist and skirt,
And all that modern woman wears;
And will the maiden court the youth,
(Oh, sweetest words of tongue or pen!)
But apropos, I'd like to know—
Will I be wearing trousers then?

I'm wearing trousers now, Oh, Muse,
Though frocks would better serve my end;
I sweep and dust, because I must,
My wife is boss, you may depend;
So if this suffrage move succeeds,
I will not sigh nor cry, "Amen";
Yet I forsooth, would learn the truth—
Will I be wearing trousers then?

—*Frank G. Walsh.*

## They Are Wise.

Even the manufacturers of the newest incubators will not advise us to count our chickens before they're hatched.

## Would Be Awful.

*He*—"If you will not accept me, then I shall blow out my brains with this pistol."

*She*—"Oh, don't," she cried, "it must be awful not to have any brains."

## Now.

"A word to the wise is sufficient"
Was one of the Romans' old saws,
Now a word to the "Whys?"
Further question defies,
When that word is a woman's "Because."

## The Power of Thespia.

Rhoda Calvert's face was livid with passion. Her eyes gleamed like baleful stars before which all men involuntarily quailed.

"Answer me!" she screamed, clutching the deep crimson passion-roses from her corsage and trampling them ruthlessly at her feet; "Will you do it?"

Roland Parke drew nearer to her, but the girl turned her beautiful wilful face toward him with an imperious gesture.

"Do not come a step nearer unless you consent," she cried bitterly. "Unless you will do as I wish I shall never see you again! You shall rue the day that you was born!"

Roland Parke knew but too well that the girl would keep her word. No power could stay the current of her ungovernable self-will. No human being could hold in subjection the fierce untamed temper of the beautiful tyrant.

With a sigh he dug up a dime and they passed into the moving-picture parlor where she wished to see if the scales of mercy and justice were still evenly balanced.

—*Frank A. Heywood.*

## The Waiter Answered.

"And is this a purely vegeterian restaurant?" inquired the dyspeptic.

"Yep," answered the waiter. "There's no rheumatism in this joint."

SUMMER JOYS IN THE COUNTRY.

TIDE DOWN—TIED UP.

# Motor Chaff.

A MOTOR by any other name would smell as usual.

Many a motorist is stuck in a road when he is not stuck "on" it.

When a motor man courts a motor girl it is perfectly proper for him to seal his proposal with a motor buss.

The man who cannot raise the wind to pay for his motor can at least use it to throw the dust in his creditor's eyes.

About all the scenery that interests some motorists of the present day seems to be what might be called the limousinery.

It looks like robbing Peter to pay Paul when a man in order to acquire a motor car mortgages his roof to pay the cellar.

There is a wag up in Maine who cannot afford a garage and keeps his car in a lean-to. He refers to it as his "gasoline-to."

Talk about your Samsons—we saw a small, undersized traffic cop in New York hold up sixty-seven touring cars the other day with his right hand.

Love, as the old proverb tells us, may indeed make the world go round, but it won't help a driving wheel much on a mired road.

The most absent-minded man we ever knew is a college professor who fed his old family horse on two quarts of gasoline the other night and filled up the tank of his runabout with bran-mash. Neither the horse nor the runabout has been able to work since.

Bildad bought a couple of old rubber tires at a rummage sale the other day, and now avers that he is getting his car on the installment plan.

Most people have grown so used to the sound of motor horns that they no longer pay any attention to them, and a Texas genius suggests the substitution of a putty-blower which will shoot persons on the road behind the car at a distance of sixty yards for them. The plan seems feasible, though it is doubtful if it makes motorists any more popular with the man on the street.

AS IT LOOKS TO THE LAST MAN.

## A Burning Question.

Why do we speak of a married man as Mister? He didn't! He got her!

A BIG ORDER.

*Amateur boatman*—"I say, old chap, cast off the painter, will ye?"

## On Pelham Road.

THEY WERE motoring indolently through the Bronx. Twilight had sat down upon the land. The sudden roaring of wild beasts from the distant zoo caused the fair one to start.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, nestling close and closer; "where would you go if you saw a dozen lions bounding along after us?"

"If I saw a dozen lions bounding along after *me*," grinned the heartless wretch, "I'd go to a sanitarium."

SHE'LL ALWAYS HAVE HER LITTLE JOKE.

## She Had Felt It.

*He*—"Did you ever know a moment when the very air throbbed with emotion?"

*She*—"Yes, yes!"

*He*—"When your heart felt like a bird fluttering 'neath your hand?"

*She*—"Yes, yes!"

*He* (drawing nearer)—"When the whole world was centered so close to you that eyes answered eyes?"

*She* (edging away from him and his eyes)—"Yes, yes, I have known it—I have—I have!"

*He* (more and more fervently)—"And into that moment crowds years and years of suffocating intensity?"

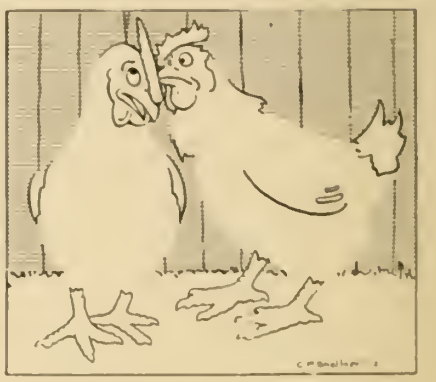
*She*—"Yes, yes, and its memory will live forever!"

*He* (makes move to take her in his arms)—"And that moment—that moment is"——

*She*—"Was—you mean, *was* yesterday, when the score was tied, the bases full, two out and Baker up!"

In about ten minutes the doctor pronounced him out of danger.

The hospitality we try to avoid is that which is forced on us for a purpose.



SCANDAL IN THE POULTRY YARD.

"Have you heard the news? Sue, the White Leghorn, has a black chick!"

## Bush Work.

*Yapville fan* (to stranger, during local game)—"Well, how does our new pitcher's delivery strike you?"

*Stranger* (a big league scout)—"As R. F. D."

## A Difference.

*Bangs*—"How did old Heavysole treat you when you asked him for his daughter? Acted like a pirate, didn't he?"

*Butts*—"Pirate! He acted like a freebooter!"

HIS DOG.

An old man's only friend

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL—INTERIOR DECORATION.

## Towels, Etc.

BEHOLD! The cotton summer gown
Of Turkish toweling
For followers of Fashion's fads
Is now the latest thing.
It opens to a thoughtful eye
A vista wide and new,
Where opera cloaks may all be made
Of bath rugs white and blue.

The sponge, when it is not in use,
May deck a modish hat,
The dish cloth be a handkerchief,
Or flowing long cravat;
The laundry bag an auto hood,
With cakes of soap to trim it—
But let me not prolong the list,
For, lo! there is no limit.

—*Minna Irving*

## What Experience Teaches.

The turning point with a lot of men is when a pretty girl passes

The widow with money to burn can easily get a match.

Lots of our "coming men" fail to arrive.

Some of our family trees require a lot of pruning. —*J. H. Bakeman*

## The Real Truth.

Who loves not women, wine and song
Will richer be his whole life long.

## A Philosopher.

"Here," quoth the cultured pickpocket, as he stepped into the patrol wagon, "is where we pass from the abstract to the concrete."

A HURRY CALL
The unromantic side of a physician's life

## Why Is It?

Almost every man needs a certain amount of exercise each day. The following are a number of things a man is perfectly willing to do to keep himself in good physical trim:

Pay $25 for a course in physical culture.

Swing dumbbells and Indian clubs violently.

Crawl on his hands and knees and roll like a dog.

Climb a tree and behave "just like a boy."

Turn handsprings and somersaults.

On the other hand, there are things scarcely as difficult which would give him just as much exercise; but his wife can't get him to do them. Some of them are:

Spade gardens.
Feed the furnace.
Pump water into the attic tank.
Beat the carpets
Mow the lawn.
Scrub the floors.
Walk the floor with the baby.

—*R. C. M. Floyd*

*Little brother*—"What's etiquette?"

*Little bigger brother*—"It's saying 'No, thank you,' when you want to holler 'Gimme!'"

Dandelion. Cowslip. Pussy Willow Sweet William. Tiger Lily. Fox Glove. Horse Radish.

IF FLOWERS LOOKED AS WE NAME THEM.

## The Truth at Last.

AS THERE seems to have arisen some discussion as to where Moses was when the light went out, it might be well to inform inquirers that he was in debt—rather heavily—to the electric-light company.

## Which Is True?

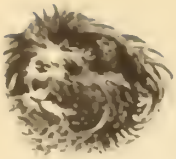
*Sweet sixteen*—"I believe that the reason Cupid is always shown as an infant is because there is no age in love."

*Sour bachelor*—"Humph! It's because the poor little devil is so overworked he can't grow!"

## His Reply.

*She* (for the 'steen-hundreth, more or less, time)—"Oh, darling, do you really and truly love me?"

*He* (a trifle grimly)—"Now, look-a-here, Gladys! Do you want me to put up a cash bond?"



EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

*Martha*—"Have you noticed how my horse pants? I wonder what ails him?"
*Martin*—"I suppose he's getting the habit too."

A MODERN APPLICATION.

*Muriel*—"Mrs. Smith-Brown actually seems more radiant over her daughter's wedding than the groom himself."
*Gladys*—"Yes; it is more blessed to give than to receive."

# Our Marriage Conditions.

*By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.*

"WHOM God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," announced the minister of the Gospel, when the sacred ceremony had been performed making that twain one flesh.

And no man did. It was the woman. She sued the man for a divorce and got it. The court decreed that the man should not marry again.

"Marriages are made in heaven," said the man, so respectfully that the court could not fine him for contempt.

"Heaven is not in the jurisdiction of this court," said the judge on the bench, with a judicial wave of the hand that dispensed justice alike to mendicant and millionaire.

Whereupon the man went to heaven or some other beatific state where the laws of a sister state count for naught, and he took unto himself another wife.

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," announced the officiating clergyman solemnly, as the other had done.

But a man did. He sued the woman for a divorce and got it. The court placed no interdiction upon his marrying again, and presently he was up for his third offense. But not before a clergyman. This time he thought he would try a justice of the peace, to change his luck.

"You are one," said the magistrate who performed the ceremony of unification in his habitually formal and legal manner.

A humble constable in attendance bowed the legal unit out into the wide world of multiplication and division.

"By heck!" he exclaimed, rubbing his furrowed brow in confused contemplation. "It's too many for me! If that man and the other woman was one, and the same man and another woman is one, which one is the real one and how many are the two women? Say, Tom," he appealed to the gray cat snoozing in the sun, "is marriages made in heaven, or where?"

THE WIFE'S DISCOVERY.
"Well, if them ain't William's tracks!"

Before

After

THE SERENADER.

# When Clubs Were Trumps.

*By BEECH HILTON.*

HE LOOKED like a gentleman gone to seed. Though patched and frayed as to clothing, he was immaculate both in dress and person. He sat upon the kitchen doorstep, shelling peas. His expression betokened reconciled despair.

"Be so kind," he said meekly but emphatically, "as not to utter the word *club* to me, sir. The inducements that could tempt me to join any kind of association whatever do not exist."

Before saying more, he glanced apprehensively over his shoulder. Then he explained in a low tone,

"To clubs are due all my misfortunes; and I endure sufficient, I assure you. When I was a young man—and that seems centuries ago—this village passed through an epidemic of clubs. How or why the pestilence broke out, no one knows. But suddenly every one was forming them, joining them, canvassing for them. There was the Farmers' Club, the Housewives' Club, the Card Club, the Glee Club and a score of others. Every organization had its badge, and some of my neighbors proudly wore five or six.

"At that time I was just young enough to know all about life, and I was certain that it offered no prize like personal liberty. Consequently I was a confirmed bachelor—and rather prone to boast of it, I fear. My associates were all young men who proclaimed loudly that they scorned the female sex. Each had been most cruelly rejected by some false-hearted charmer, and when they organized the Bachelors' Club the receipt of one rejection at least was made a qualification for membership. I was eager to join, but this excluded me.

"'Isn't there a way to get around the rule?' I asked Lon Pendleton, president.

"'No,' he replied. 'We mustn't begin that way. Don't try to get around it—just qualify.'

"'Propose to some one?'

"'Certainly.'

"'Suppose I am accepted?'

"'You needn't be afraid of that,' he replied; then, noticing my look, lamely added, 'Select some one who doesn't like you, I mean.'

"That was easily done. Salina Briggs and I had been sworn enemies since we went barefoot to the district school. She was bigger than the teacher then, and I called her Jumbo. She retaliated by calling me Whiffet. The years that had added to her bulk and coarseness had left me undersized, but a gentleman and (hem!) a scholar."

He sent a quick, sensitive glance into my eyes, and I bowed gravely.

"Whenever we chanced to pass on the street, she would make some audible remark about me, to raise the laughter of the congenial friends around her; and her vulgar laugh would rise above them all and follow me farthest.

"Loathing her as I did, nothing except my great desire to join the Bachelors' Club could have made me address her—let alone upon such

PICKED UP ON THE WAY.

*Professor Snooks*—"Aha! your absent-minded husband didn't forget to bring home his umbrella this time. See?"

*His wife*—"But, Henry, when you left home you did not have one."

"FAIRY TALES."

a subject. But in those days when I wanted a thing I 'went it blind,' as the saying is. Moreover, I was sure that Selina would consider my proposal a joke—perhaps the result of a wager—and this, I knew, would enrage her beyond measure."

He was silent so long, gazing miserably into space, that I was obliged to speak to him. He looked up pathetically and whispered,

"She said *yes*."

"And you"—I ventured.

"I am a gentleman," he returned; and I nodded.

"If it isn't—er"—I began, after a long pause.

"Not at all," he answered. "She was mad to join the Matrons' Club, that's all."

Before I could utter a word of sympathy, an untidy head appeared at the door and a coarse voice cried,

"John Hennery, be them peas done yit?"

And as I passed through the gate I heard, in gentle and refined tones,

"No, Selina; they'll be dood immegit."

## His Suggestion.

"Is that young Spriggs taking any interest in the business? Has he made any suggestions?"

"Only that we give him a raise in salary."

NOT THE AGENT.

*Big fellow*—"Please give me a little space!"
*Small man*—"Don't apply to me. Read that advertisement."

## Man Is Prone To Err.

*By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY.*

While strolling down the avenue
I met my friend, the fair Miss Lou.
Now Lou's the sort I like to meet;
She's always tidy, trim and neat.
No hair is ever out of place;
No belt unpinned, no loose shoe-lace;
Nor could three dressing-maids, or four,
Make Lou look neater than of yore.
That's why I was so shocked to-day.
I gazed, I blushed and turned away.
Poor girl, I thought, she'll want to cry
When she discovers that—Well, I,
A man, can't tell her what is wrong.
I said, "good-day," and moved along.

Ere I had gone two blocks I met
An old sweetheart of mine, Babette;
And such, I swear, was my surprise,
That I could scarce believe my eyes.
I blushed again at that queer sight—
Like Lou, Bab's clothes were not on right!
By then I thought that I had best
Go home until the girls got dressed!

I told my wife. She giggled so
I reached for something hard to throw.
"It is the fashion now," she cried,
"To wear the shirtwaist tails outside."

---

One half the world can never find out how the other half lives.

PLENTY OF STYLE ABOUT HER.

## What He Had To Say.

"WELL, prisoner," said the justice, "you have been found guilty by the jury and properly so on the evidence. The law says that you may be sentenced at hard labor for twenty years, but before passing sentence upon you I shall be glad to hear anything you may wish to say."

"I haven't anythin' to say, judge," said the prisoner, "except that I hope your honor will remember that there is a growin' feelin' in favor of a single term o' six years. You might also bear in mind that I've already served two terms and there's a decided prejudice among thinkin' people against a third"——

"Twenty-seven years!" roared the judge.

## Answered.

*Teacher* (in lesson on Holland)—"Why, Willie, don't you know what country the geography lesson is about? Think hard. Who were the people who made war on skates?"

*Willie*—"De anti-saloon league."

## He 'd Got Religion.

"Parson," exclaimed Ephraim, "I'se got 'ligion—'ligion, I tell you!"

"That's fine, brother! You are going to lay aside all sin?"

"Yes, sah."

"You're going to church?"

"Yes, sah-ree."

"You are going to care for the widows?"

"Ah, yes, sah."

"You are going to pay your debts?"

"Sah? Dat ain't 'ligion; dat's business."

1 *Promoter* (at directors meeting)—"Gentlemen, with this bait we ought to land not less than five million suckers"

2 *Promoter* (in camp)—"Sport, when I get baited up I 'll spit on the hook for luck; then we ought to catch a five-pound bass for dinner."

SUCKERS OR BASS.

It 's all owing to the company we keep the sort of fish we catch.

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

*Old maid from Boston*—"Help, porter! there 's a man under my bed."

# A Coming Marvel.

I THINK I'll build a mighty ship
And sail uncharted seas,
And all who've gone before outstrip
In great discoveries.
And then I'll build some pyramids
And other wond'rous things
Until my fame the world quite rids
Of note of ancient kings.
When these few marvels I've achieved
And had a little rest,
And folks begin to feel relieved
And pass the merry jest,
I'll get at work again, I think,
Inventions to devise,
Until I put upon the blink
All patent merchandise.
I've got a few things yet to do,
But wonder I shall spread
When I have thought an hour or two,
And weed this onion bed.—*J. A. Waldron*

## The Wind-up.

WE READ the advertisements,
Consulted railroad maps,
And ate our hasty lunches
With guide-books in our laps.
We asked the price of tickets
By steamer or by rail,
To half a hundred places
Beyond the reach of mail.

We argued on the merits
Of cottage or hotel,
And quarrelled over seaside
And spa and mountain dell;
And since we could not settle
Just where we wished to roam,
The same as every summer
Behold! we stayed at home.

—*Minna Irving.*

## A Good Salesman.

"Well, Jingle," said the manager, "did you make the sale?"

"Yes," said the salesman. "I couldn't get the darned old machine to run over half speed, but I arranged with one of the town constables to arrest us for exceeding the speed limit, and old Skeezicks fell for it right away."

## In Boston.

*Talkative shopper*—"Don't you find that having to wait on so many fussy, disagreeable people has at least one compensation — that of making you forget your other troubles?"

*Cultured saleslady*—"Oh, yes — it acts as a counter irritant."

## More Touching.

*Ethereal creature* — "So you hate our sex. Your life has probably never been touched by a woman."

*Practical one* — "Nope, ma'am; but my pocketbook was once."

## A Hungry Theorist.

*Mr. High*—"Who's your friend over there, making such a hole in the free lunch?"

*Mr. Ball*—"Oh, he's the chap who writes the syndicate articles in the Sunday papers on "how to make a million dollars in a year."

## In 1932.

*Wife* (proudly)—"What do you think of the way I handled the campaign in our ward?"

*Husband* (tolerantly)—"Quite creditably, my dear—though, of course, it can't compare with the campaigns mother used to make."

## On the Way.

*Teacher* (in mythology)—"Charles, will you give a description of the underworld.

*Charles*—"I am not that far yet."

A POPULAR PROPOSITION

"Do you believe in a tax on bachelors?"
"Yes, indeed! Which one shall we attack first?"

## Her Proxy.

"Well, Auntie," asked her young master, "do you really believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, sah, ebery word."

"Do you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?"

"Yes, sah; I believes it cause the Bible says so. I'm gwine tuh ask Jonah 'bout dat jes as soon as I gets to hebben."

"But suppose Jonah isn't there."

"Den, honey, you ken ask him."

## Far Different.

*Little Johnny*—"Pa, the dictionary says the words narrative and relation are synonymous. Is that right?"

*Father*—"In a sense only, my son. Listening to a poor narrative is a far different matter from listening to a poor relation."

## Same Trouble.

*First farmer*—"What's your greatest trouble, neighbor? I s'pose it's the same as mine—lack o' farm hands."

*Second farmer*—"Yep. The country's gettin' too blamed full o' politicians."

## Her Family Too Perfect.

*Mother*—"You want another doll? Gracious! Why, my dear child, you already have more than a dozen of all kinds, shapes, and colors!"

*Little Bessie*—"But I'd like a left-handed dolly, mammy, so I could correct her."

## Probably.

*Teacher*—"Tommy, what would your mother say if you should cover *her* floor with peanut shells, as you have mine?"

*Tommy*—"Oh, shucks!"

FOR FUN AND FOR KEEPS.

APOLLO could do well as a fashion artist's model.

BACCHUS would have to serve them over the bar

VENUS would have things her own way as a rich broker's stenographer.

MERCURY would, perhaps, put a little life into the messenger service.

HERCULES could get more people into a subway train than any eight of the present guards

MINERVA might impart a little wisdom to our information bureaus

THEY MADE GODS OF THEM THEN, BUT IF THEY LIVED TO-DAY THEY WOULD HAVE TO WORK FOR A LIVING.

# The Artificial Escort.

*By TUDOR JENKS.*

IT IS all due to the gasoline engine. As soon as that was invented, a thousand other things were possible; but among them all none is so great a boon to the modern woman as the artificial escort. Man, already beaten almost to a frazzle, gets another staggering blow as he shrinks from the pages of history and fades into a moribund legend.

In brief, this great invention is simply a dummy man, with an outward semblance modeled upon some of the least repulsive of the sex, but operated by an appropriate engine instead of the usual imperfect and selfish human motives. This mechanical superman will be controlled by electric push buttons, at all times responsive to the superior mind of the feminine operator. "Artie Escort" will always do exactly what his lady companion directs.

In a brief circular it is impossible to do more than hint at the many advantages "Artie" presents as compared with his human rival. For example, let us take "Artie" out shopping. He will carry one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bundles and has no grumbling attachment. He never looks at his watch and hints that it is "just time to catch the six-ten"; he does not raise his eyebrows at the price of a hat or suggest that the old one is as good as new; he never shows an inclination to linger at the counters of "forward creatures," nor does "Artie" become impatient if one looks at some two hundred and

"ARTIE

twenty-four remnants with the laudable purpose of saving three cents.

As yet, the bill-paying attachment is not fully perfected, but the inventor hopes to complete it at an early date.

As an escort to ladies who live in the suburbs, "Artie" promises to find an extended field of employment. He will be armed with an automatic revolver, and cannot be arrested for the offense, as he is not a man. As a dinner guest, "Artie" will not fill the room with horrid fumes from expensive cigars, and will exhale no more than a slight odor of gasoline, pleasantly suggestive of motoring. "Artie" can at slight expense be equipped with an automatic converser or with an attachment for musical purposes, either rag or classic, as our patrons may prefer.

By an exchanging device, "Artie" may assume different faces, among the styles kept in stock being the matinee idol, the English duke and the German baron.

Send for the booklet. It is free.

## An Oversight.

"My papa's just been called by the Lord to a new church," said the little girl.

"Ith he goin' to go?" lisped the other little girl.

"We don't know yet," said the little girl. "The Lord didn't mention the salary."

---

It's a wise child that knows its own bother.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

## Religious Opinion.

"COME up and jine de army of de Lord, sister!"

"Ah done jine."

"Where you jine?"

"I jine de Baptis' Chu'ch."

"Lawdie, sister, dat ain' de army! Dat's de navy!"

## Something in Reserve.

*Joe*—"I hear our alderman has stopped making promises to his constituents."

*Dough*—"Yes, he has gone broke on promises; but"——

*Joe*—"But what?"

*Dough*—"He still has prevarication in the treasury."

## A Misdeal.

*Weary traveler*—"Say, my friend, there's no meat in this sandwich."

*Waitress*—"No?"

*Weary traveler*—"Don't you think you'd better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?"

## A Progressive.

*Bings*—"The poor Indian is no longer Lo."

*Jings*—"No. Since the Stockholm athletic test, we shall have to call him Hi."

## The Poet's Account Book.

| CREDIT. | DEBIT. |
|---|---|
| A lyric a day..... | The wolf kept at bay. |
| Sonnet one day in four..... | Laundry sent out once more. |
| Villanelle—something chic..... | Postage stamps for a week. |
| Roundel, classic style..... | Dining out for a while. |
| Drama-poem, pretty strong..... | Suit of clothes, needed long. |
| Verse for drawing by Geebson..... | Two tickets for Ibsen. |
| Monthly filler for "Holler's"..... | A shirt and some collars. |
| One pastoral ditty..... | A tie, rather pretty. |
| One limerick for ad..... | Ink and new writing pad. |
| This grind, no cessation..... | Straight-jacket vacation.—*Neeta Marquis.* |

---

Men do not look for great intelligence in handsome women, and this is a fact that also has a reverse application.

HIS REASON.

*Tom*—"Why don't you marry that girl? She is a real pearl."
*Jack*—"Because I don't like mother-of-pearl."

## A Good Time To Do It.

"Is your daughter going to practice on the piano this afternoon?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, then, I'd like to borrow your lawn mower. I've got to cut the grass some time, anyway."

## Lucky, Indeed!

"Do you think it's unlucky to have thirteen at table?"

"Not if the thirteenth is paying for the dinner."

## Danger!

"Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say?"

"Well, it has certainly put an end to a good many confirmed bachelors at any rate."

WHY NOT?

If your inclination for yachting and life in the country is equally divided, make a combination.

# A Vacation Chat with a Witty Oyster.

*By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.*

IT WAS a very warm day, and in search of relief from the heat I dove deep under the water, and was surprised as well as delighted to find my old friend, the Oyster, lying comfortably in bed, reading his morning paper and enjoying his dolce far niente to the full.

"Good-morning, sir," said I, as I caught his eye. "I didn't mean to intrude, but, now that I am here, perhaps you'd be willing to give me an interview."

"Sure," he replied amiably. "Go as far as you like. I'm known as a shellfish sort of person, but I'm no grouch. What do you wish to know?"

"Anything you would say would interest our readers," said I; "but, still, I suppose a suggestion is in order. What do you think of the Summer Girl, for instance?"

"She's a very engaging creature," he replied pleasantly. "I nipped one of them by the toe while she was in bathing yesterday, and, in spite of her general reputation for promiscuity, she struck me as a person of mighty good taste."

A POPULAR MOUNTAIN RESORT.

*Squire Perkins*—"I say, Silas, we 'll hev t' build a larger station ag'in next season."

"That's good!" I laughed. "And how about the Summer Men?"

"I don't know much about them," said the Oyster. "I never studied the habits of the lobster very carefully, but from what I see of them down here under the water, I am convinced that if they are as thin at the top as they are around the ankles, not many of 'em will ever be hanged for trying to set the world on fire."

"Would you care to express your views on the Political Situation or on the subject of Reformed Spelling?" I went on.